

SMASH

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FEBRUARY
No. 63

COMICS

10¢

2-10

WOW!
MIDNIGHT
COMES OUT
PUNCHING
HIS WAY THROUGH
ANOTHER
LAUGH-PACKED
ADVENTURE!



-AL BRYANT-



WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

VOLTO

FROM MARS

VOLTO'S OUT-OF-THIS-WORLD MAGNETIC POWERS CONQUER A FIERY INFERNO IN THE TIMBERLANDS OF THE GREAT NORTHWEST ... SAVE JIMMY AND THE JUNIOR RANGERS FROM A TRAGIC FATE.



BUT TOO LATE! GIANT FLAMES LEAP THOUSANDS OF FEET IN THE AIR... THE HEAT IS UNBEARABLE...



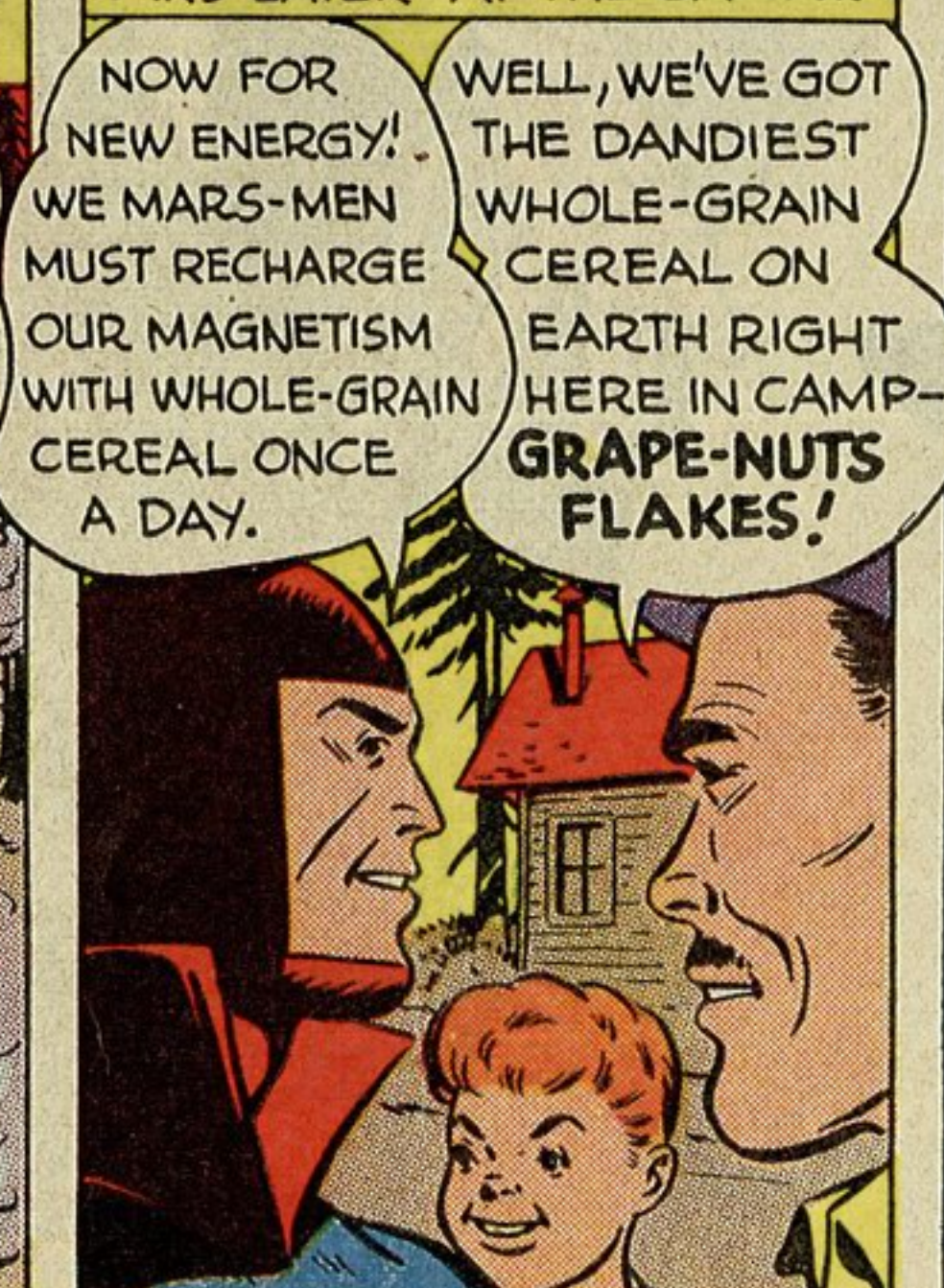
AND THEN, IN THE NICK OF TIME, VOLTO CALLS UPON HIS SUPERHUMAN, MAGNETIC POWERS...



JIMMY IS SAVED, BUT THE FIRE RAGES ON. SO...



AND LATER-AT THE CAMP...

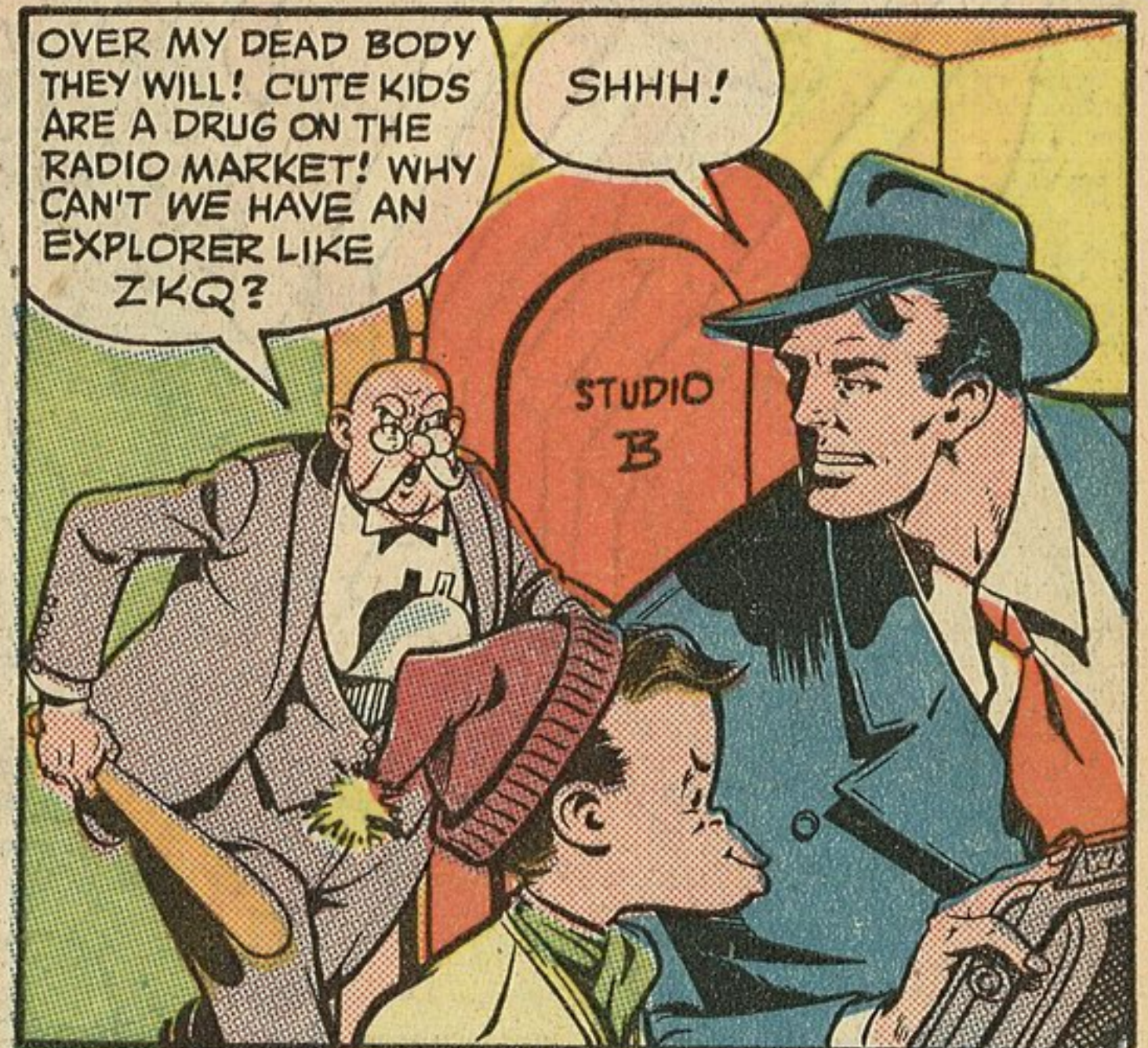
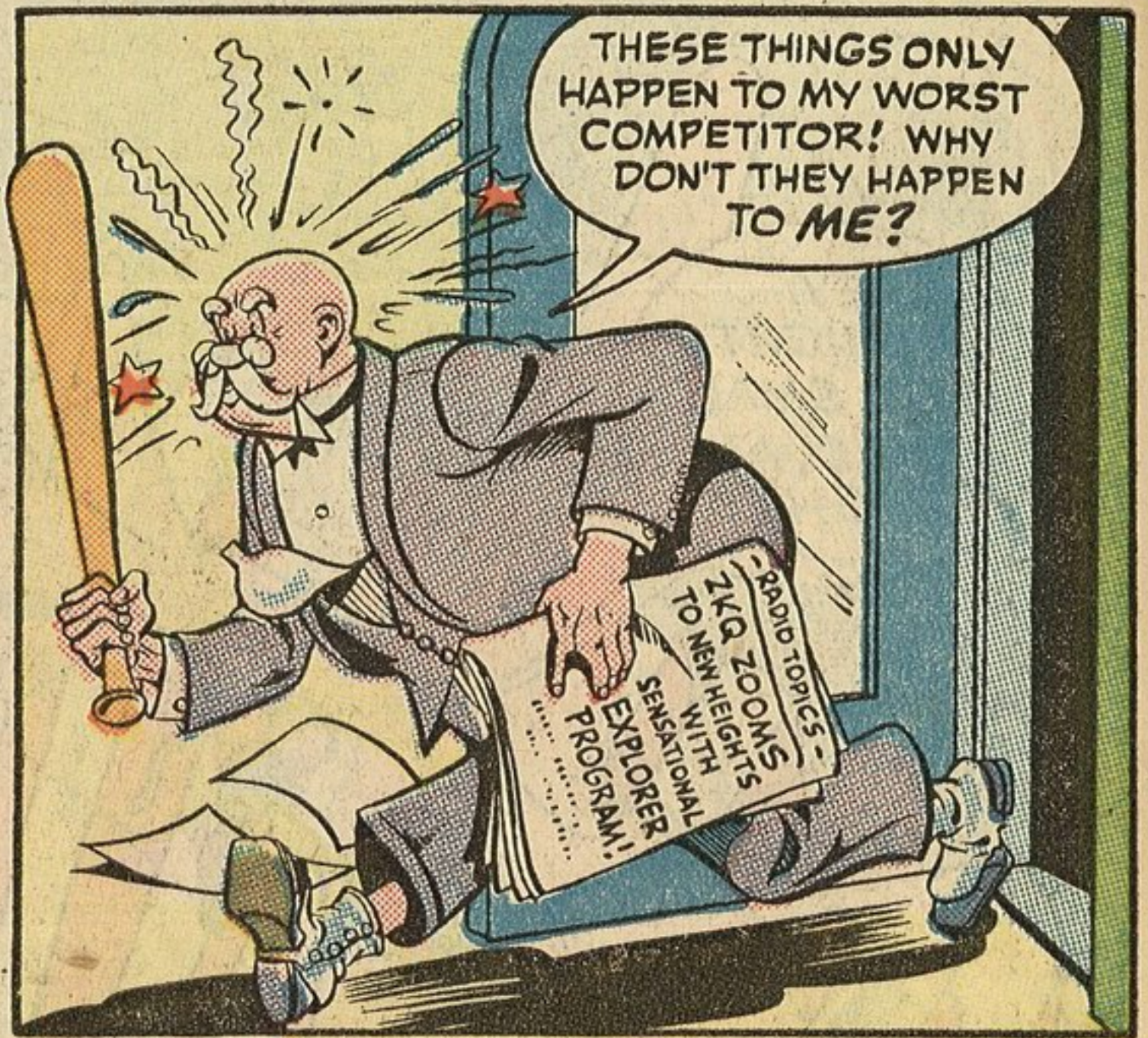
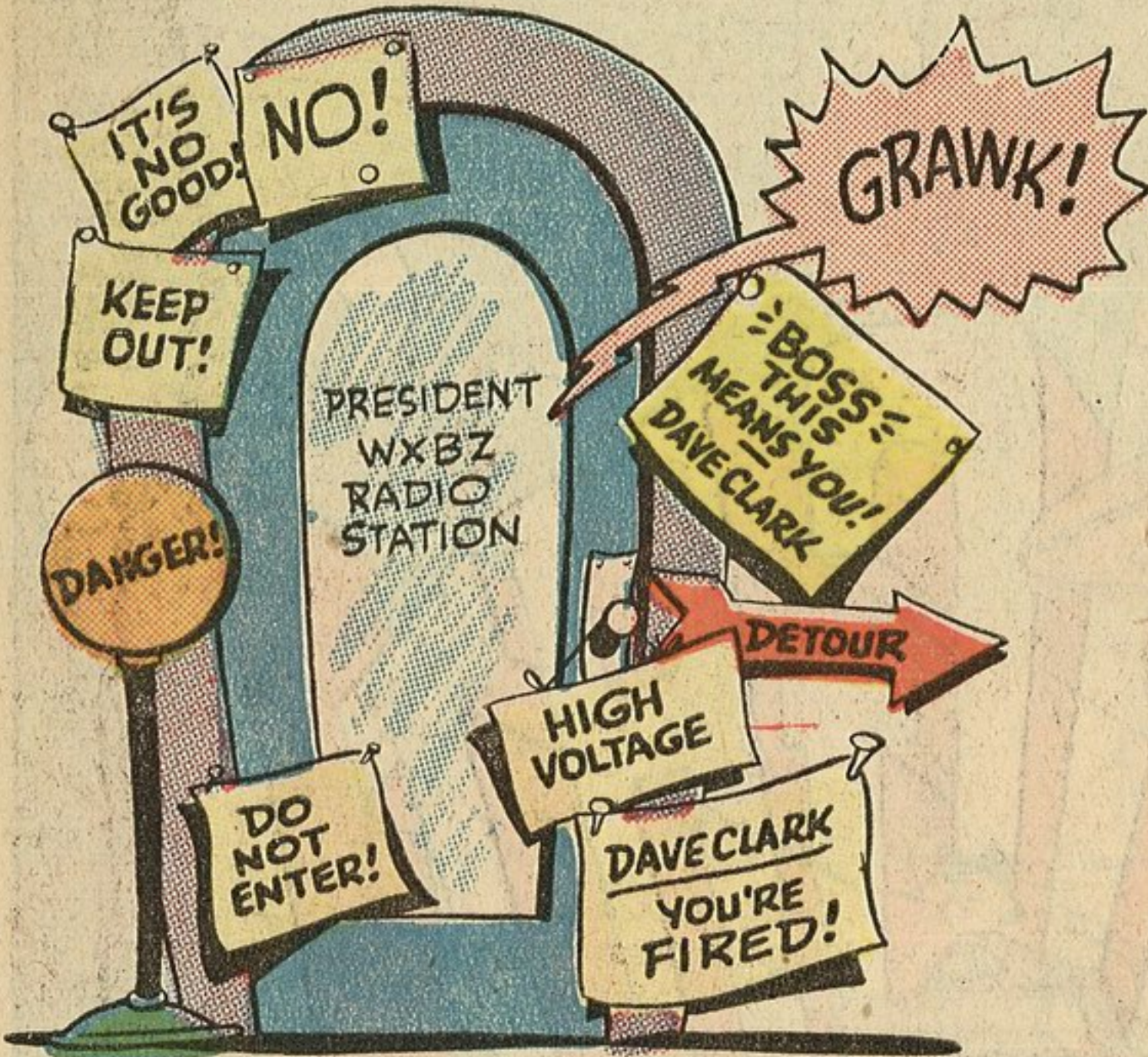


A vibrant, cartoonish illustration depicting a chaotic scene on a globe. A giant, orange, stylized hand reaches down from the top left, holding a small figure. The sky is a deep blue with a yellow crescent moon and several yellow starburst symbols. Large, 3D, red and white striped letters spell out 'MIDNIGHT' across the upper half of the image. On the globe's surface, which is colored in shades of green and yellow, there is a large, bright yellow explosion or fire in the center. Several small figures are scattered around the globe, some appearing to be in motion or falling. In the bottom right corner, a small figure is shown falling or jumping. The overall style is reminiscent of mid-20th-century comic book art.

HEY,
MIDNIGHT,
IT'S A SMALL
WORLD, ALL
RIGHT!

by
Paul
Gustavson

A small world, indeed,
when Eskimos and
jungle savages, crooks
and explorers, all go
berserk in a mad scramble
for money! In fact,
there was hardly room
for **MIDNIGHT** to
UNscramble the jumble!



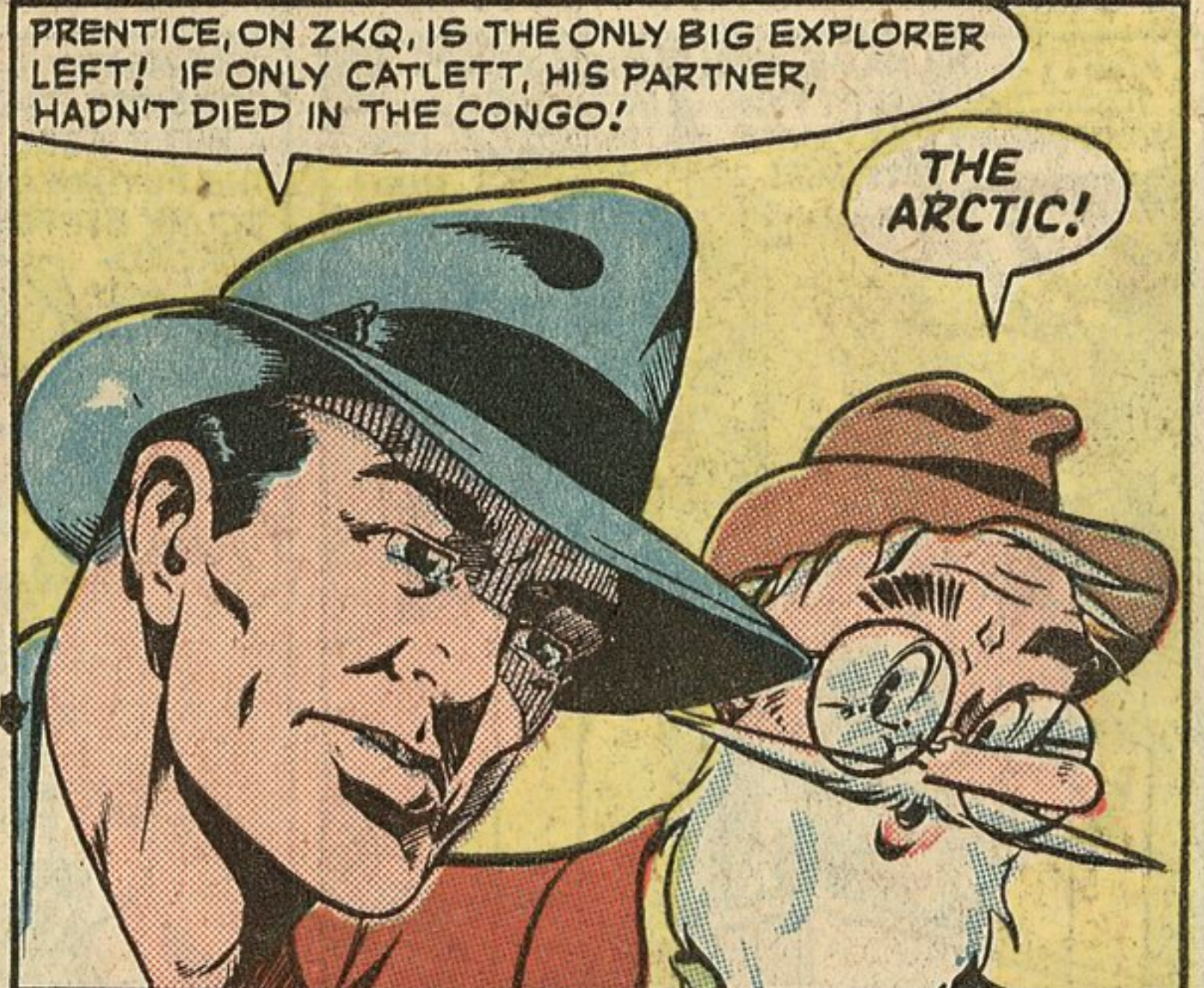
News travels fast ...and reaches Sniffer Snoop's ears....



At rival station ZKQ...



...and at the hideout of Ziggy Rollo's gang...





WHAT?
WHO? CATLETT?
BUT YOU CAN'T!
...YOU'RE DEAD!
YOU'RE NOT?
WELL, I'LL BE--!
SURE! SURE!
HURRY
OVER!



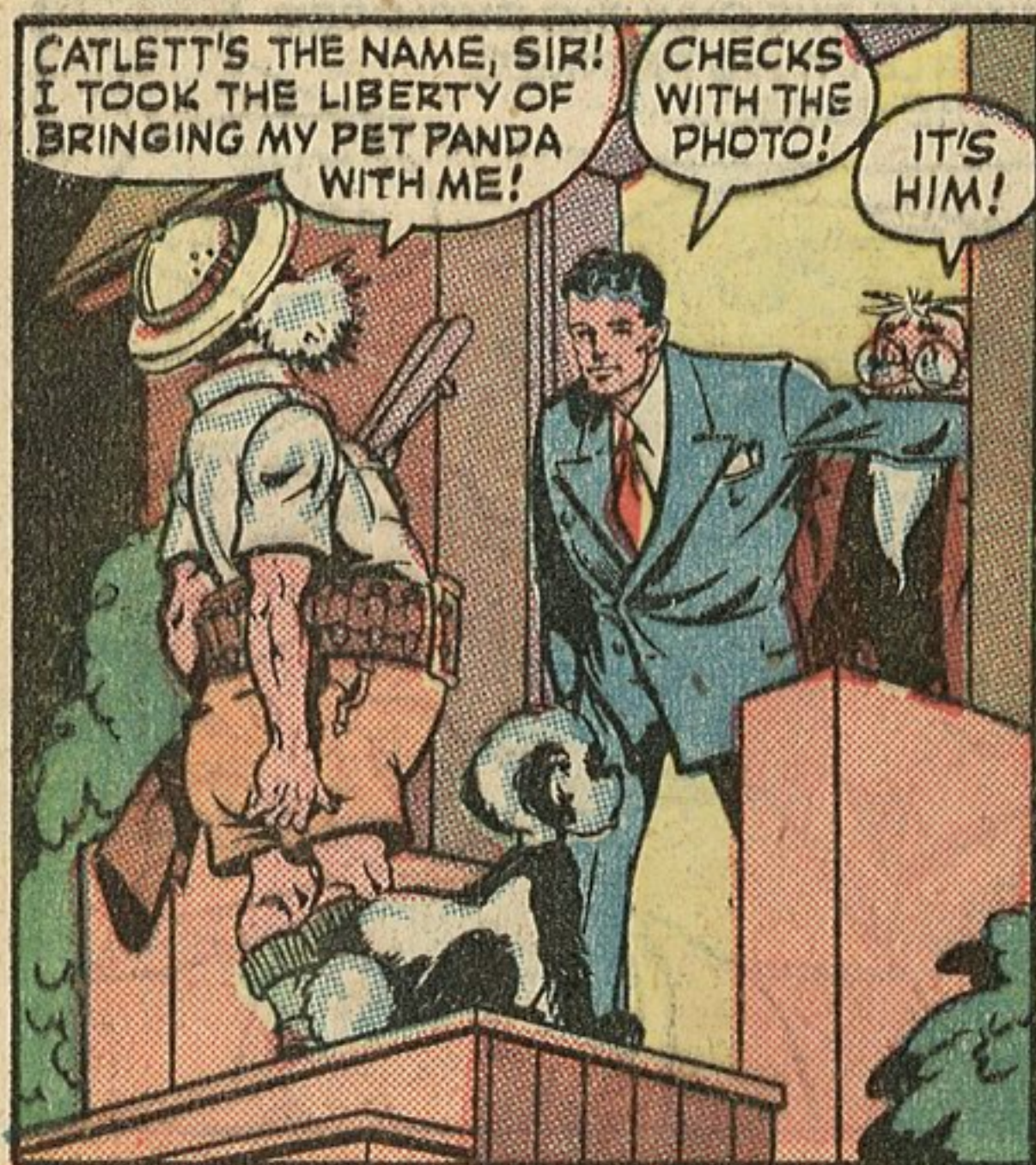
IT'S A MIRACLE! THAT WAS
J.C. CATLETT, THE FAMOUS
EXPLORER! HE ISN'T DEAD
AT ALL! HE WAS JUST IN
RETIREMENT AND DIDN'T
WANT TO BE BOTHERED
BY PUBLICITY HOUNDS!
BUT HE COULDN'T
RESIST THAT \$50,000!

WHAT
A
BREAK!



HERE'S A PICTURE OF
CATLETT... JUST IN CASE
SOME PHONY'S TRYING
TO HORN IN! WE'LL
ALLOW THAT HE'S
AGED SOME!

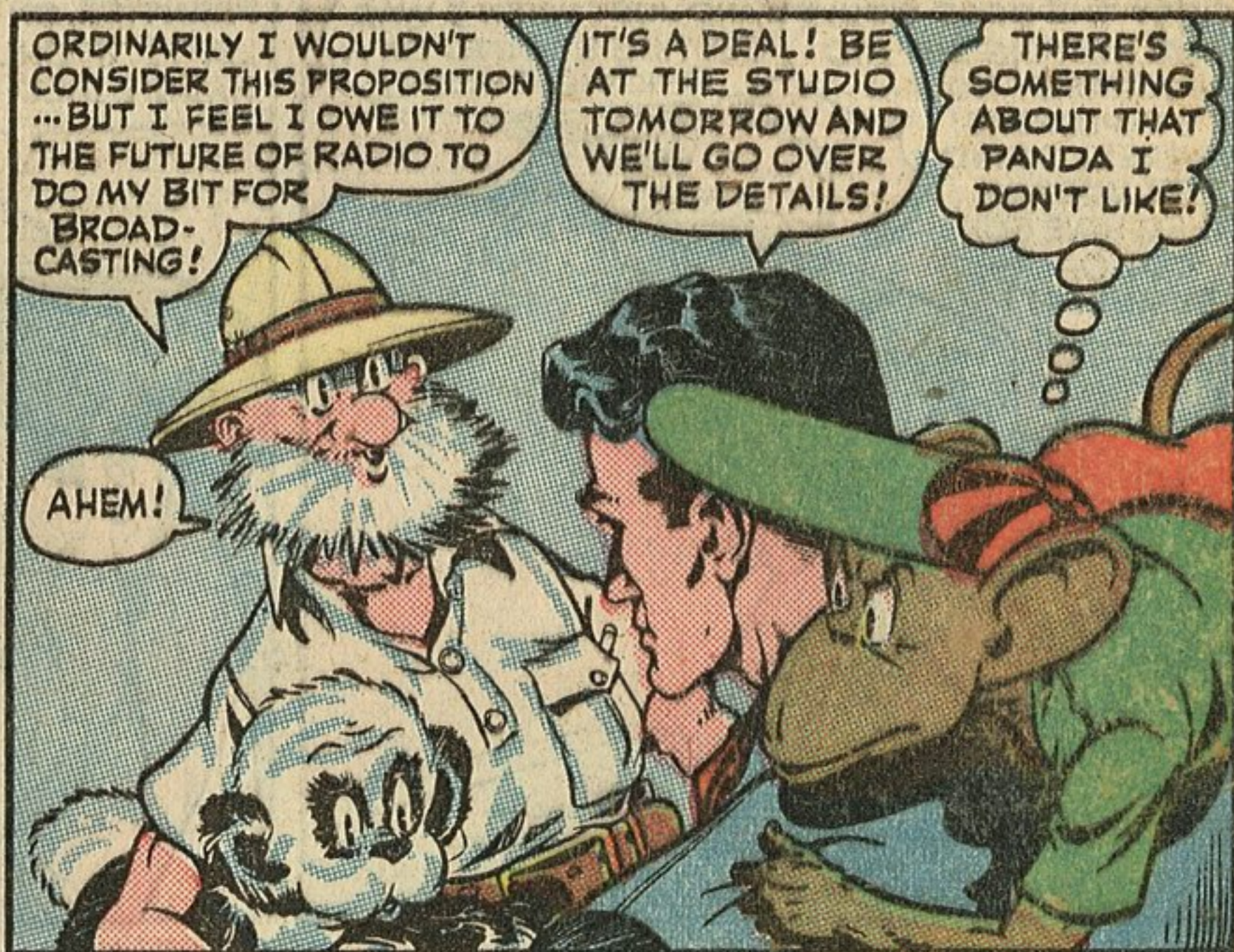
I'LL
RECOGNIZE
HIM! I WENT
ON SOME
EXPEDITIONS
BEFORE I
BECAME AN
INVENTOR!



CATLETT'S THE NAME, SIR!
I TOOK THE LIBERTY OF
BRINGING MY PET PANDA
WITH ME!

CHECKS
WITH THE
PHOTO!

IT'S
HIM!

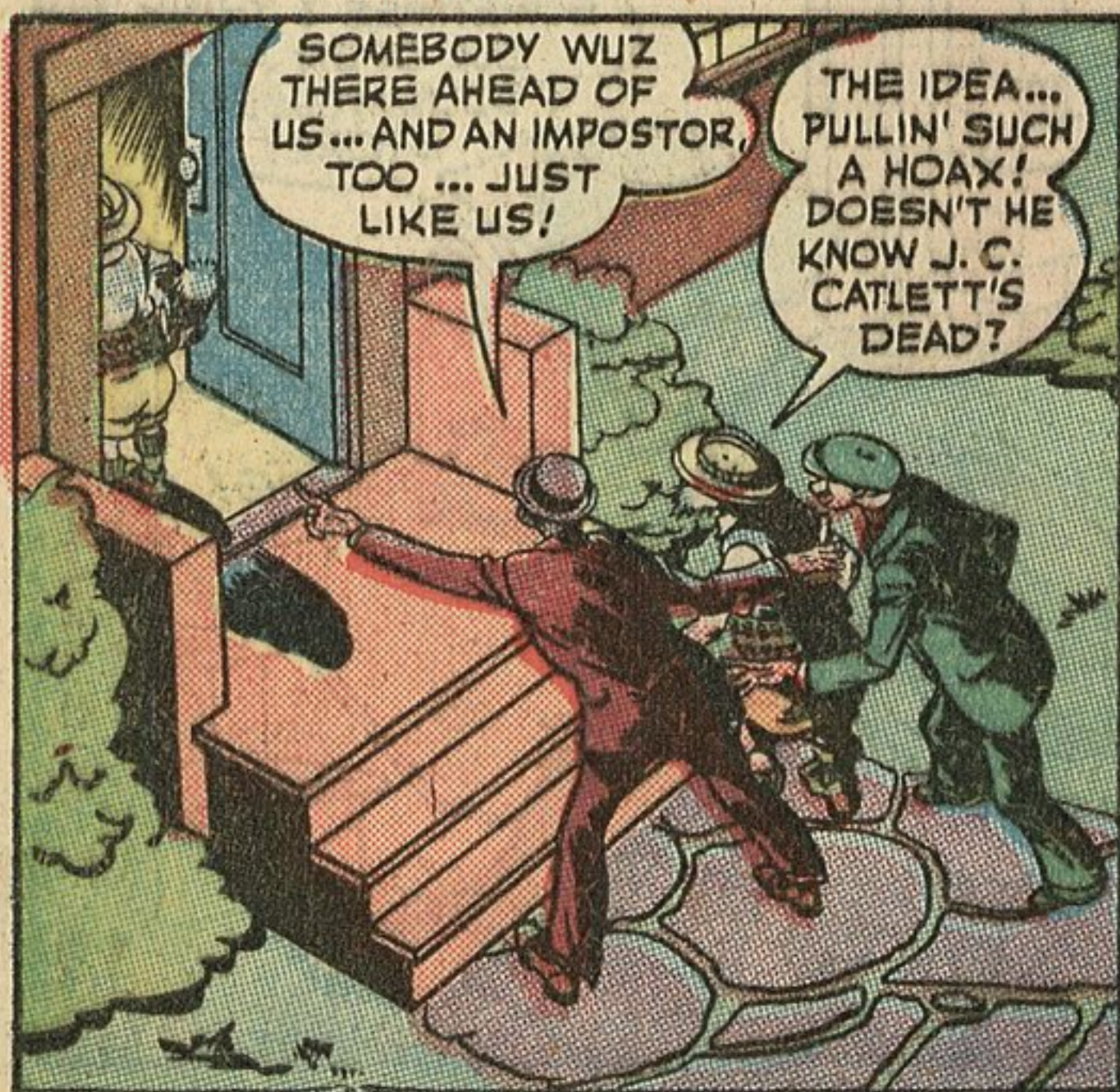


ORDINARILY I WOULDN'T
CONSIDER THIS PROPOSITION
...BUT I FEEL I OWE IT TO
THE FUTURE OF RADIO TO
DO MY BIT FOR
BROAD-
CASTING!

IT'S A DEAL! BE
AT THE STUDIO
TOMORROW AND
WE'LL GO OVER
THE DETAILS!

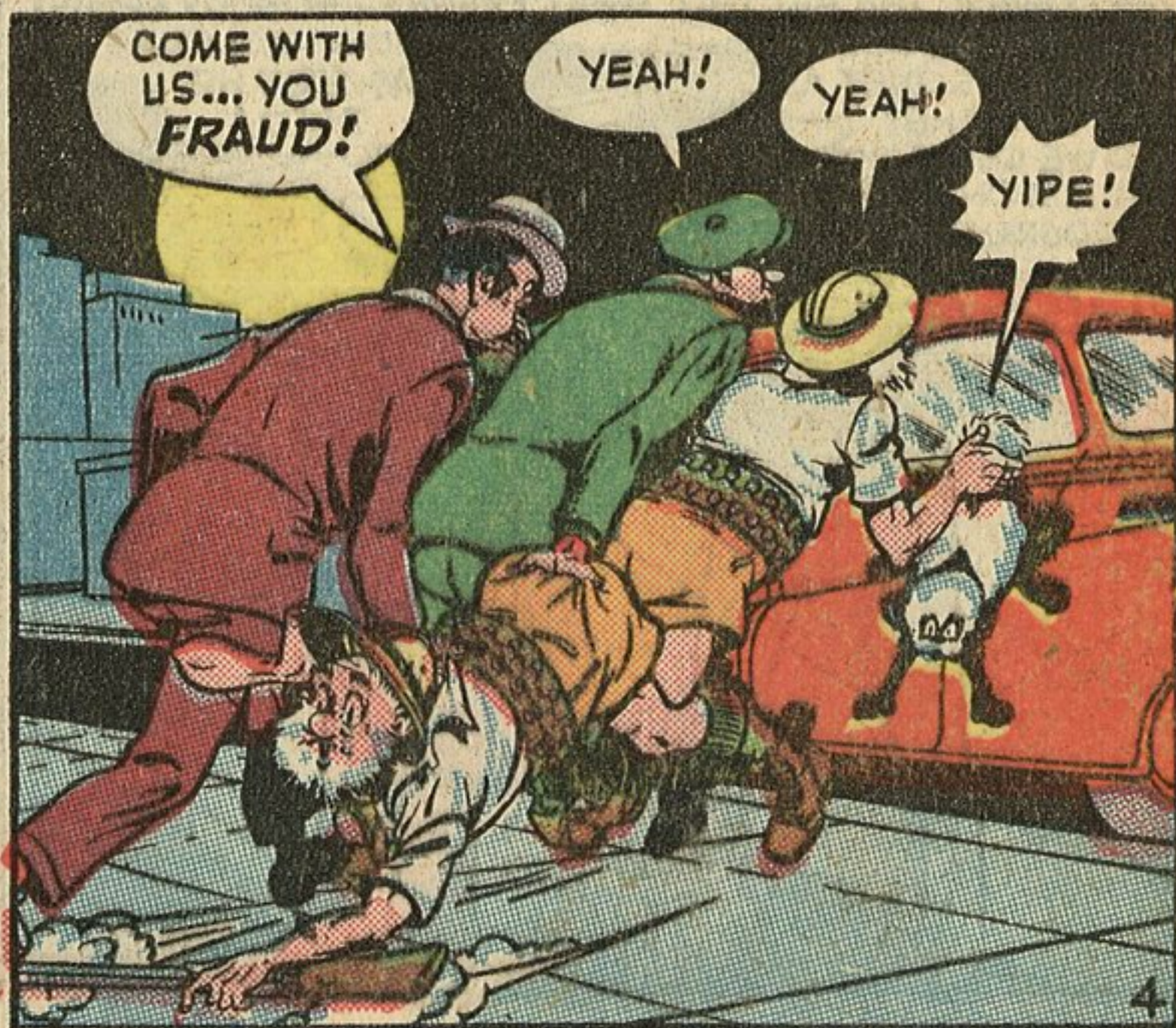
THERE'S
SOMETHING
ABOUT THAT
PANDA I
DON'T LIKE!

AHEM!



SOMEBODY WUZ
THERE AHEAD OF
US... AND AN IMPOSTOR,
TOO ... JUST
LIKE US!

THE IDEA...
PULLIN' SUCH
A HOAX!
DOESN'T HE
KNOW J. C.
CATLETT'S
DEAD?

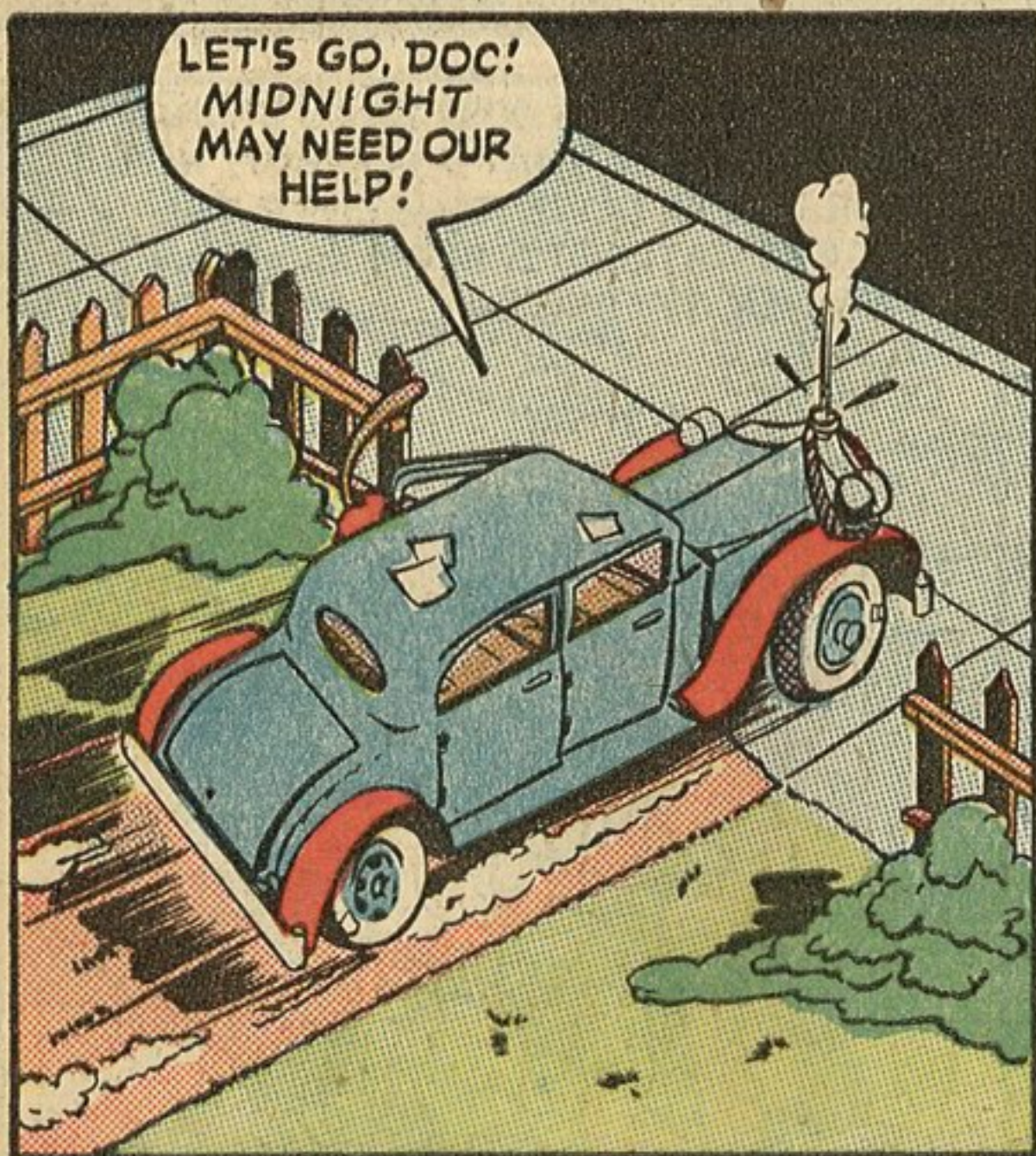


COME WITH
US... YOU
FRAUD!

YEAH!

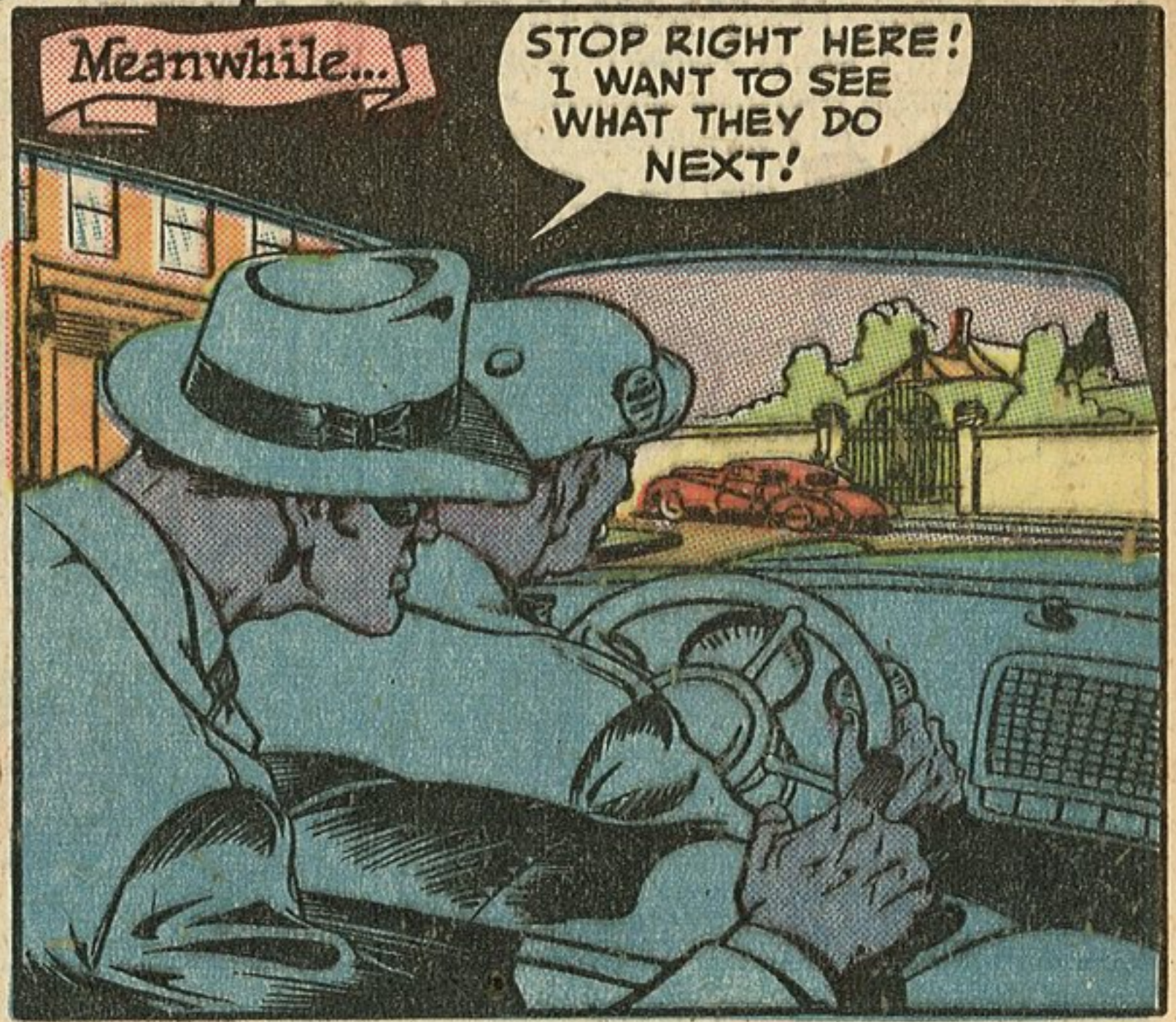
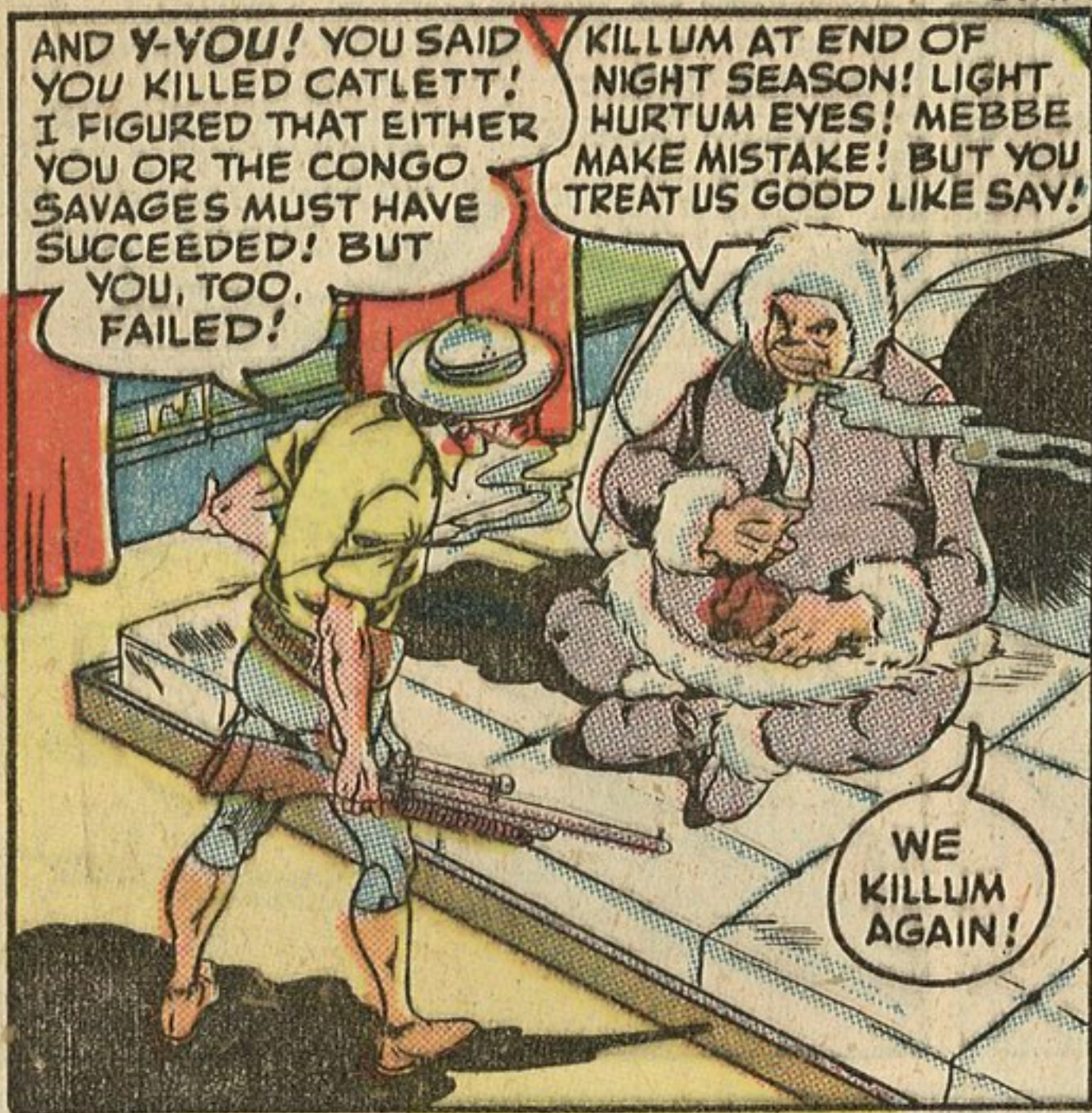
YEAH!

YIPE!

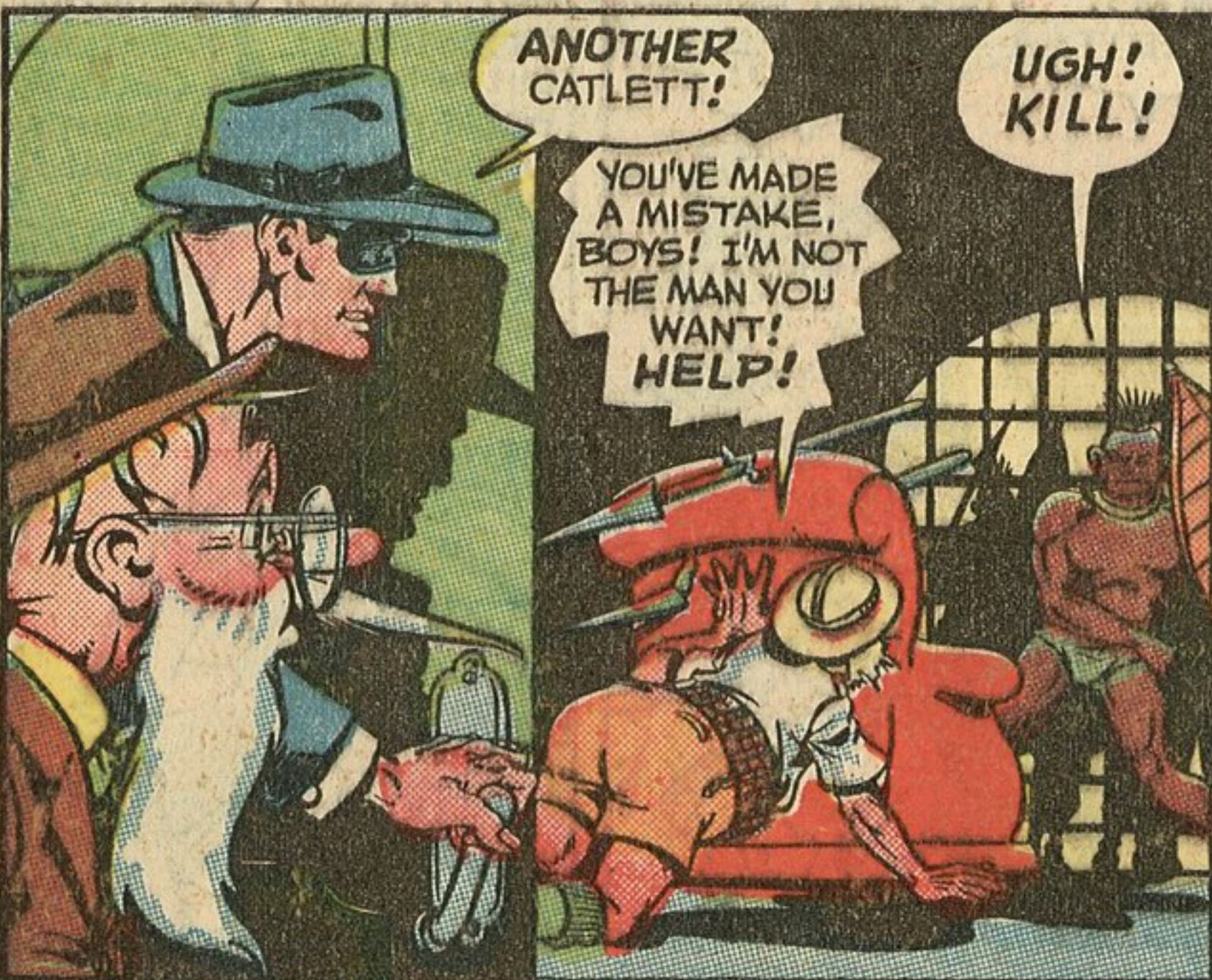


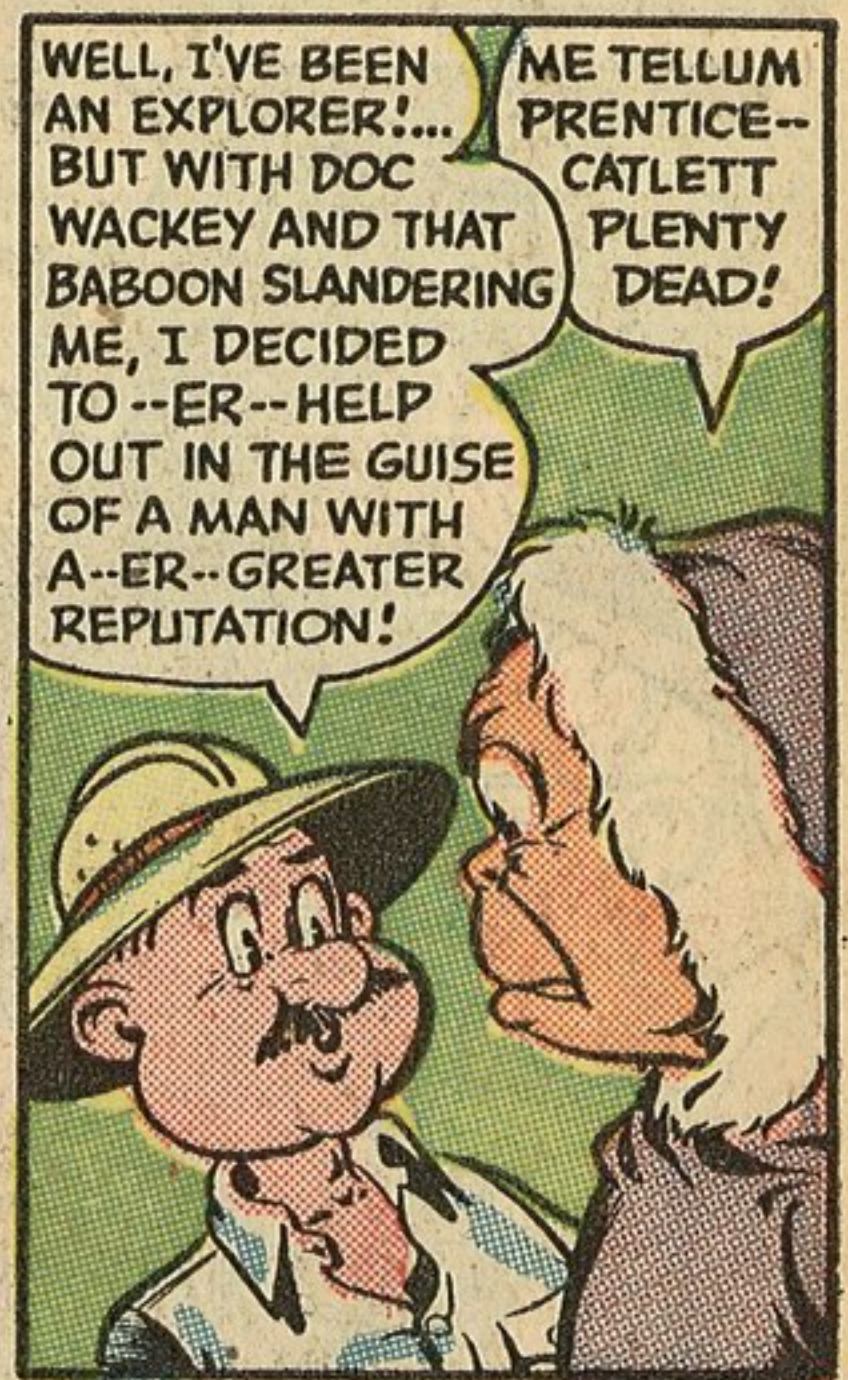
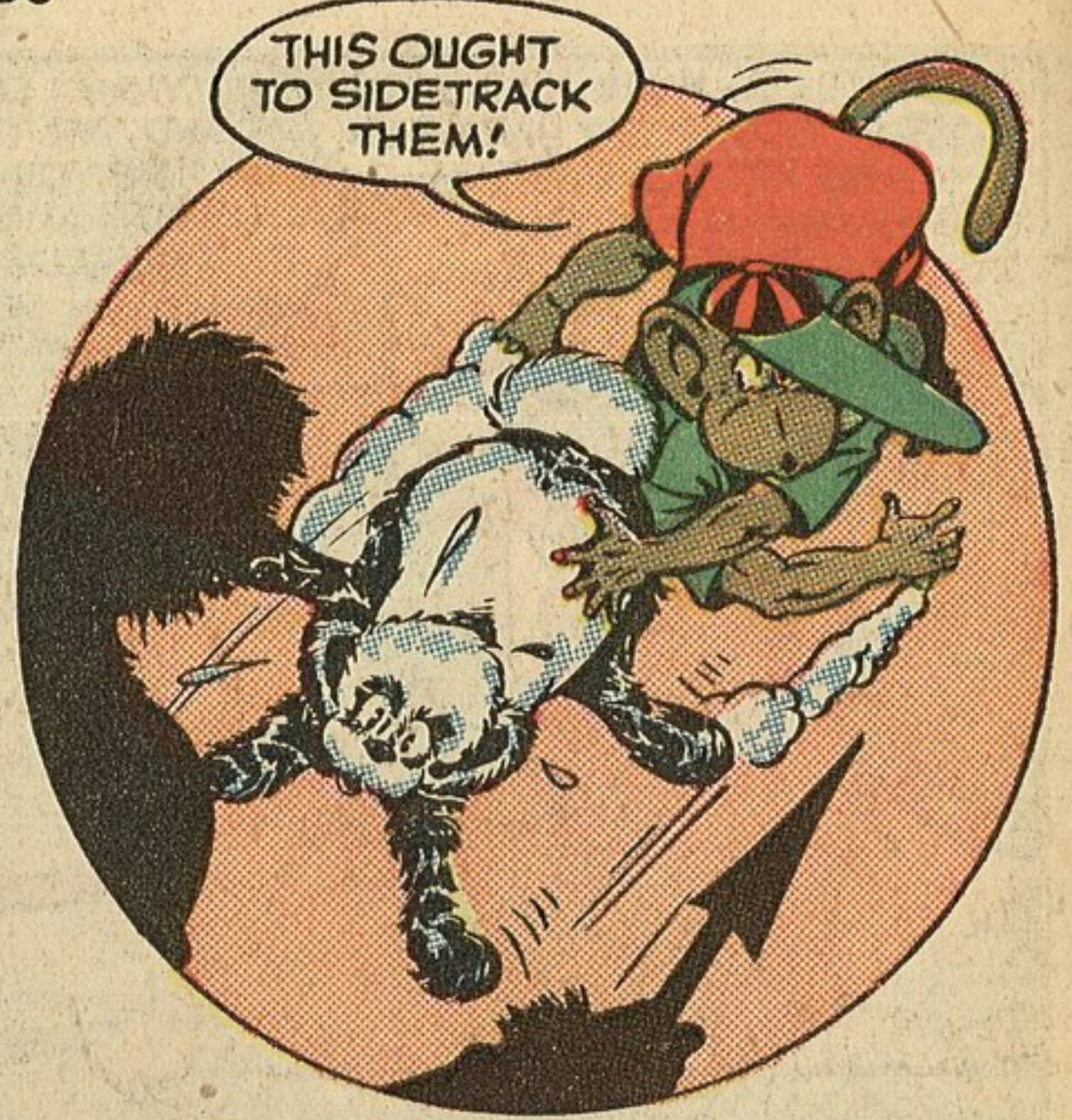
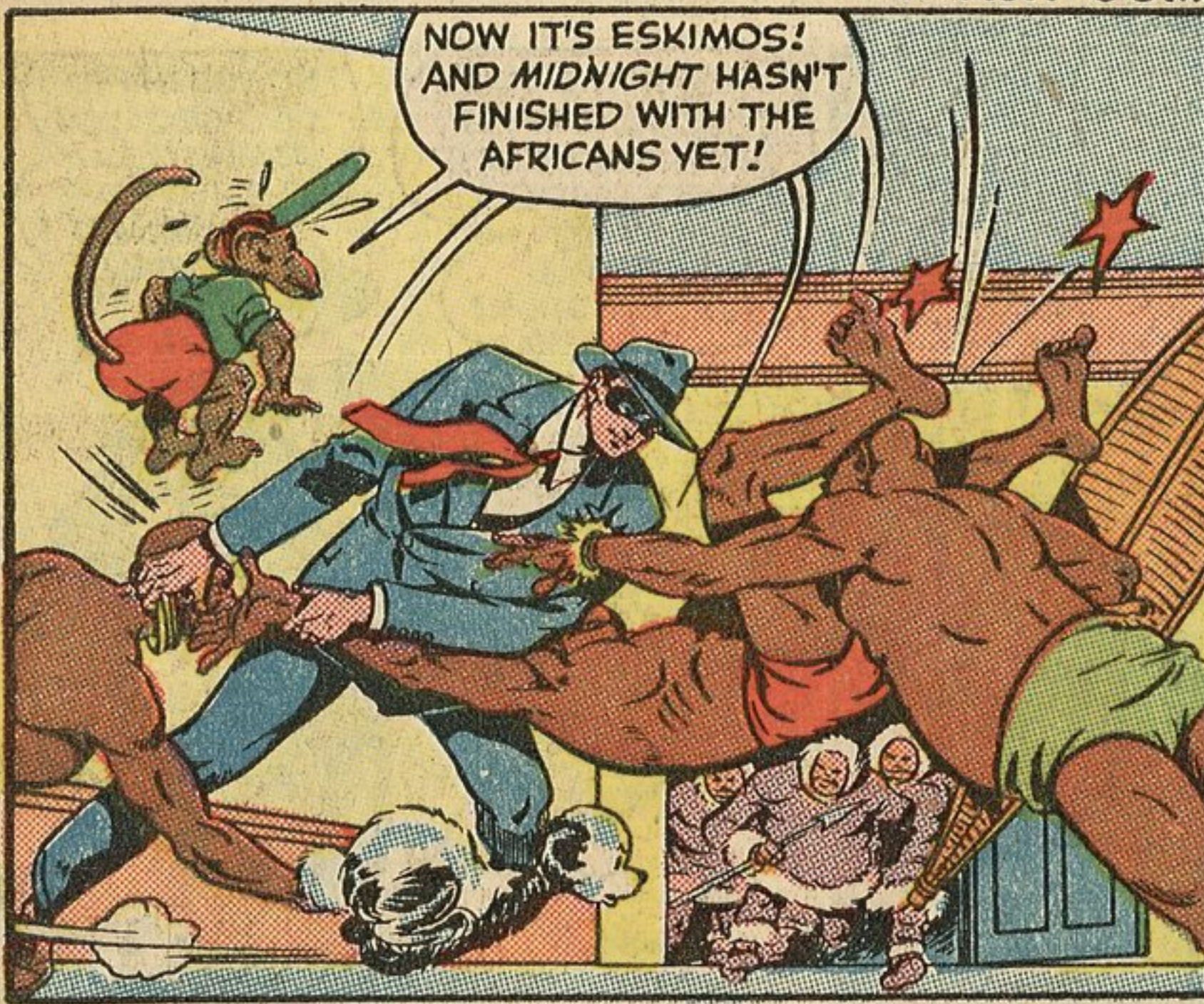
And
back
at
the
studio

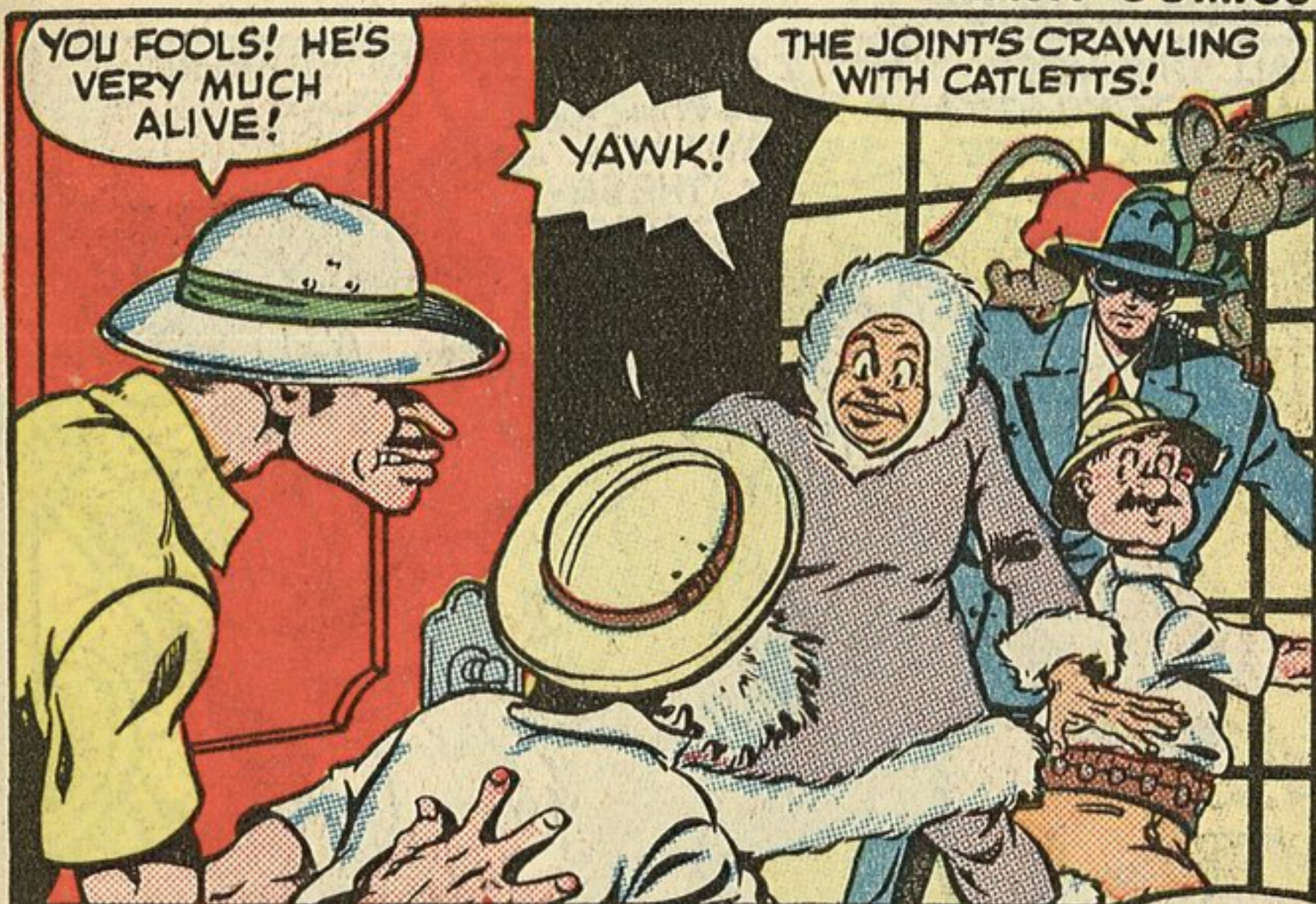




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YOU FOOLS! HE'S VERY MUCH ALIVE!

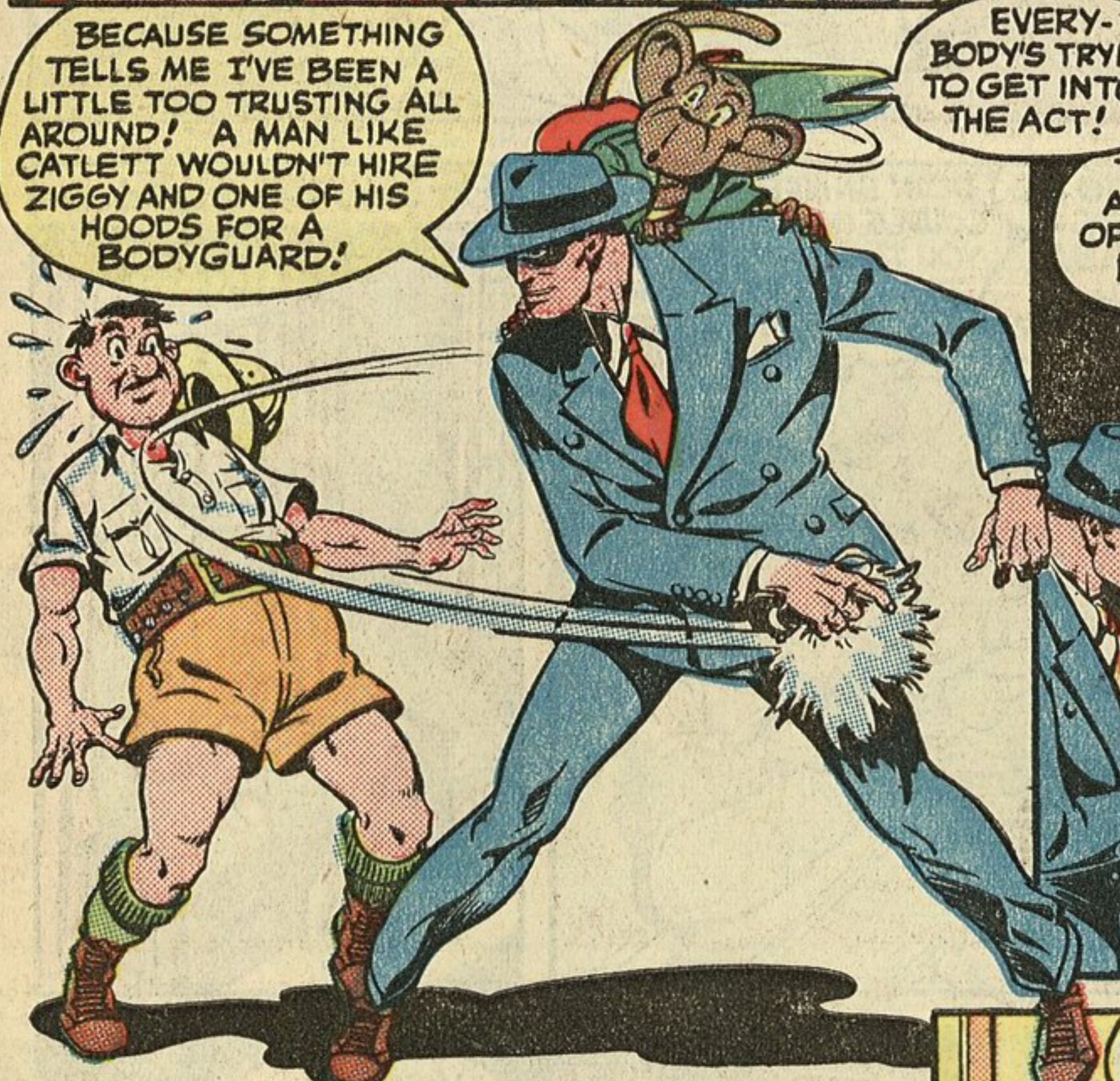
YAWK!

THE JOINT'S CRAWLING WITH CATLETT'S!



ARE YOU **SURE** YOU CAN IDENTIFY HIM, MR. PRENTICE?

MIDNIGHT! WH...WHY--?

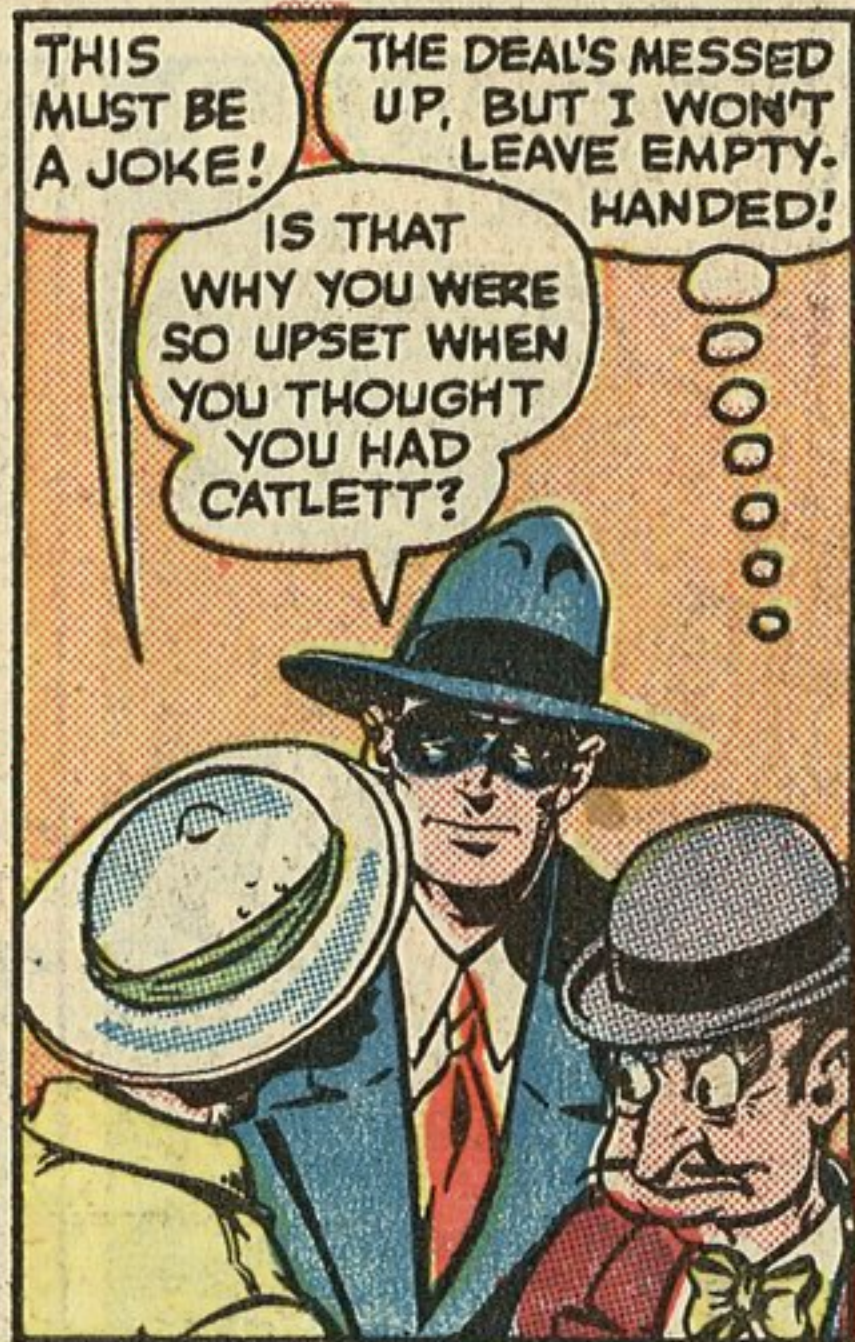


BECAUSE SOMETHING TELLS ME I'VE BEEN A LITTLE TOO TRUSTING ALL AROUND! A MAN LIKE CATLETT WOULDN'T HIRE ZIGGY AND ONE OF HIS HOODS FOR A BODYGUARD!

EVERY-BODY'S TRYING TO GET INTO THE ACT!

THERE! ANOTHER OF ZIGGY'S HOODS!

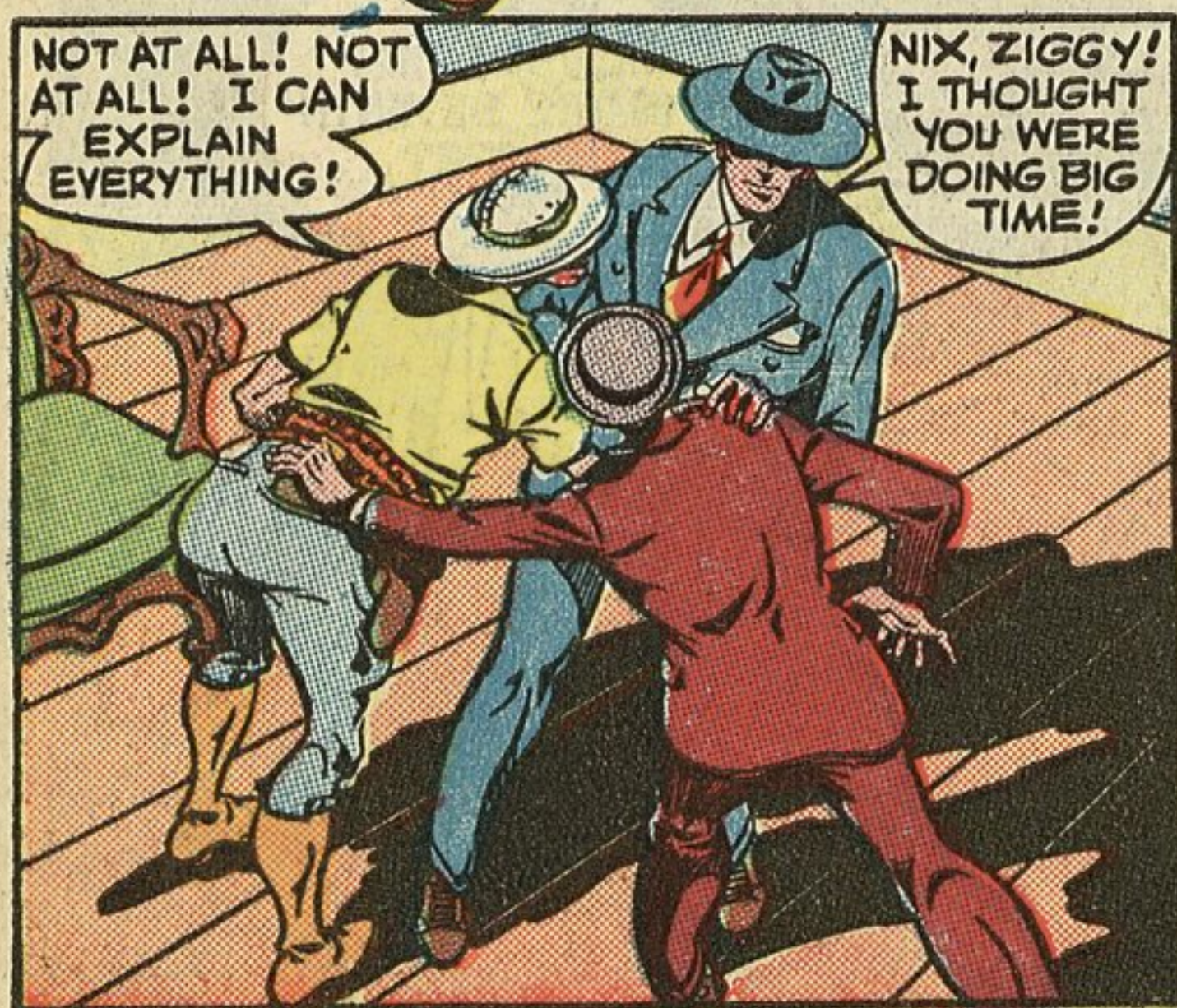
GULP!



THIS MUST BE A JOKE!

THE DEAL'S MESSED UP, BUT I WON'T LEAVE EMPTY-HANDED!

IS THAT WHY YOU WERE SO UPSET WHEN YOU THOUGHT YOU HAD CATLETT?



NOT AT ALL! NOT AT ALL! I CAN EXPLAIN EVERYTHING!

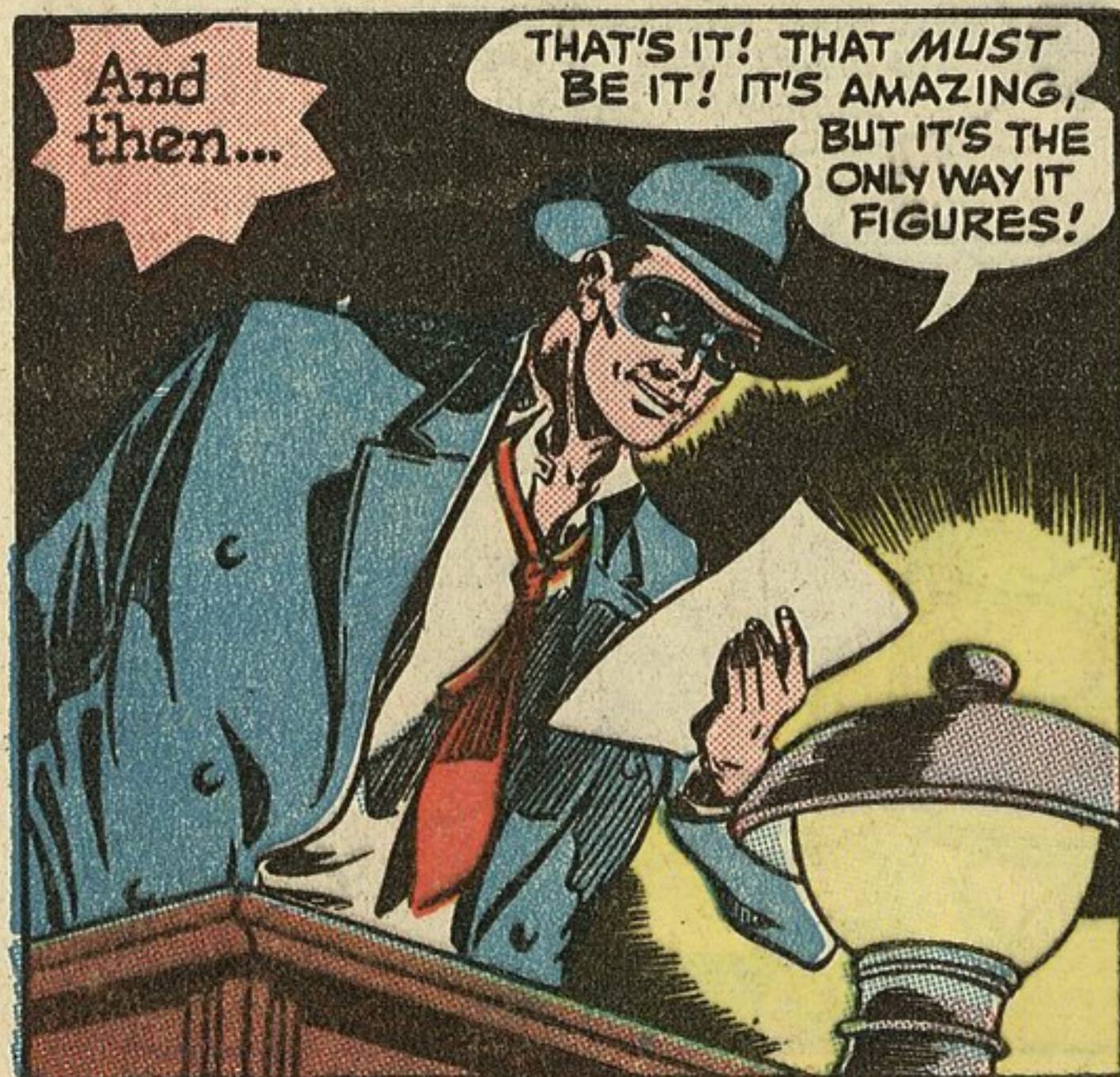
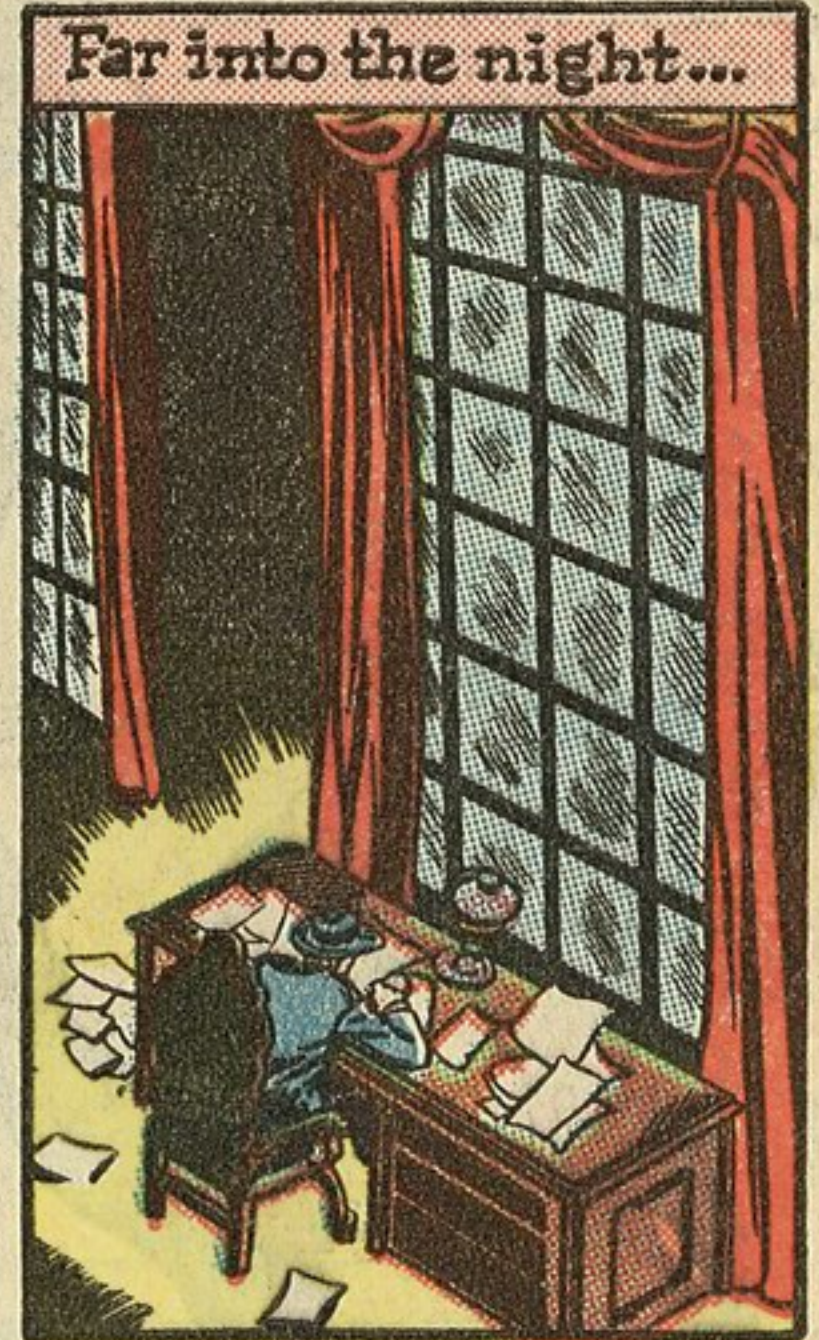
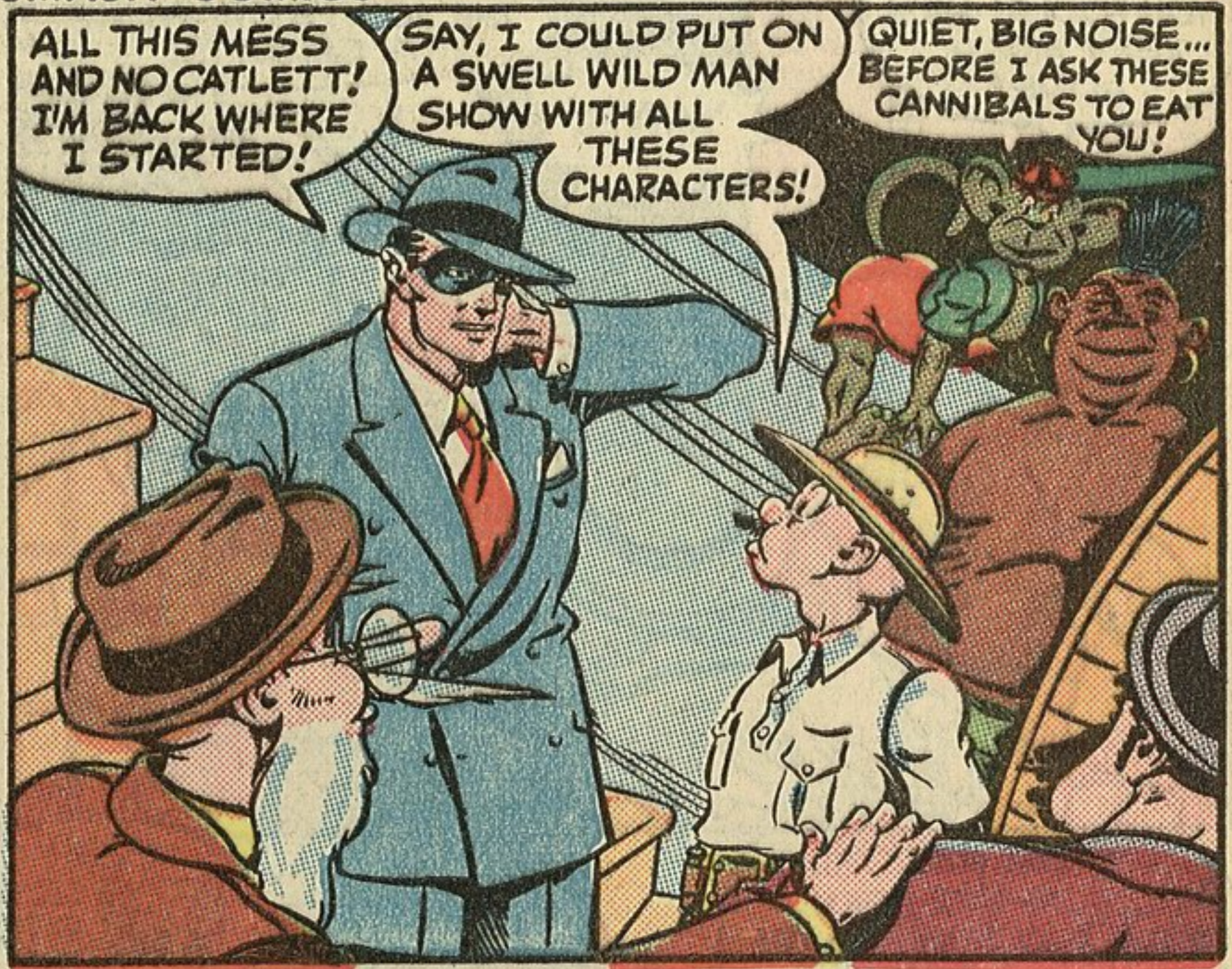
NIX, ZIGGY! I THOUGHT YOU WERE DOING BIG TIME!



TELL YOUR STOOGES TO STAY TOO, ZIGGY!

BUT IF YOU'LL EXCUSE ME, I'LL EXPLAIN IT ALL LATER! I'VE GOT A BROADCAST! CAN'T BE LATE, YOU KNOW!

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SO YOU FINALLY FOUND THE SECRET, EH, PRENTICE? WELL, YOU ALWAYS SAID IT'D BE ONE OR THE OTHER OF US -- AND NOW WE'LL SEE!

YOU'RE WRONG, MR. CATLETT! IT ISN'T PRENTICE!



WHILE YOU'VE BEEN HIDING OUT HERE, PRENTICE HAS BEEN CAPITALIZING ON THE FAME YOU WON TOGETHER! NOW, IT'S YOUR TURN!

I KNEW HE WAS OUT TO GET ME, BUT I COULDN'T KILL HIM! I SAW NO CHOICE BUT TO SECLUDE MYSELF!



WE PUT THOSE GUYS IN THE CLINK, MIDNIGHT! ... HUH? ANOTHER ONE?

HE DOESN'T LOOK LIKE THE REAL THING TO ME, MIDNIGHT!

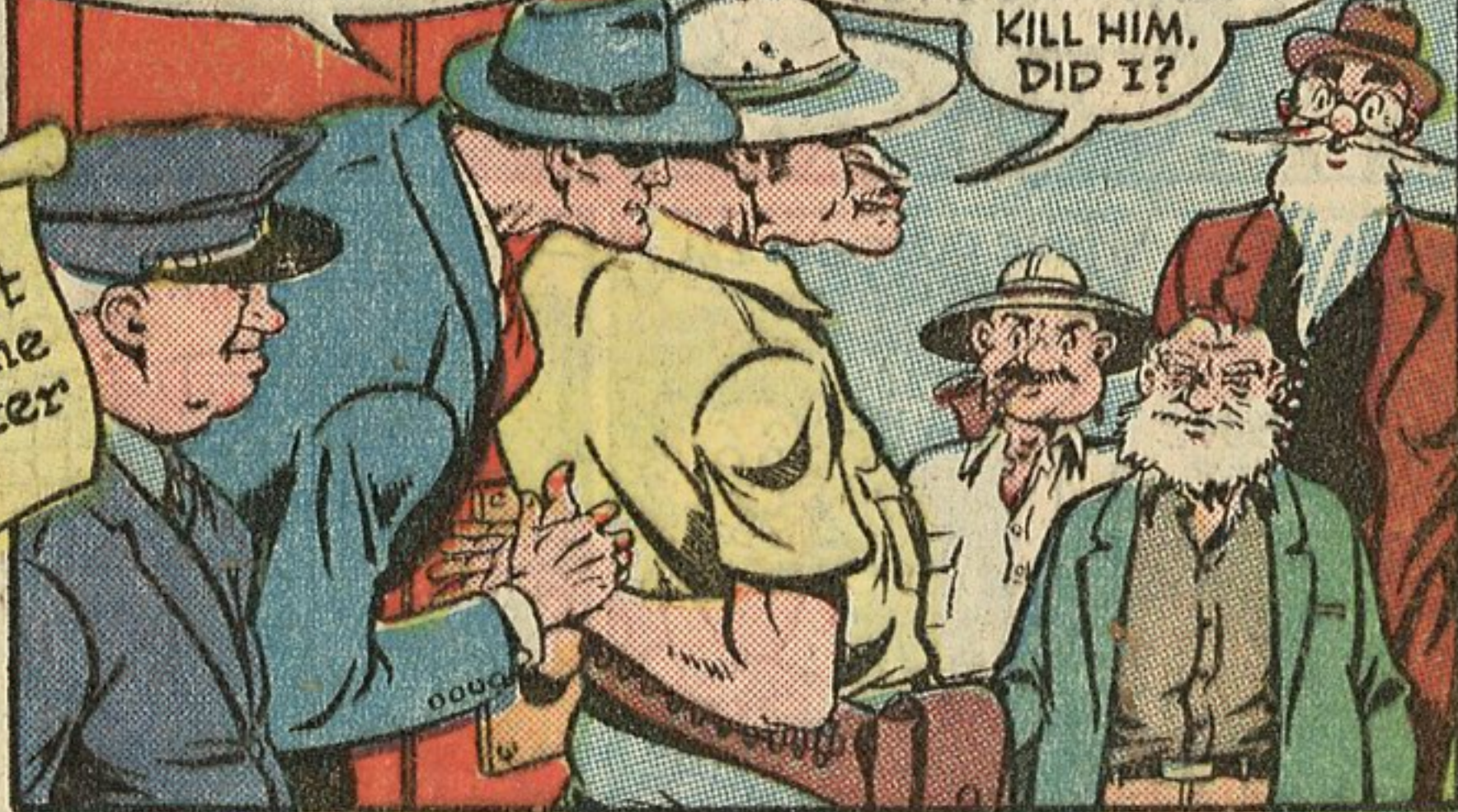
HE'S REAL, ALL RIGHT! WHAT A PROGRAM DAVE CLARK'S GOING TO HAVE AS SOON AS I GET MY HANDS ON EXPLORER PRENTICE!



HAD TO DRAG HIM AWAY FROM HIS BROADCAST! TSK! TSK! BUT THE POLICE SAID IT WAS OKAY SINCE HE'S BEING CHARGED WITH A MURDER CONSPIRACY!

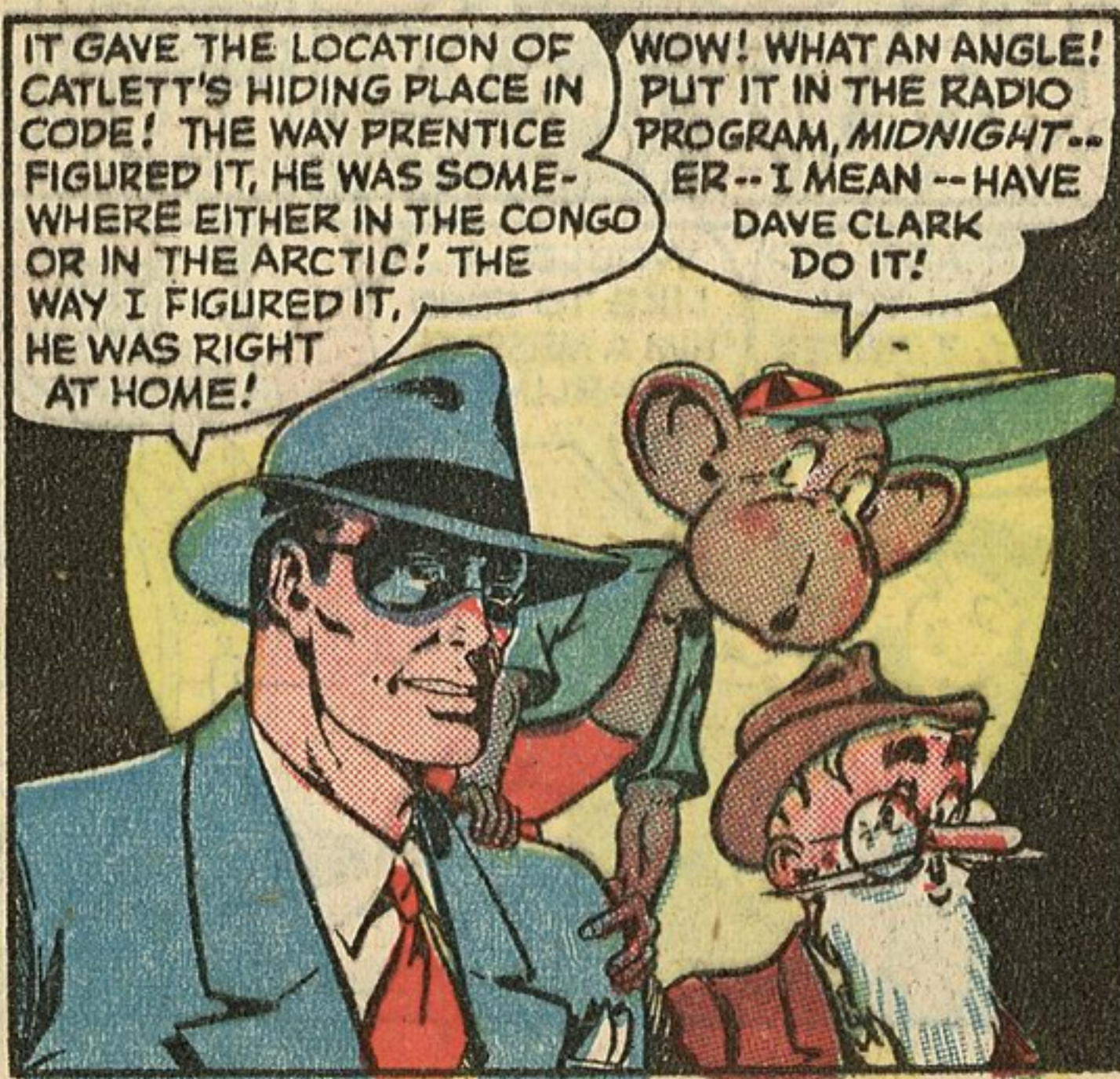
NO! NO! I ADMIT I TRIED TO HAVE HIM KILLED BECAUSE I WANTED OUR ARCTIC GOLD CACHE AND THE AFRICAN DIAMOND MINE MYSELF... BUT I DIDN'T REALLY KILL HIM, DID I?

A short time later



BUT MIDNIGHT, HOW'D YOU FIND CATLETT?

I HAVE A WEAKNESS FOR FIGURING OUT CODES! I FOUND THIS ONE IN PRENTICE'S WALLET! CATLETT HAD SENT IT TO HIM BEFORE HE WENT INTO HIDING JUST TO TAUNT HIM!



IT GAVE THE LOCATION OF CATLETT'S HIDING PLACE IN CODE! THE WAY PRENTICE FIGURED IT, HE WAS SOMEWHERE EITHER IN THE CONGO OR IN THE ARCTIC! THE WAY I FIGURED IT, HE WAS RIGHT AT HOME!

WOW! WHAT AN ANGLE! PUT IT IN THE RADIO PROGRAM, MIDNIGHT... ER-- I MEAN -- HAVE DAVE CLARK DO IT!

Archie Toole

HEAD-GENERAL, I THINK BOTH YOU AND ME NEED SOME REST AND RECREATION!

AYE, SIRE! I'M WITH YOU ON THAT THOUGHT!

SO I'VE PICKED TWO DAMES' NAMES AT RANDOM FROM THE PHONE BOOK FOR US TO GO CALLING ON INCOGNITO!

WOW! WHAT'S MY DAME'S NAME, KING?

YOU'RE CALLING ON GLORIA DIANE DE GLAMMERMOOR, 62 PARADISE LANE, WHILE MY NUMBER IS LIZZIE GUTZEN-GLUTZ, 9 1/2 PIGPOKE ALLEY!

GEE, KING, THANKS A LOT! BUT AIN'TCHA GIVIN' YOURSELF THE WORST OF THE DEAL?

SHUX, GENERAL, I'M VERY UN-SELFISH ABOUT THESE THINGS!

GLORIA DE GLAMMER-MOOR --- WOW!

WHAT THE DOPE DON'T KNOW IS THAT ALL DAMES WITH FANCY NAMES GOT FACES LIKE GARGOYLES, WHILE THE SILLY-NAMED CHICKS ARE PIPS!

AH, MY GOOD CHARWOMAN, DOST A DAMSEL NAMED LIZZIE GUTZENGLUTZ LIVE HERE?

SHE DOST--AN I'M HER! WOTCHA WANT?

ABOUT A MILE OR TWO BETWEEN YOU AN' ME! GOOD DAY!

PHOOIE! BEFORE I TRY A NEW NUMBER, I'M GONNA SNEAK A PEEK AT WHAT FORM OF FEMALE NIGHTMARE I INFLICTED ON THE GENERAL!

I JUST ARRIVED HERE! ... YOU KNOW, I NEVER SAW THIS KING ARCHIE!

WOULDJA LIKE TO SEND HIM A MESSAGE, DARLING?

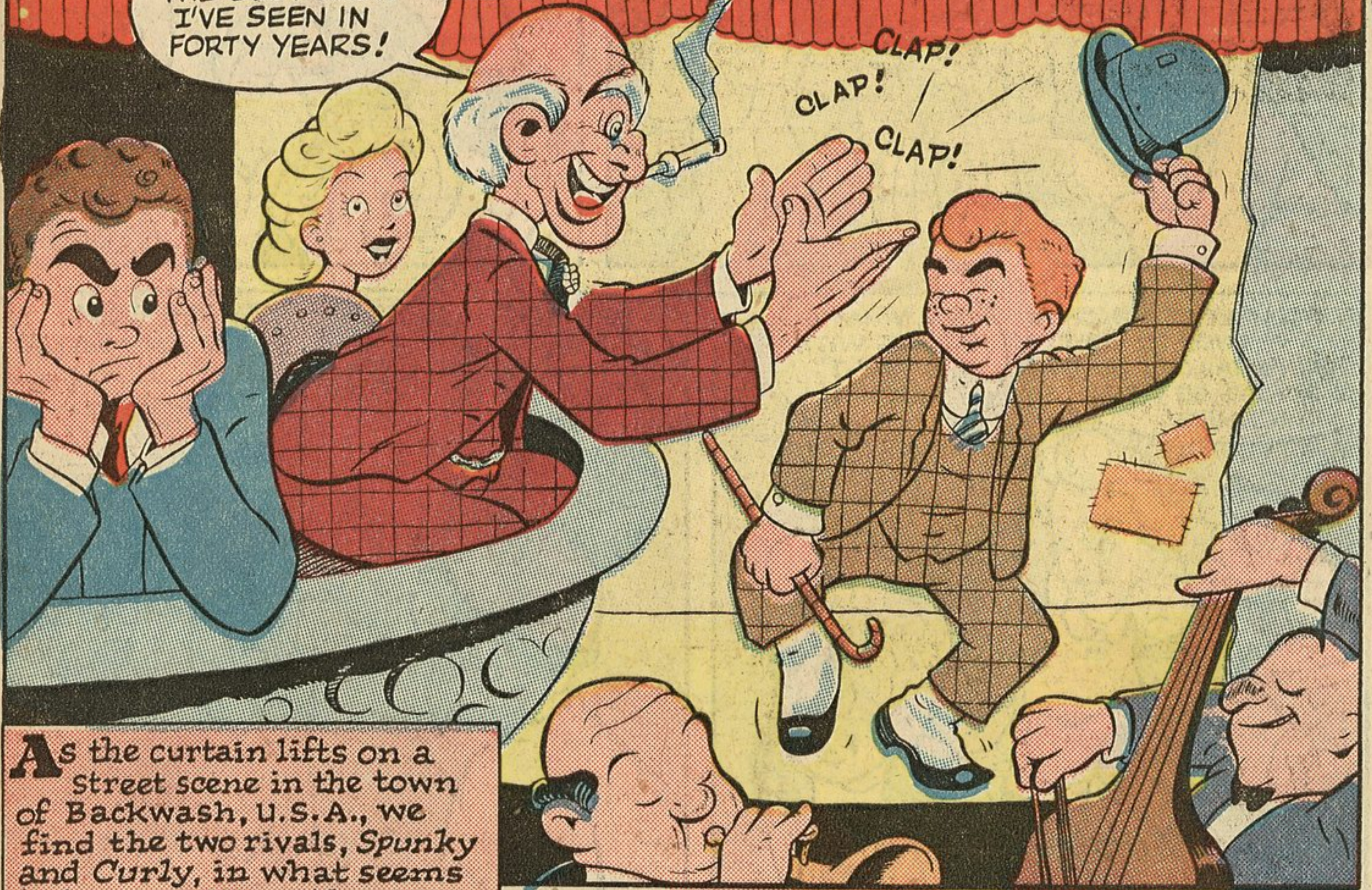
TELL THE KING THIS!

IF HE DON'T KEEP HIS GENERALS HOME WHERE THEY BELONG, I'LL KICK THE KING RIGHT IN THE PANTS!

SPUNKY

BY GUM! THAT'S
THE BEST SHOW
I'VE SEEN IN
FORTY YEARS!

CLAP!
CLAP!
CLAP!



As the curtain lifts on a street scene in the town of Backwash, U.S.A., we find the two rivals, Spunky and Curly, in what seems to be a conversation....

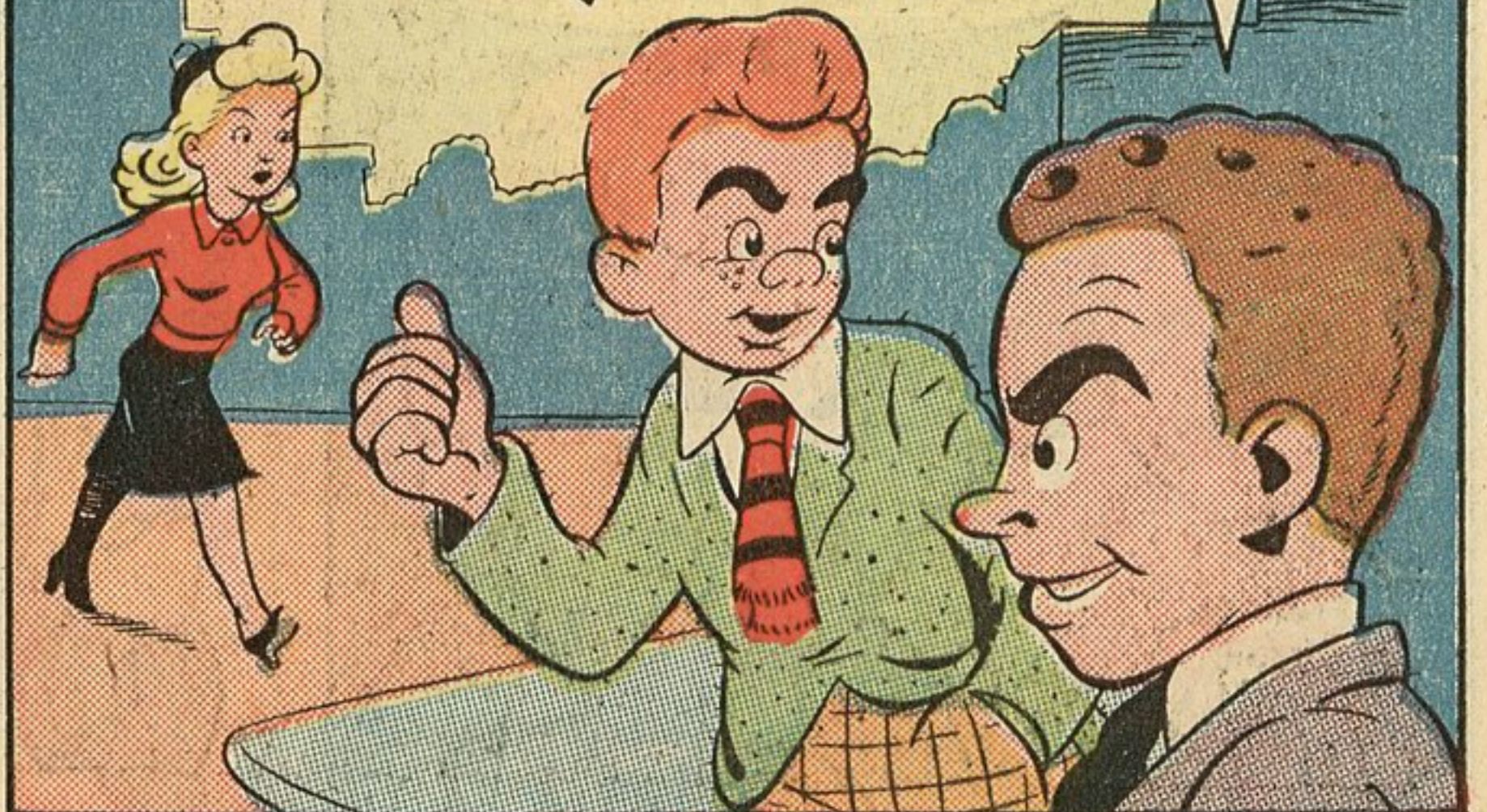
I CAN'T UNDER-
STAND WHY I
HAVEN'T SEEN
MARGE ALL
WEEK!

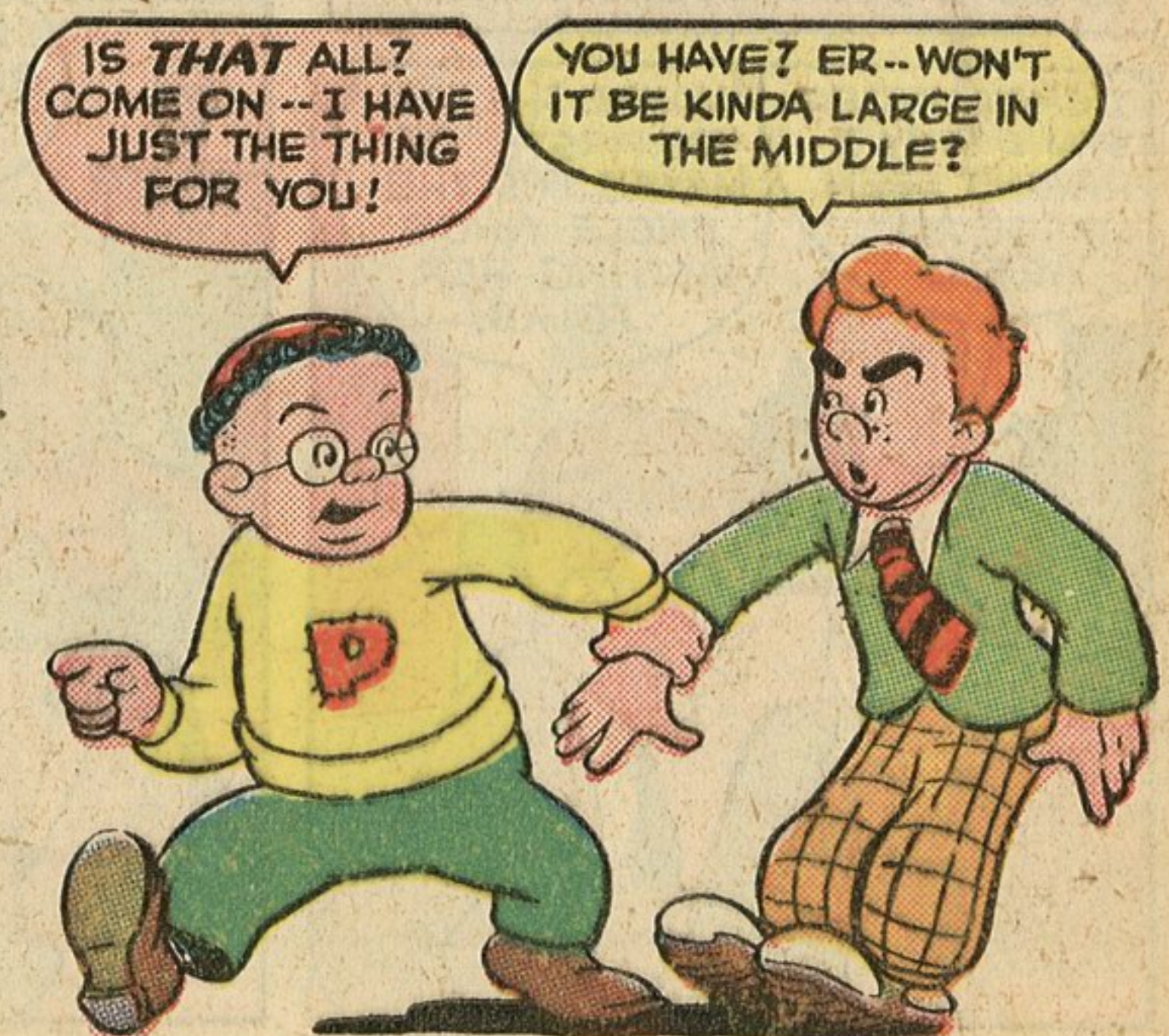
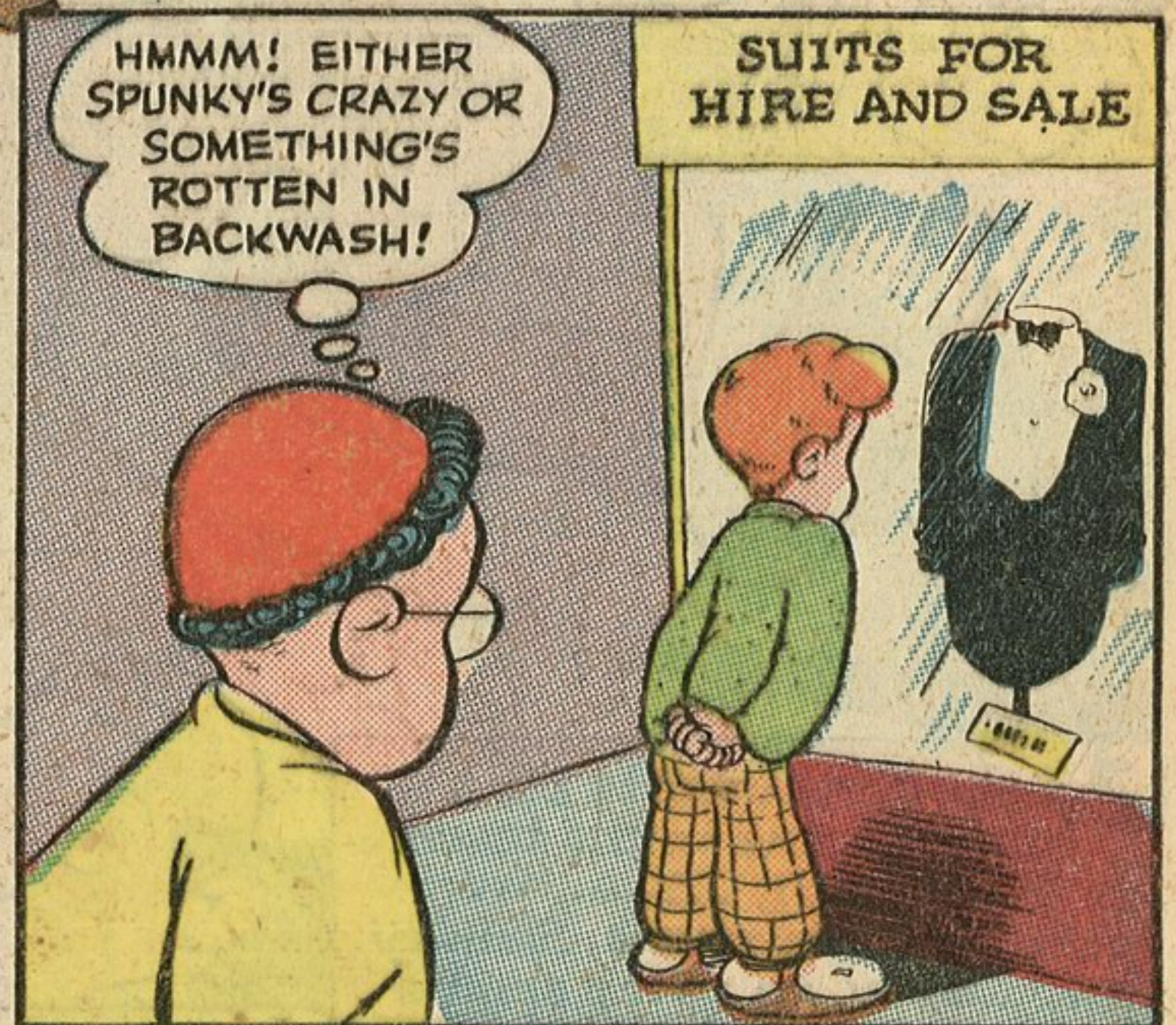
MAYBE SHE SAW
YOU FIRST! OR
MAYBE IT'S THE
UNCLE WHO'S
VISITING HER
FOLKS!

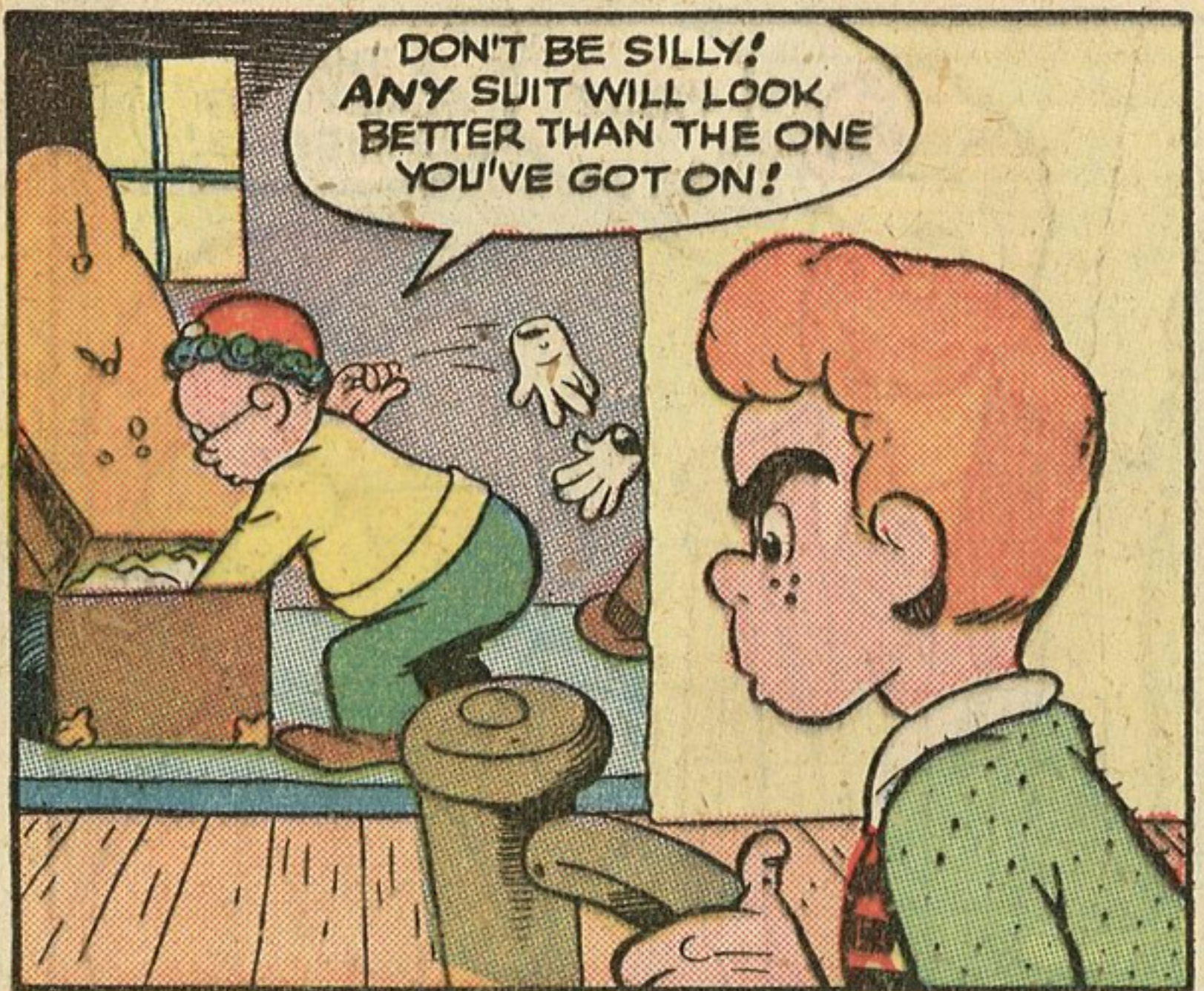
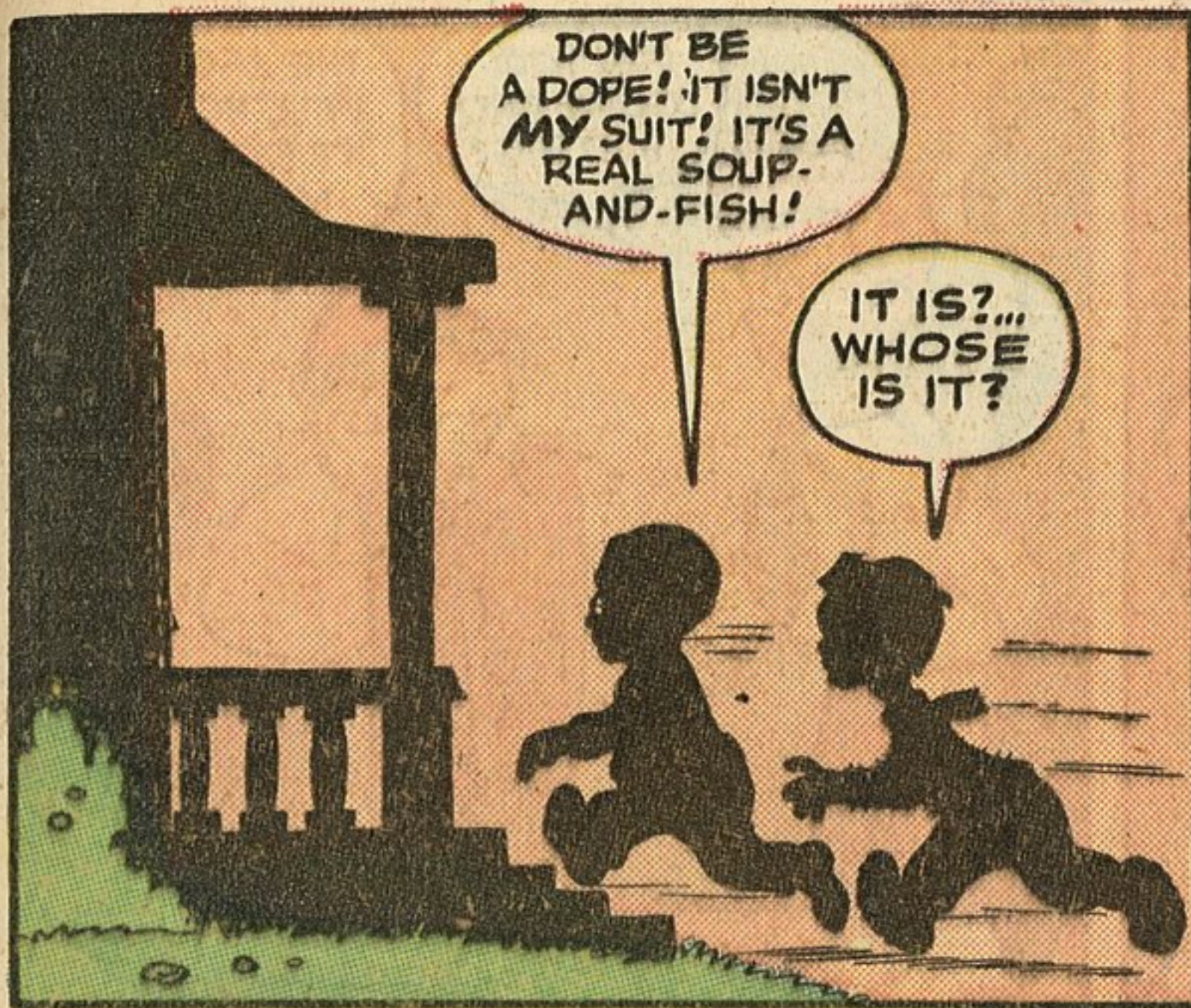


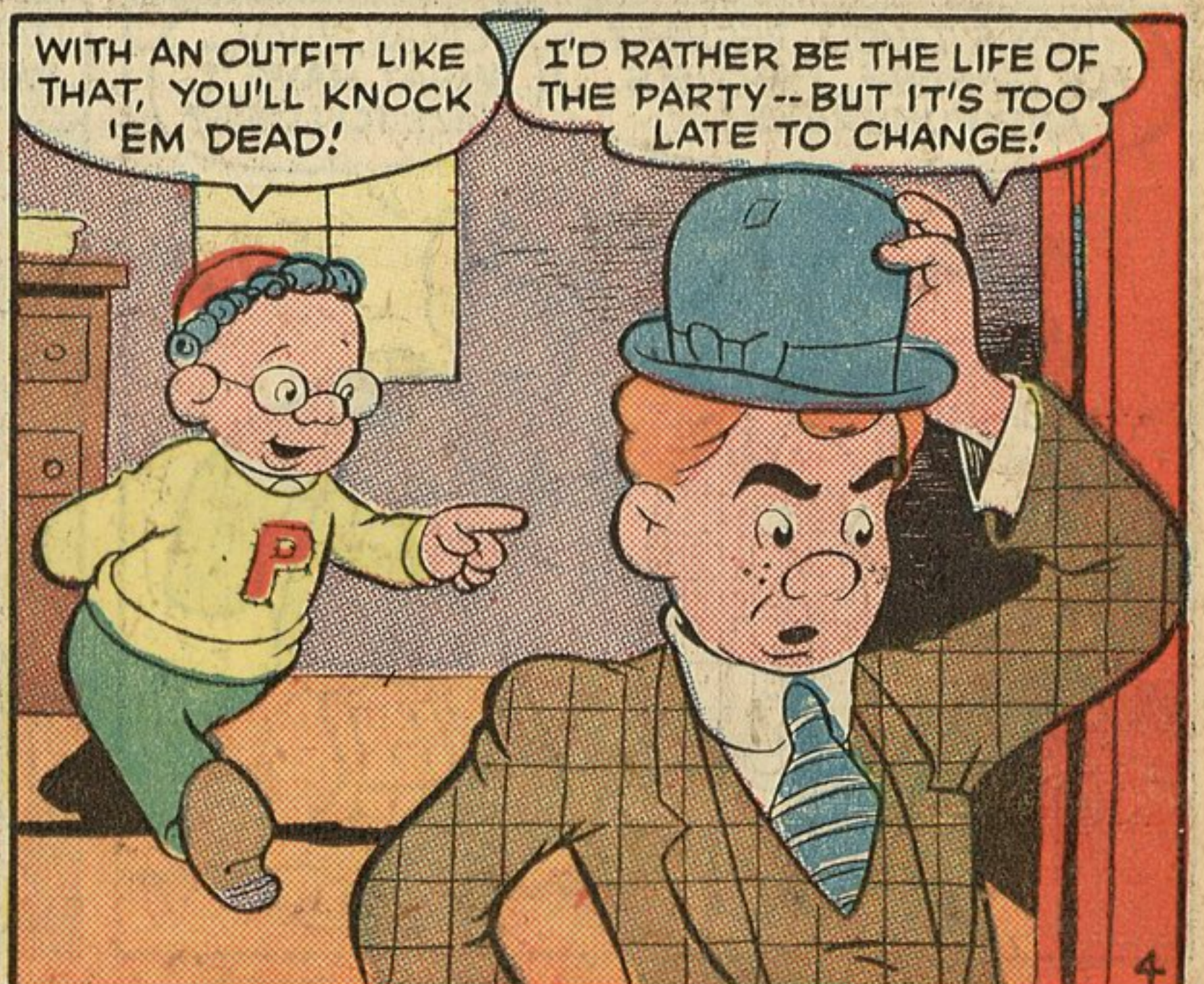
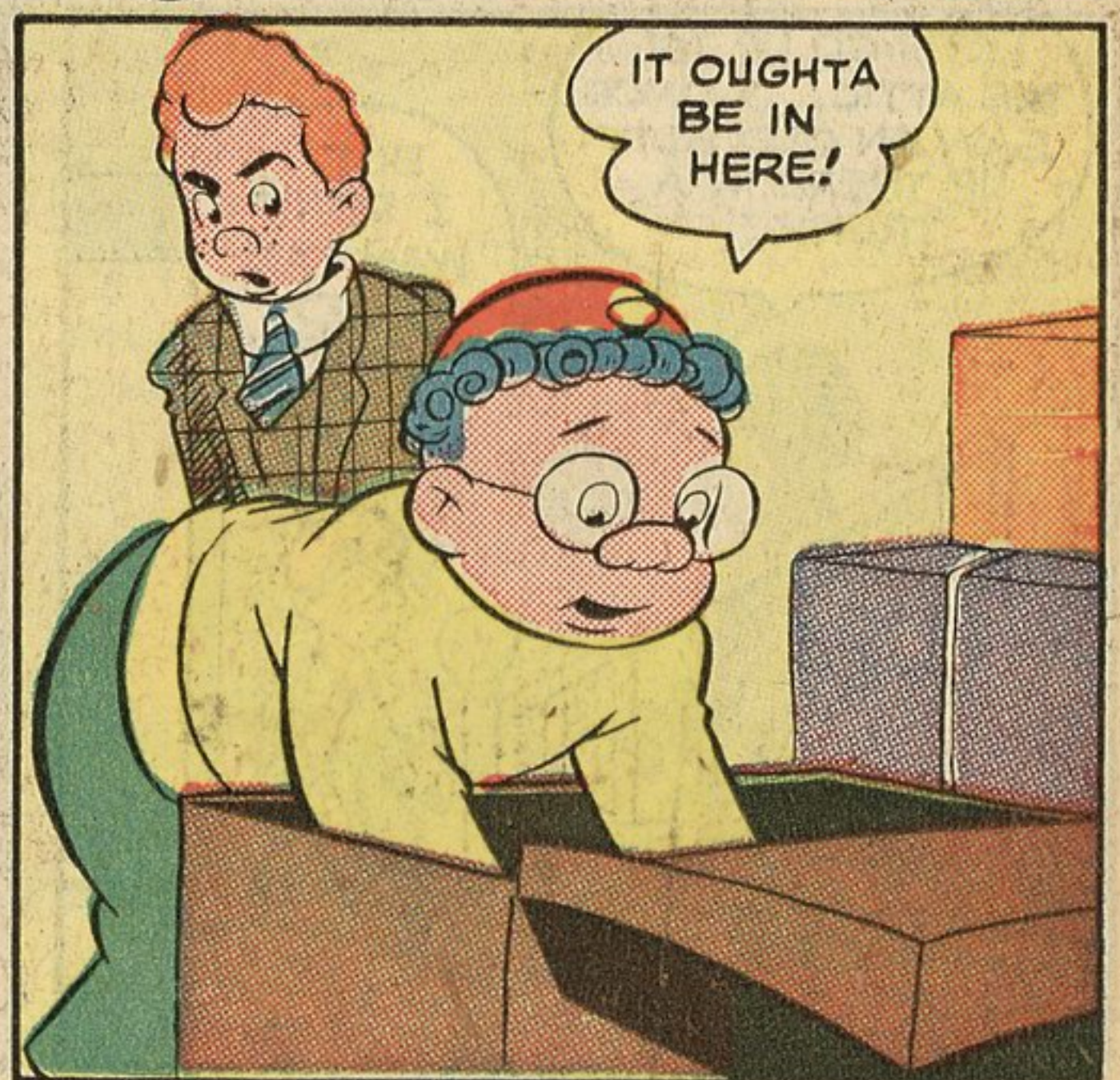
LOOK! HERE SHE
COMES NOW! WE'LL
FIND OUT WHAT'S
COOKIN'!

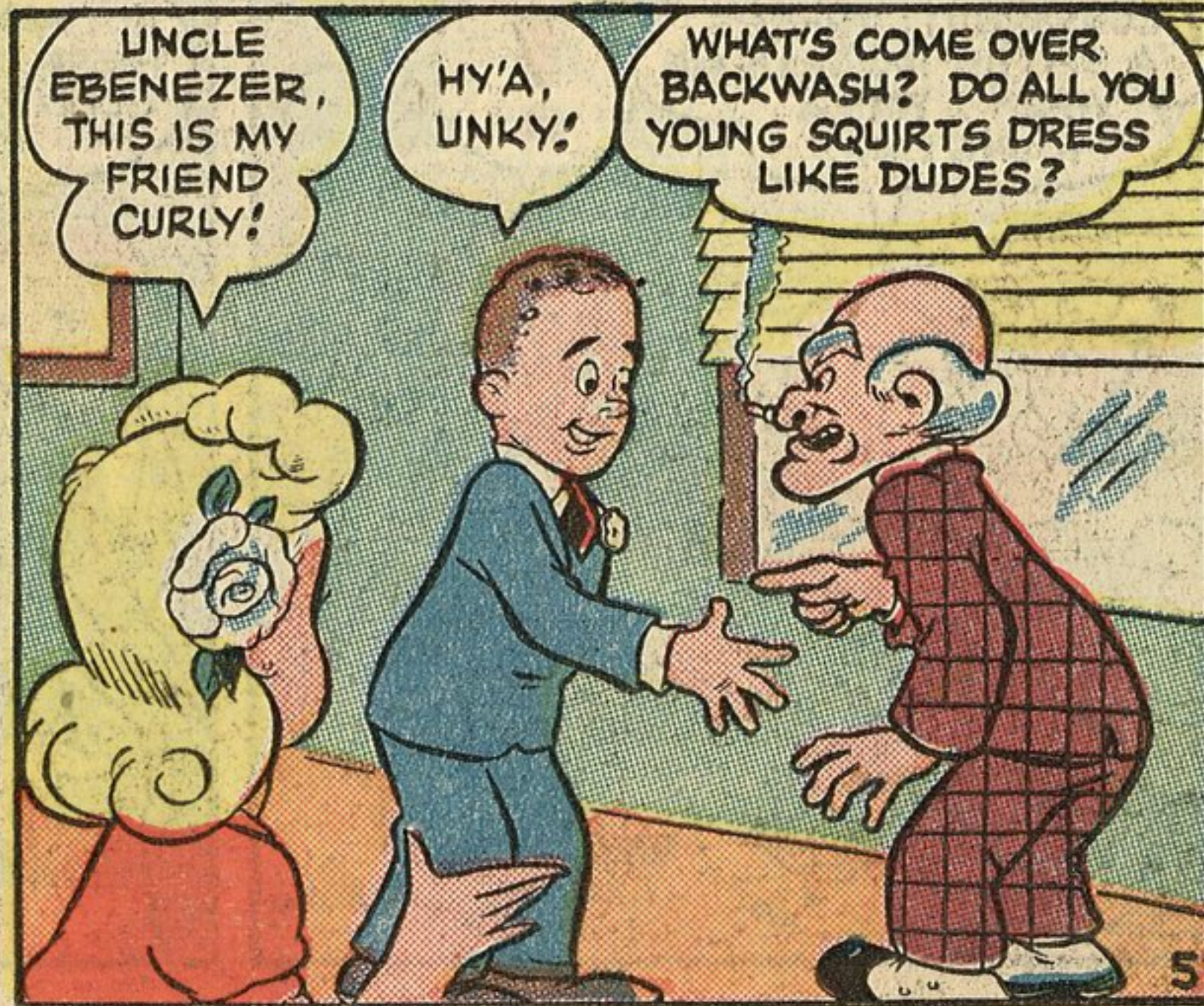
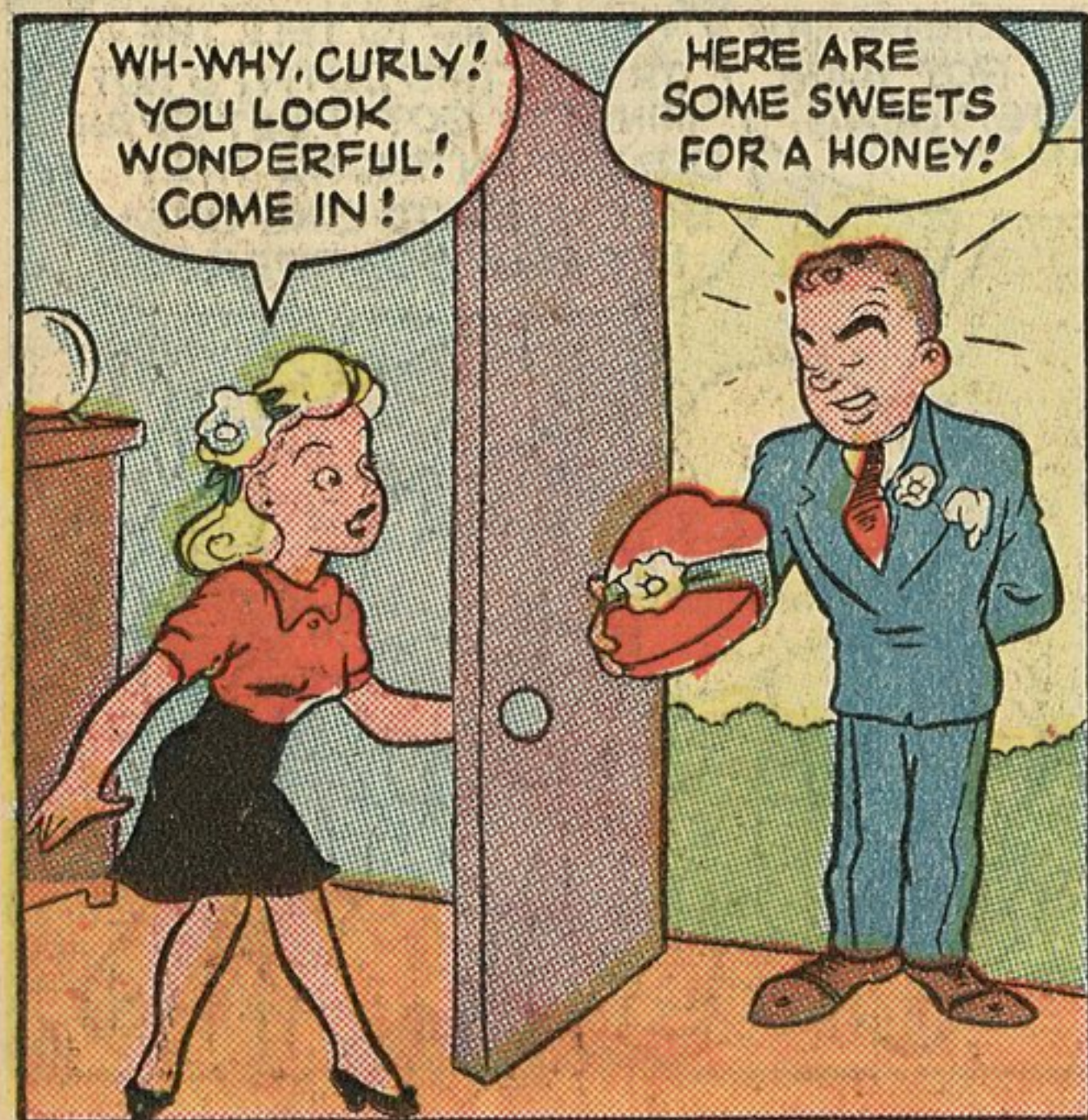
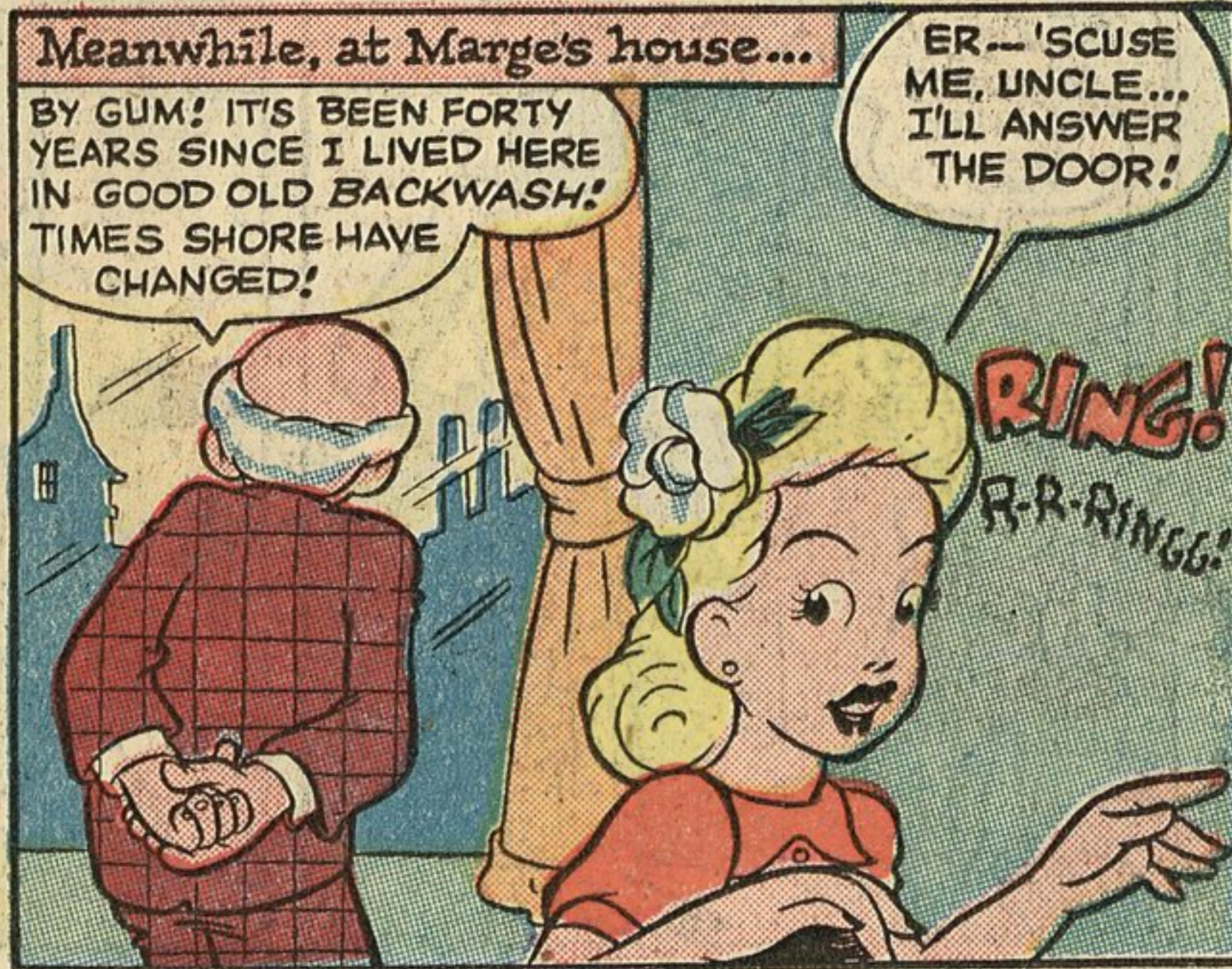
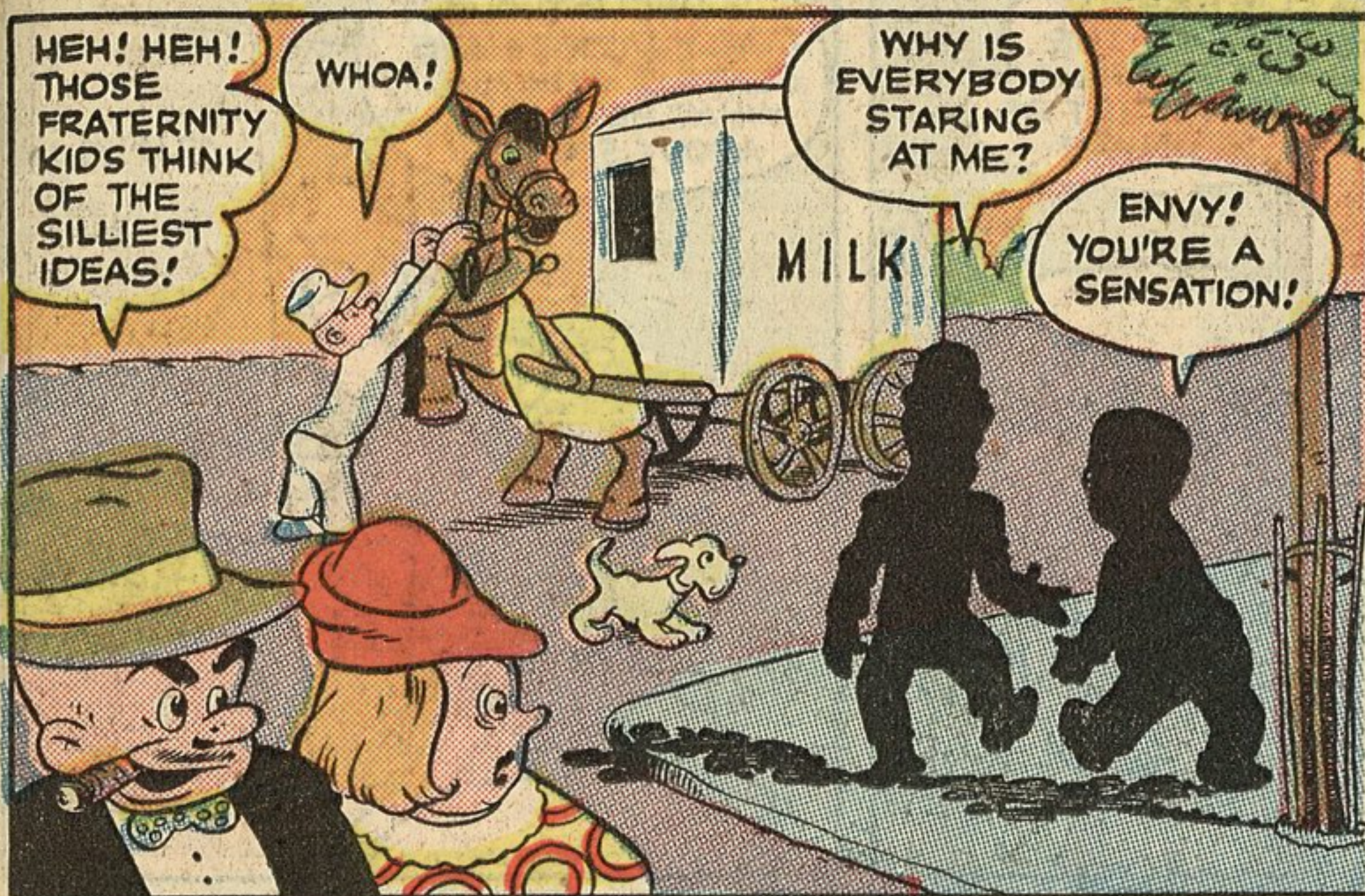
JUDGING FROM HER
EXPRESSION, I HOPE
IT'S YOUR HASH,
SPUNKY BOY!

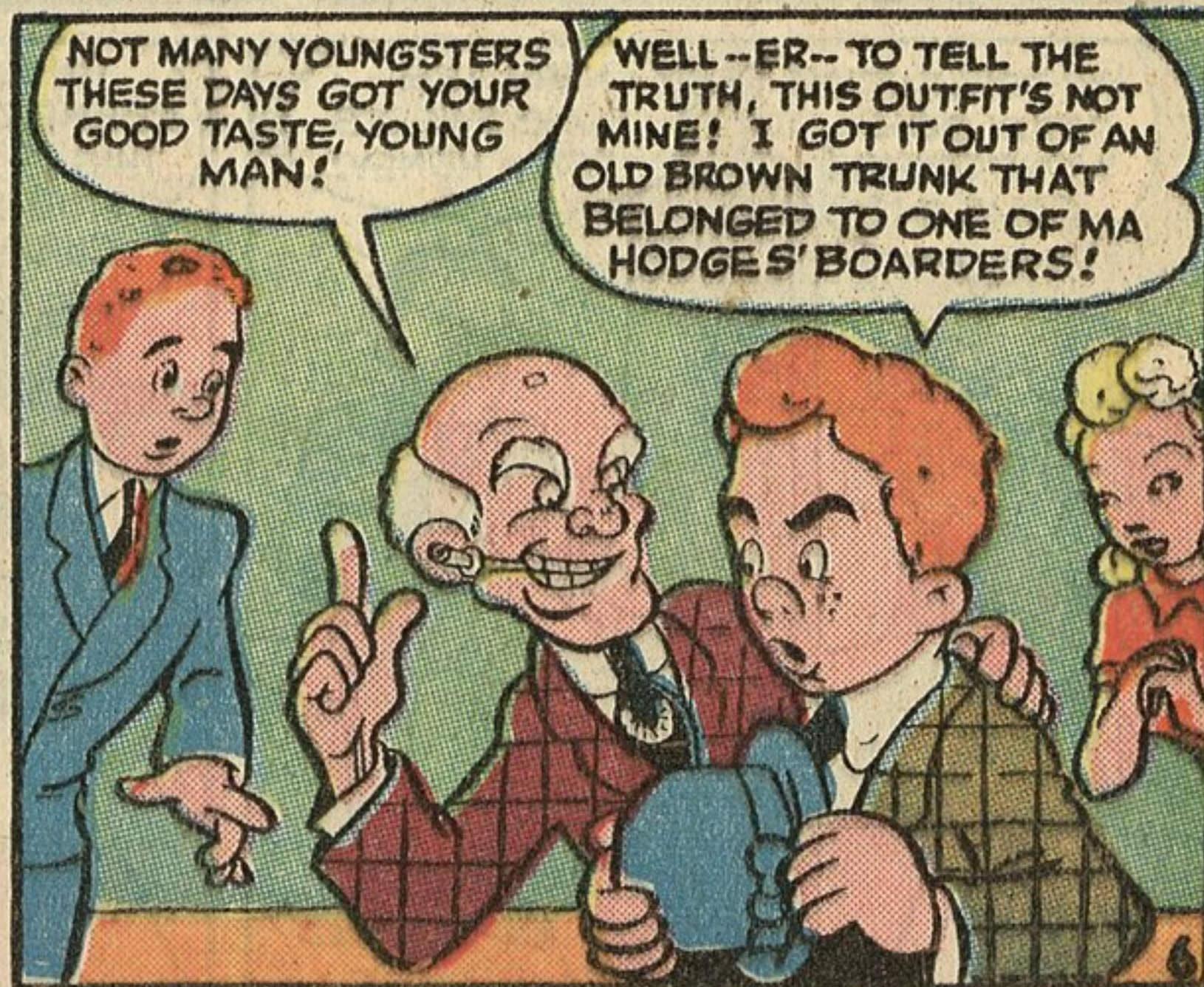
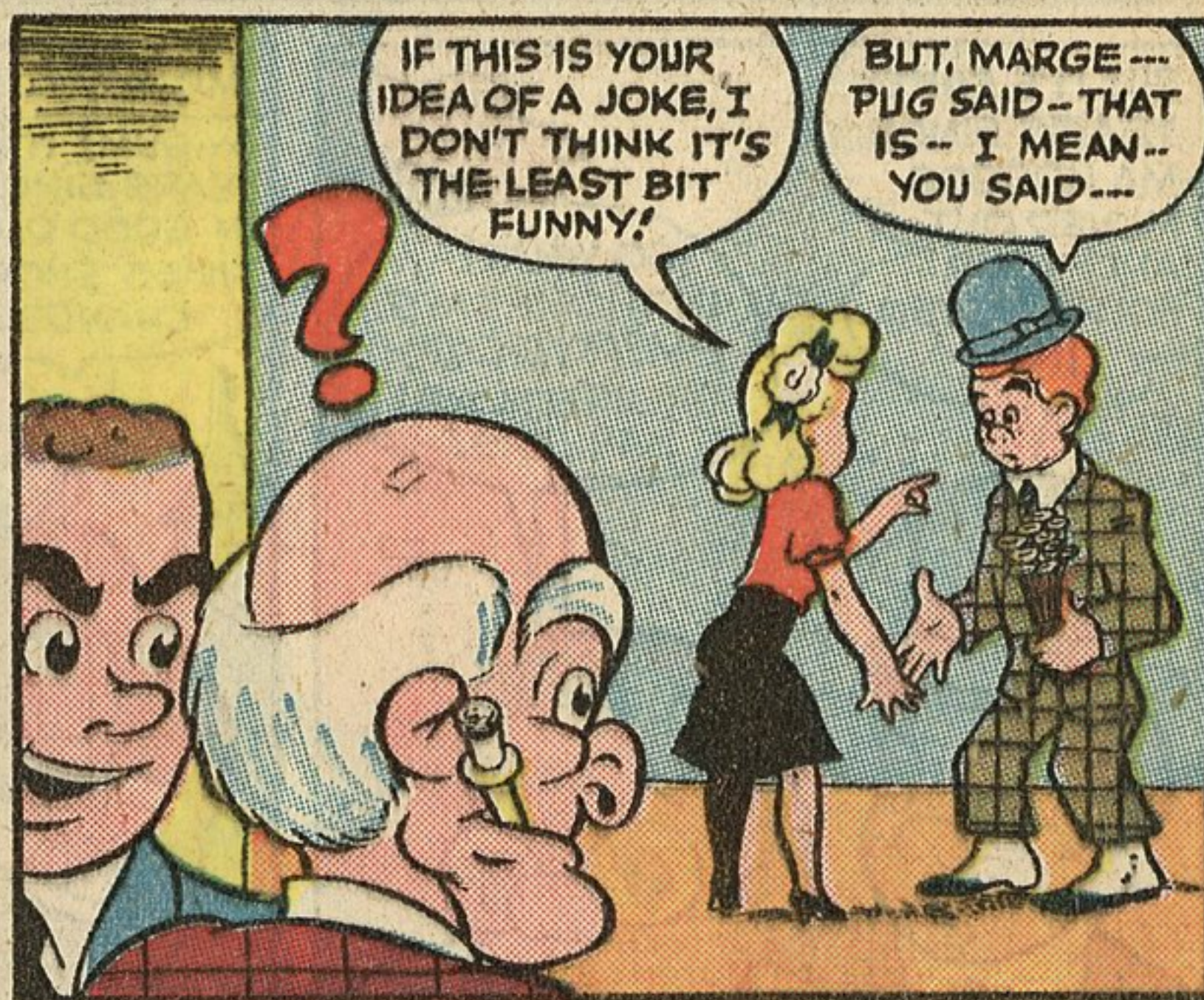
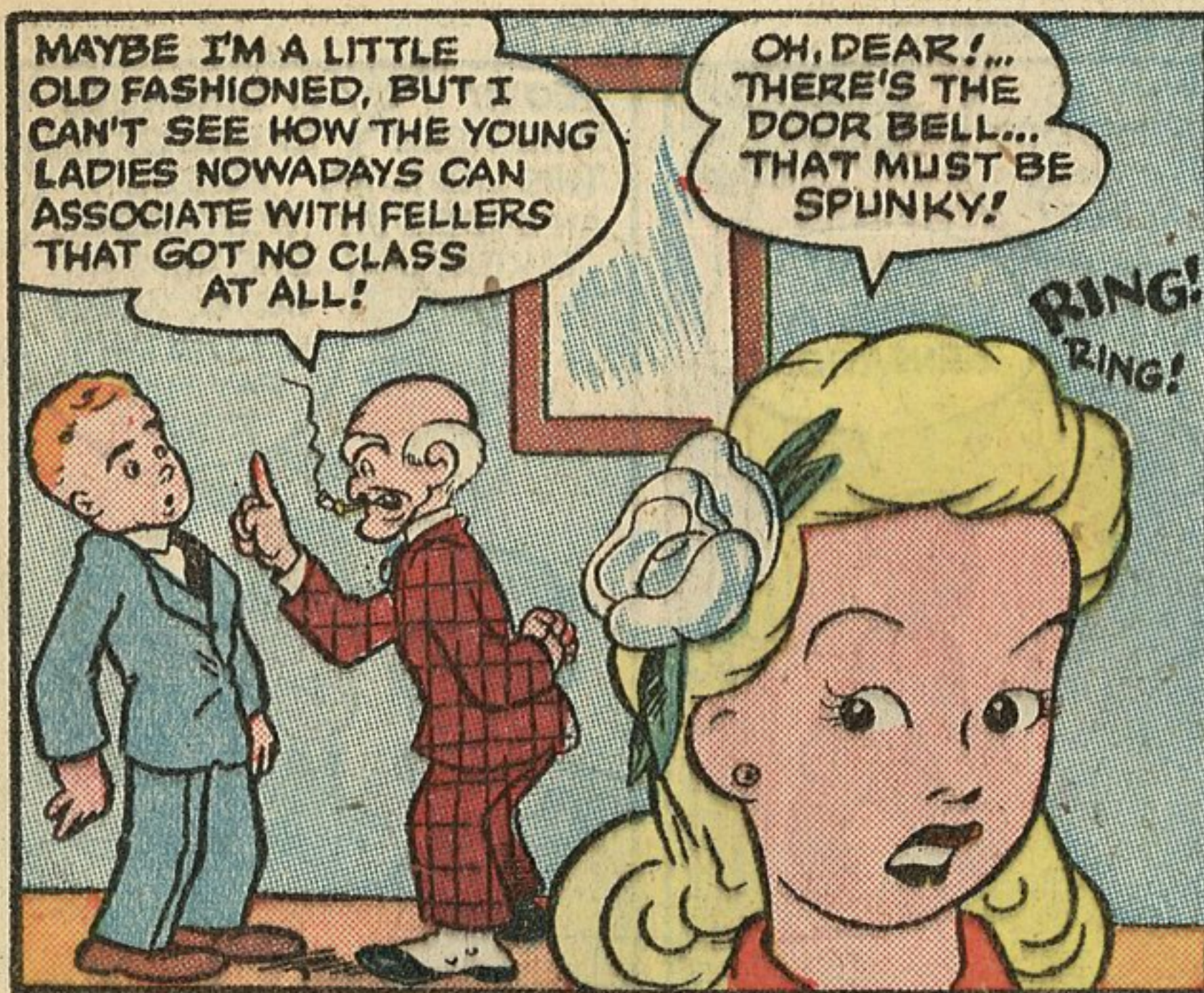


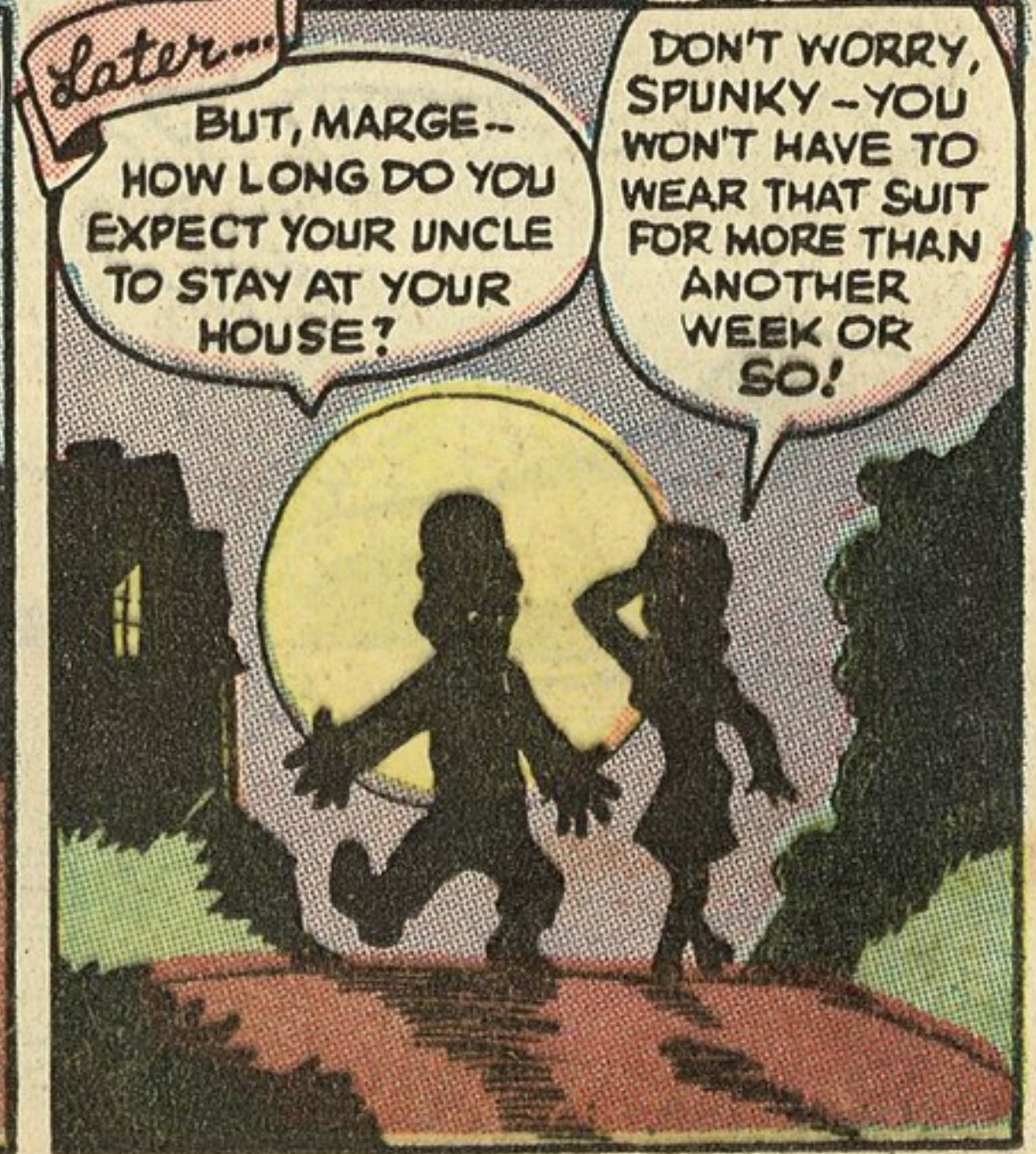
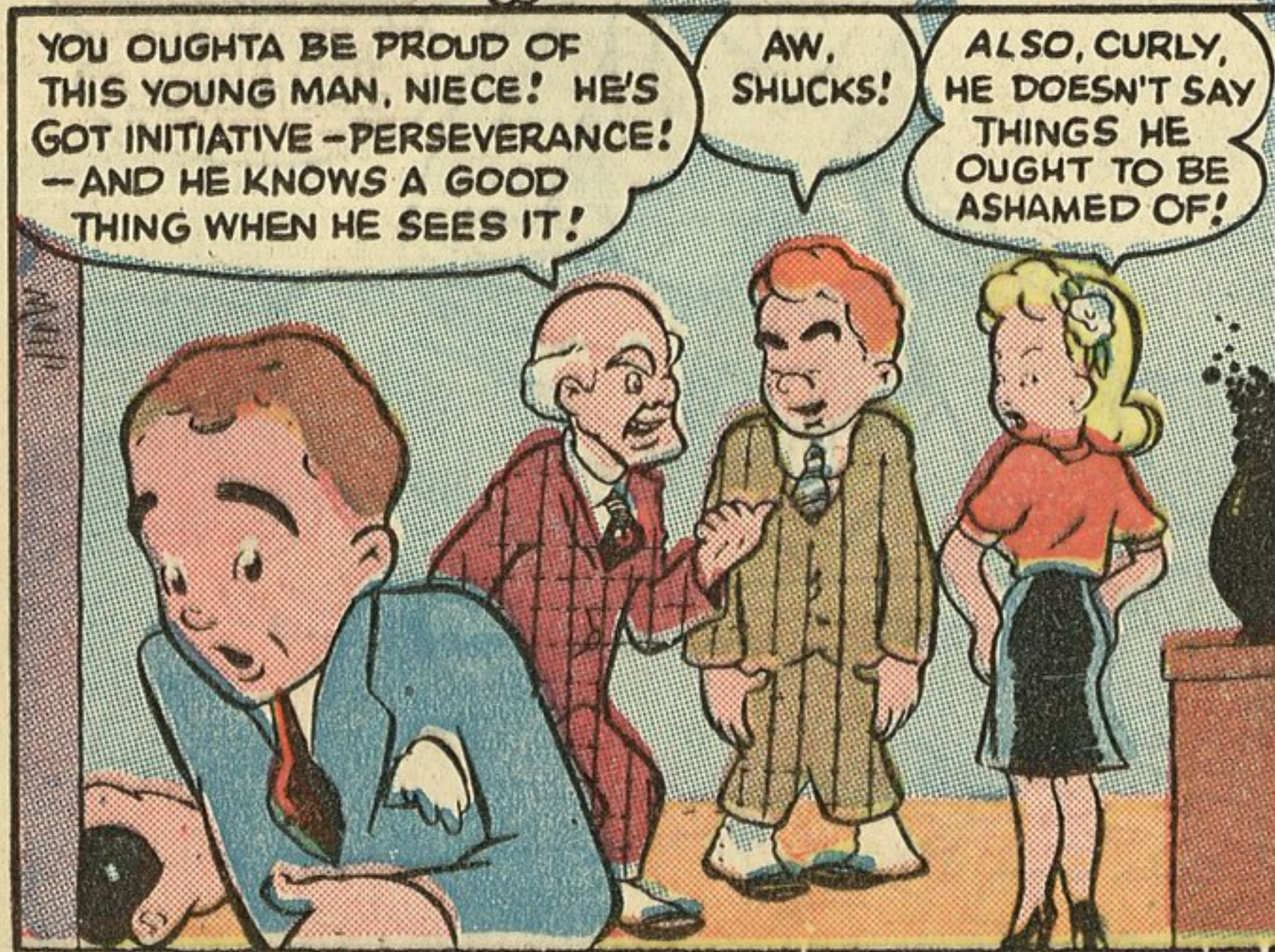
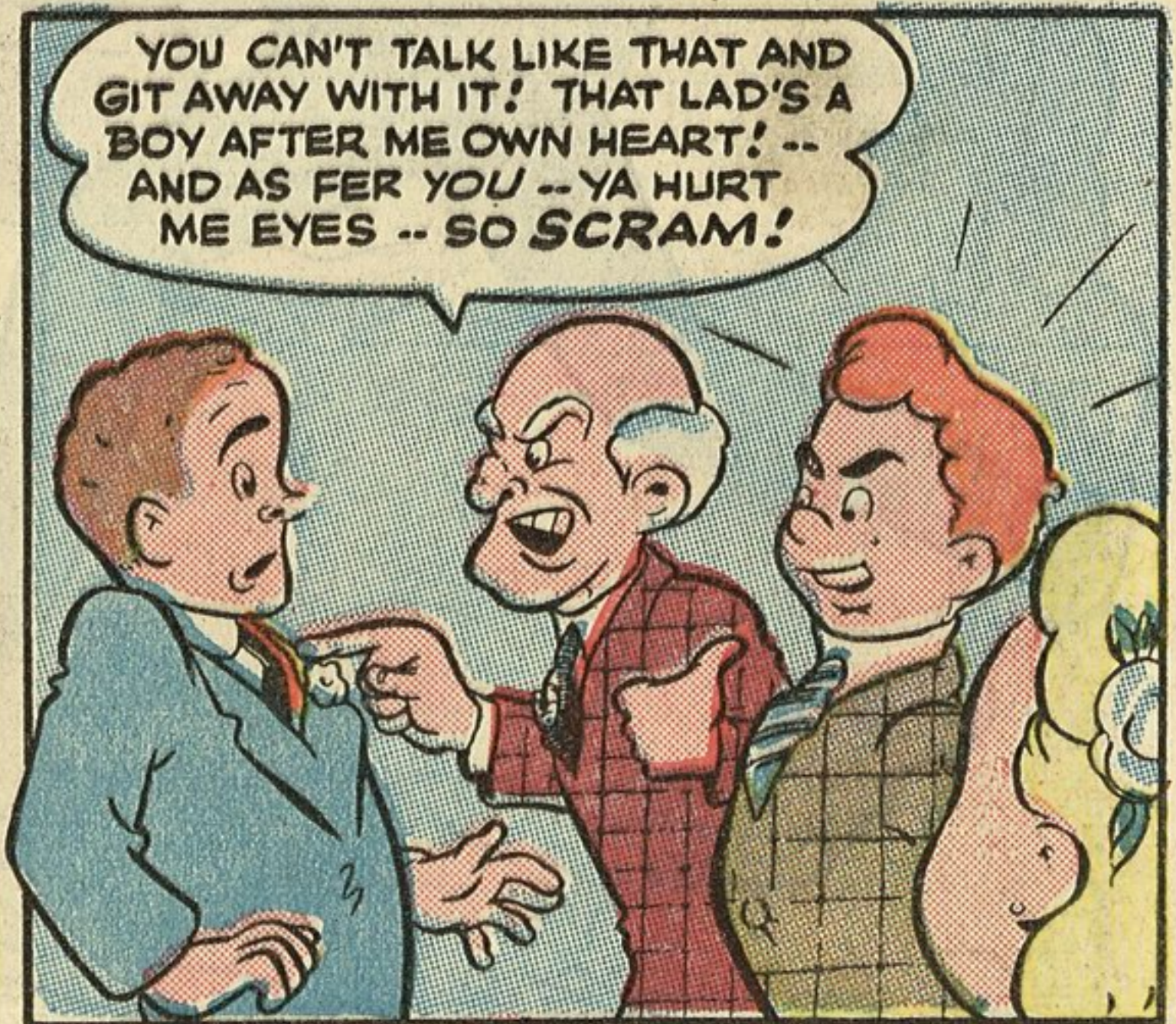
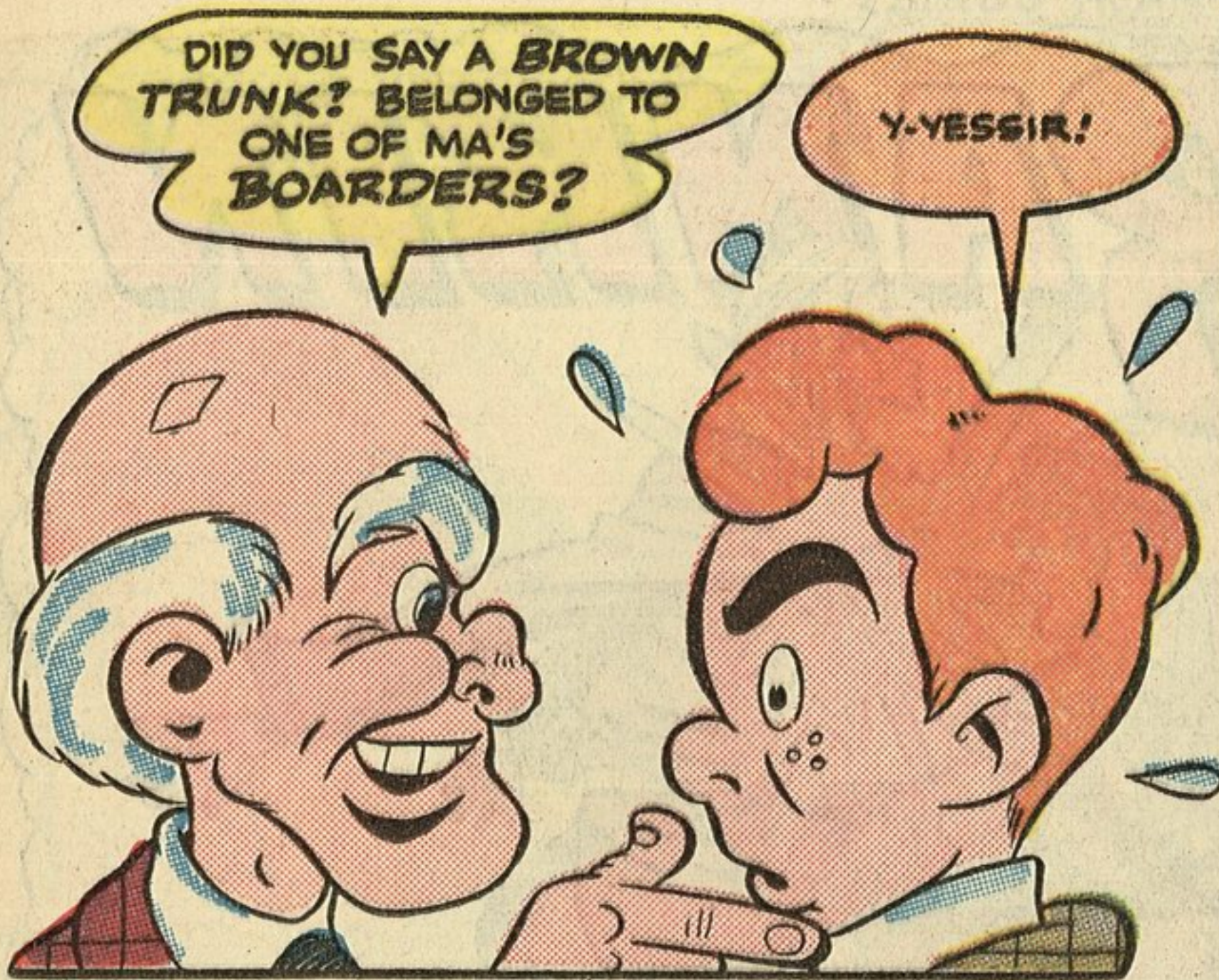




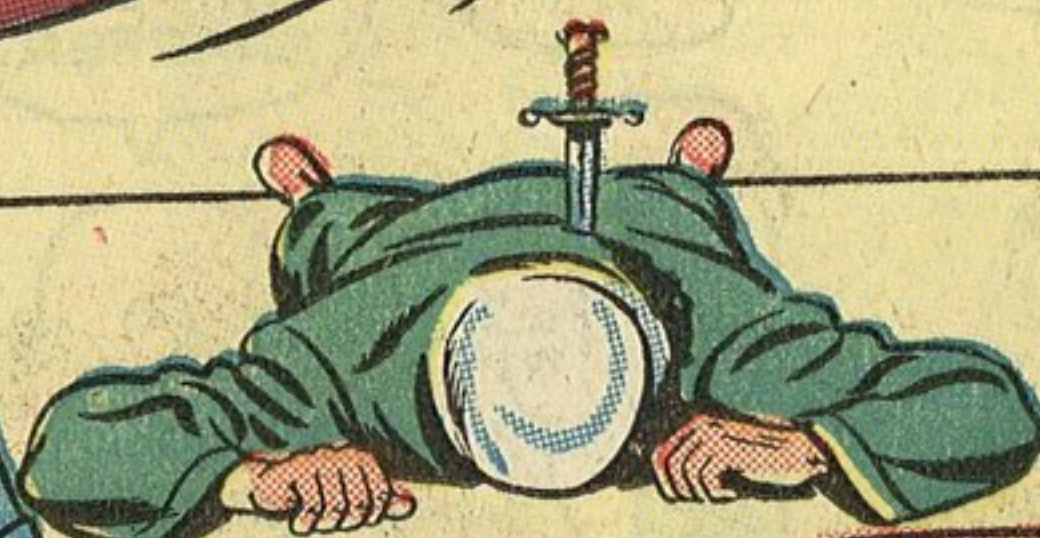
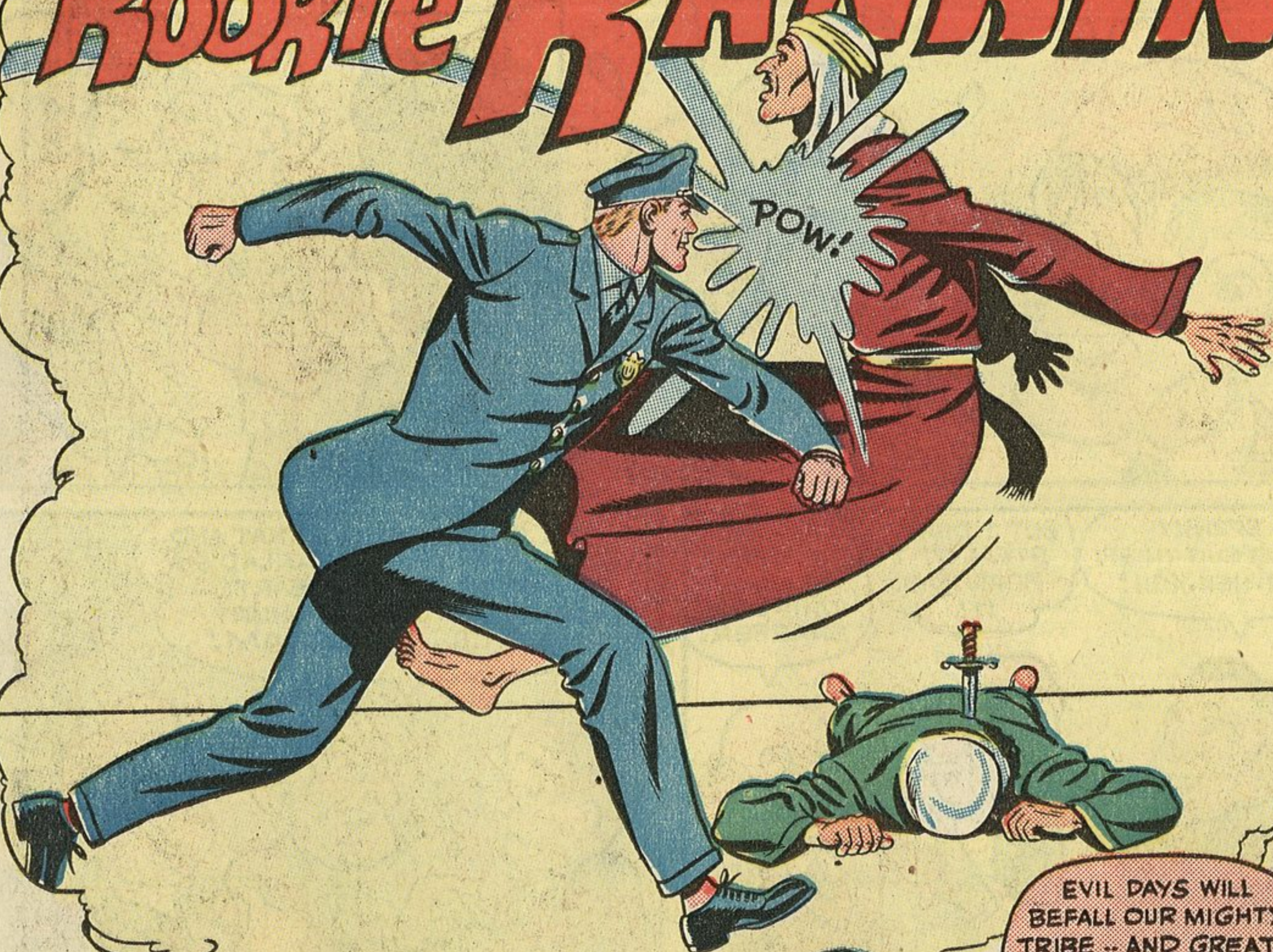




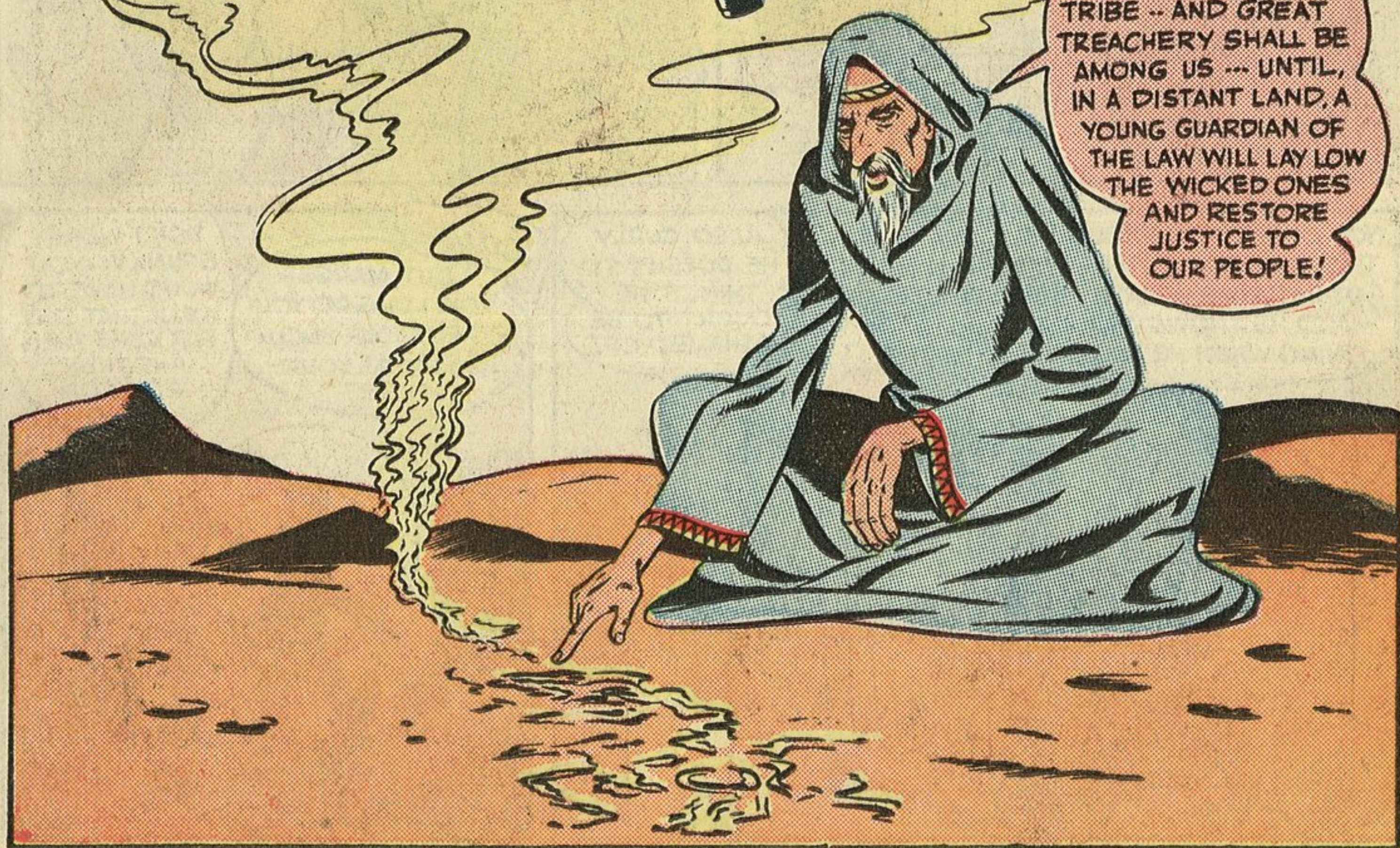




Rookie RANKIN

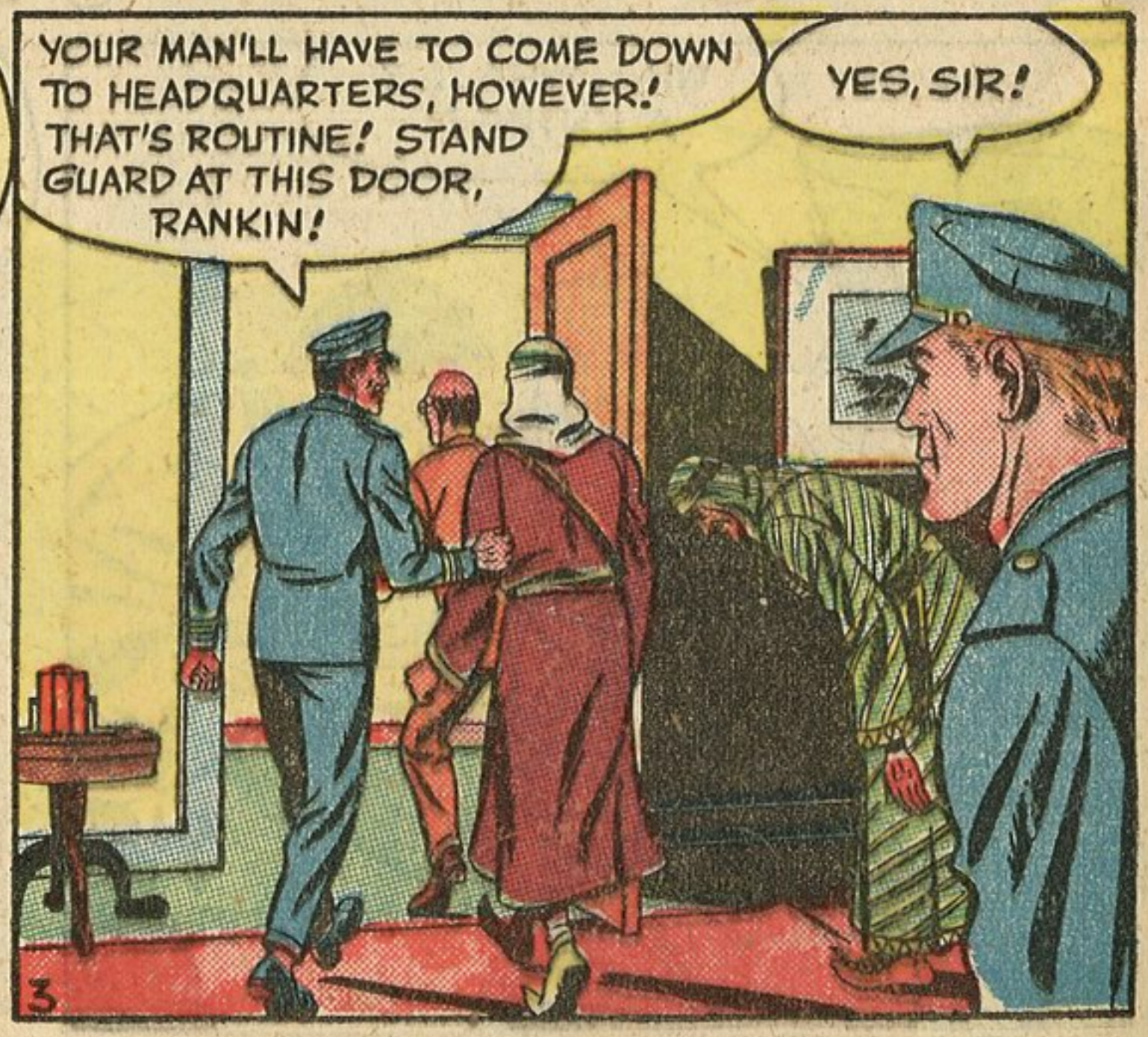
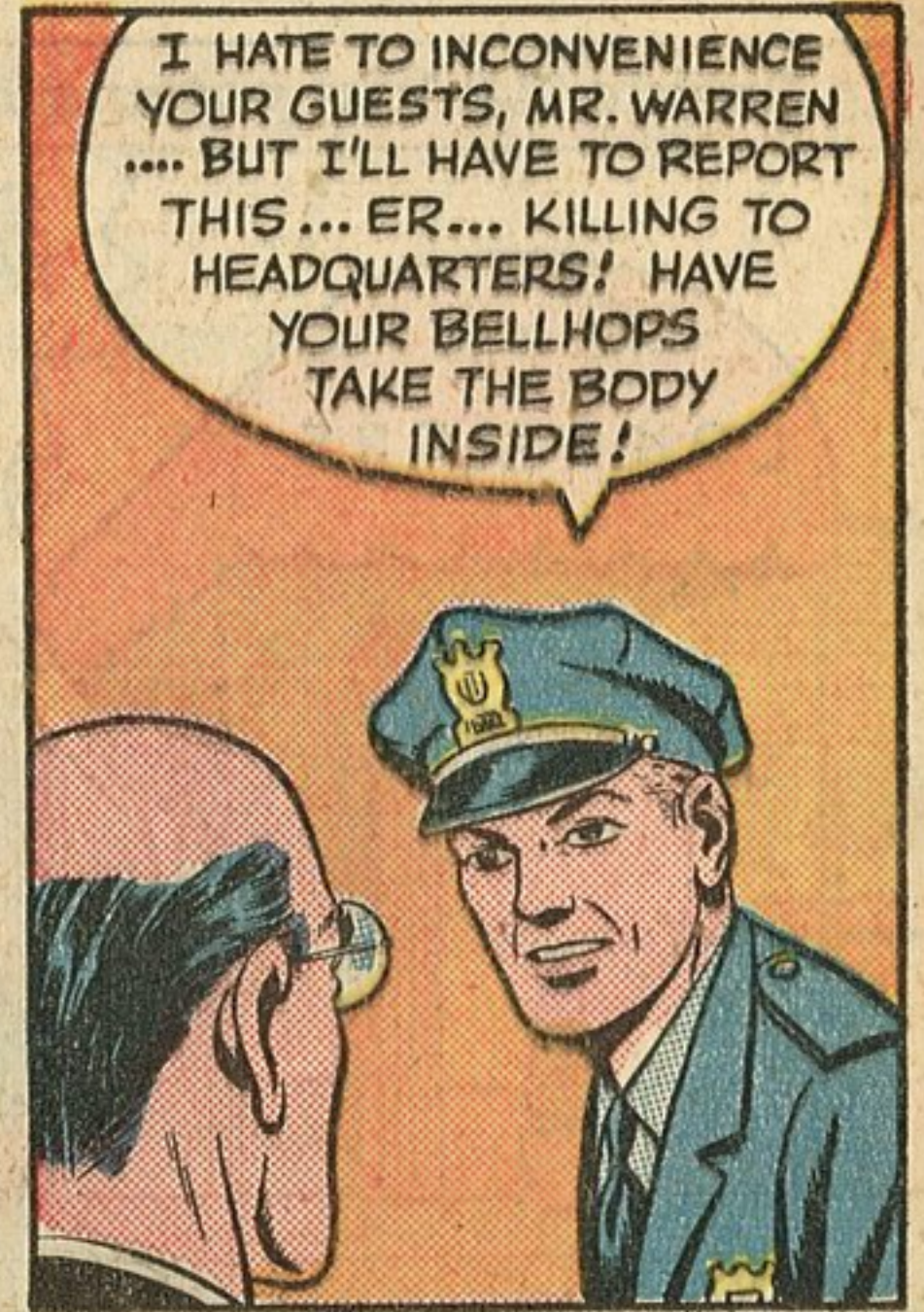


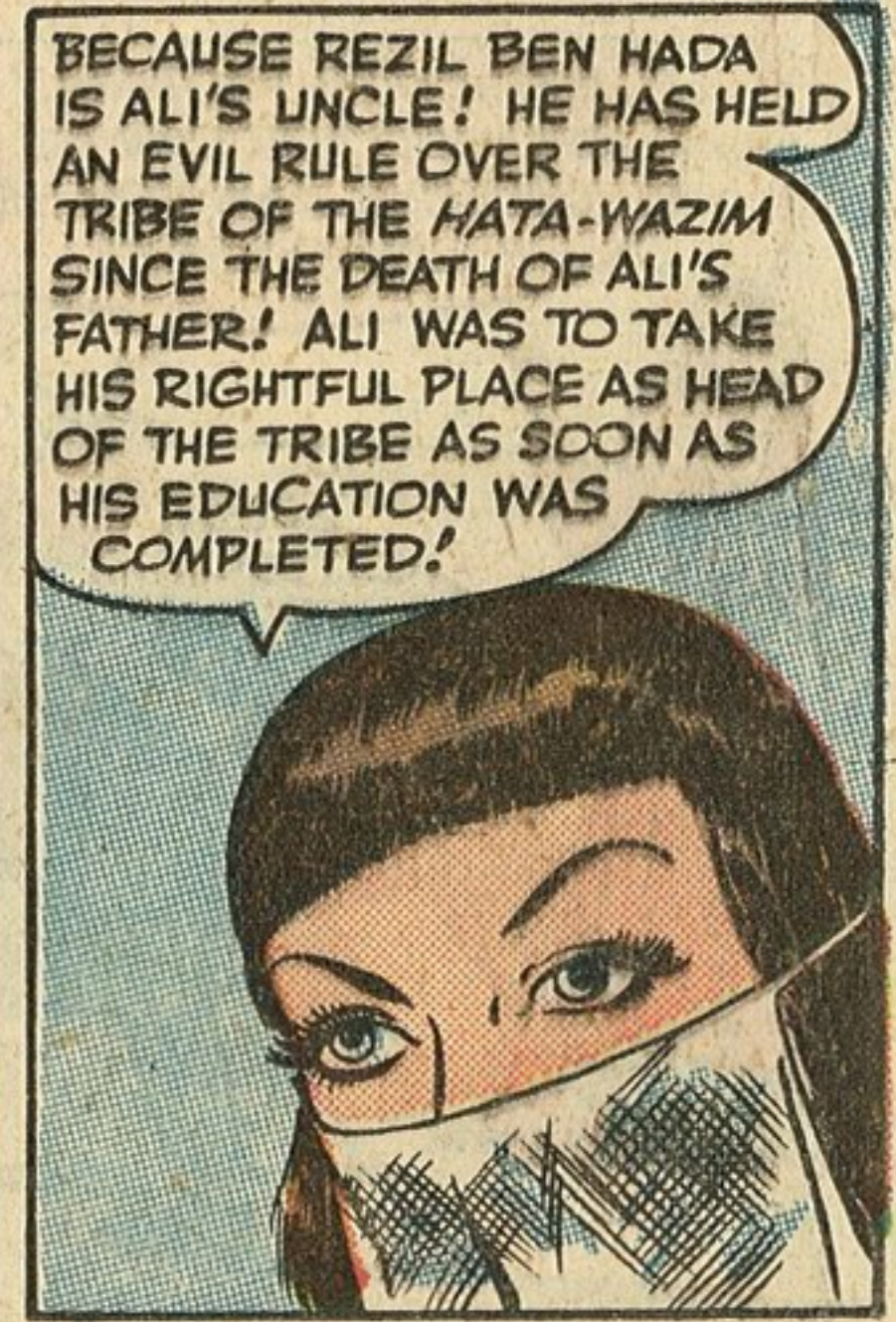
EVIL DAYS WILL
BEFALL OUR MIGHTY
TRIBE -- AND GREAT
TREACHERY SHALL BE
AMONG US ... UNTIL,
IN A DISTANT LAND, A
YOUNG GUARDIAN OF
THE LAW WILL LAY LOW
THE WICKED ONES
AND RESTORE
JUSTICE TO
OUR PEOPLE!

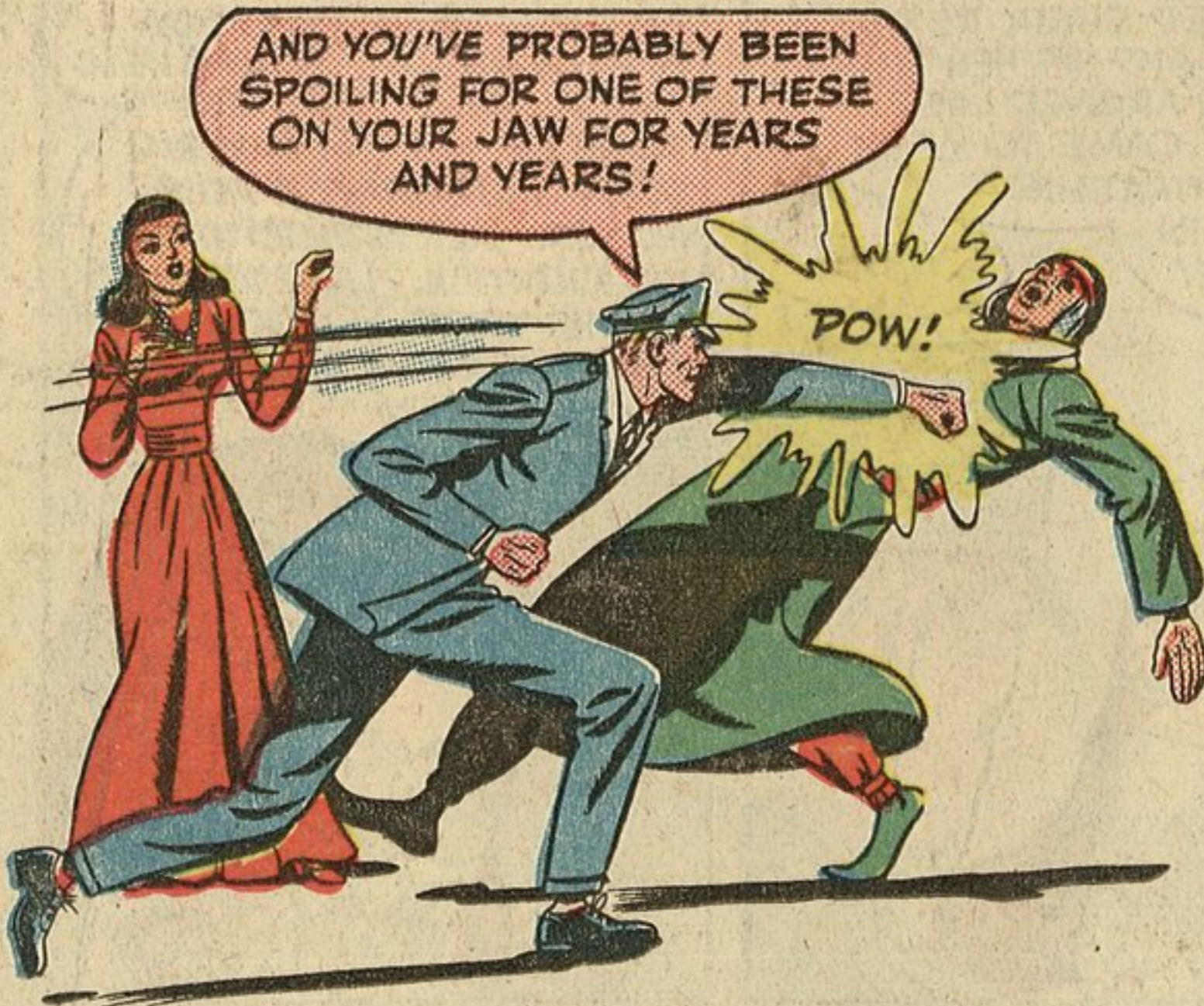
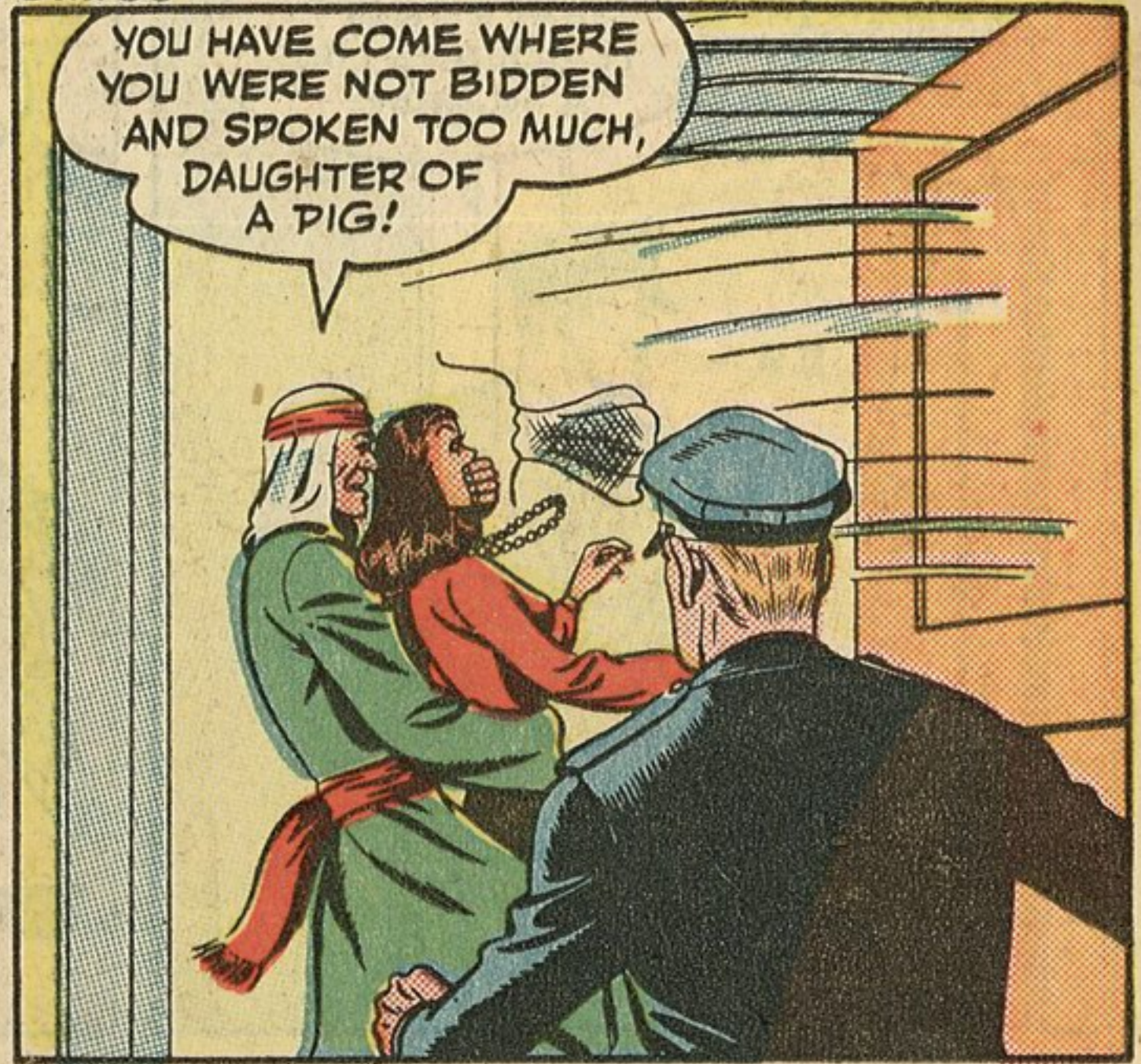
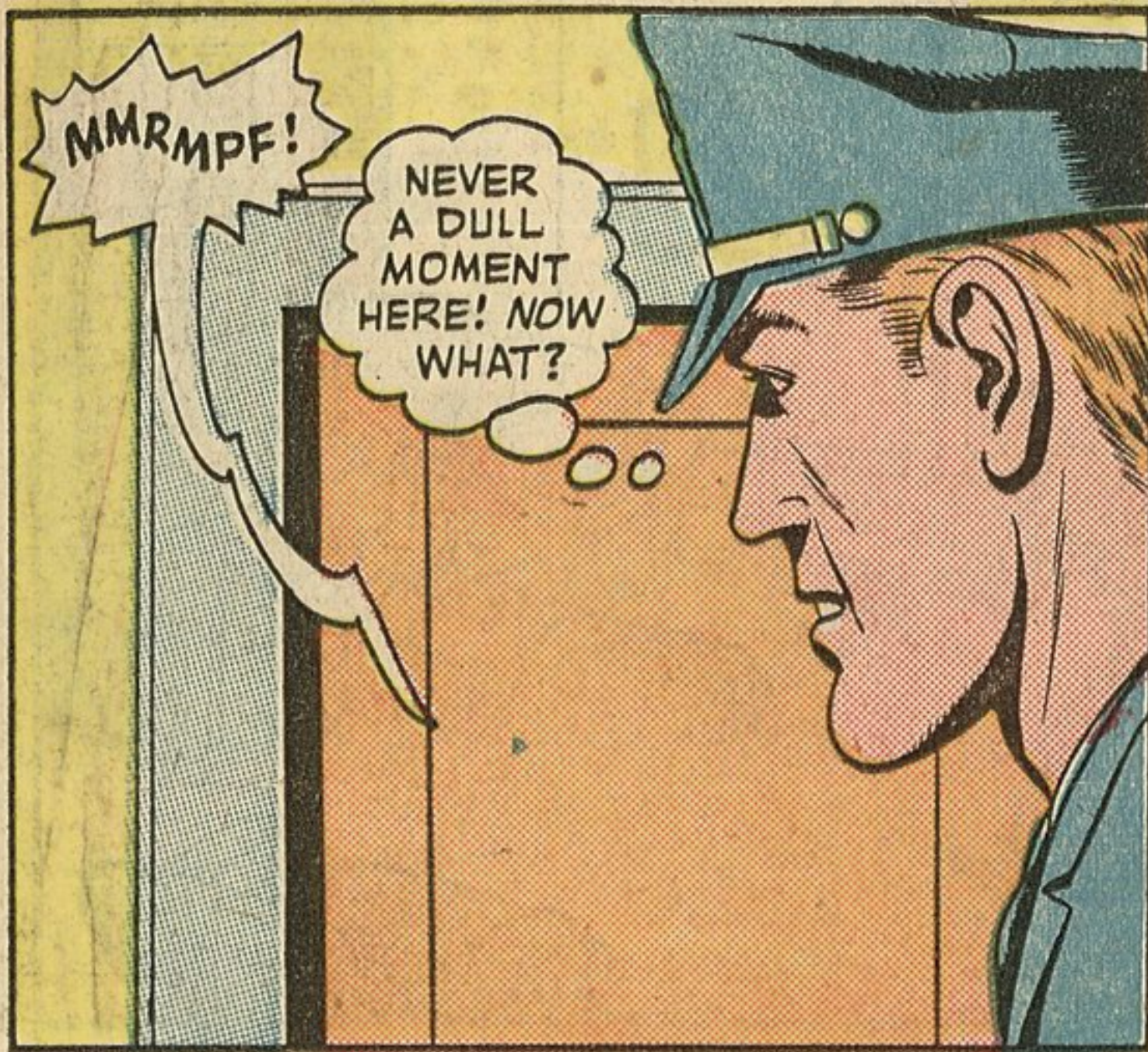


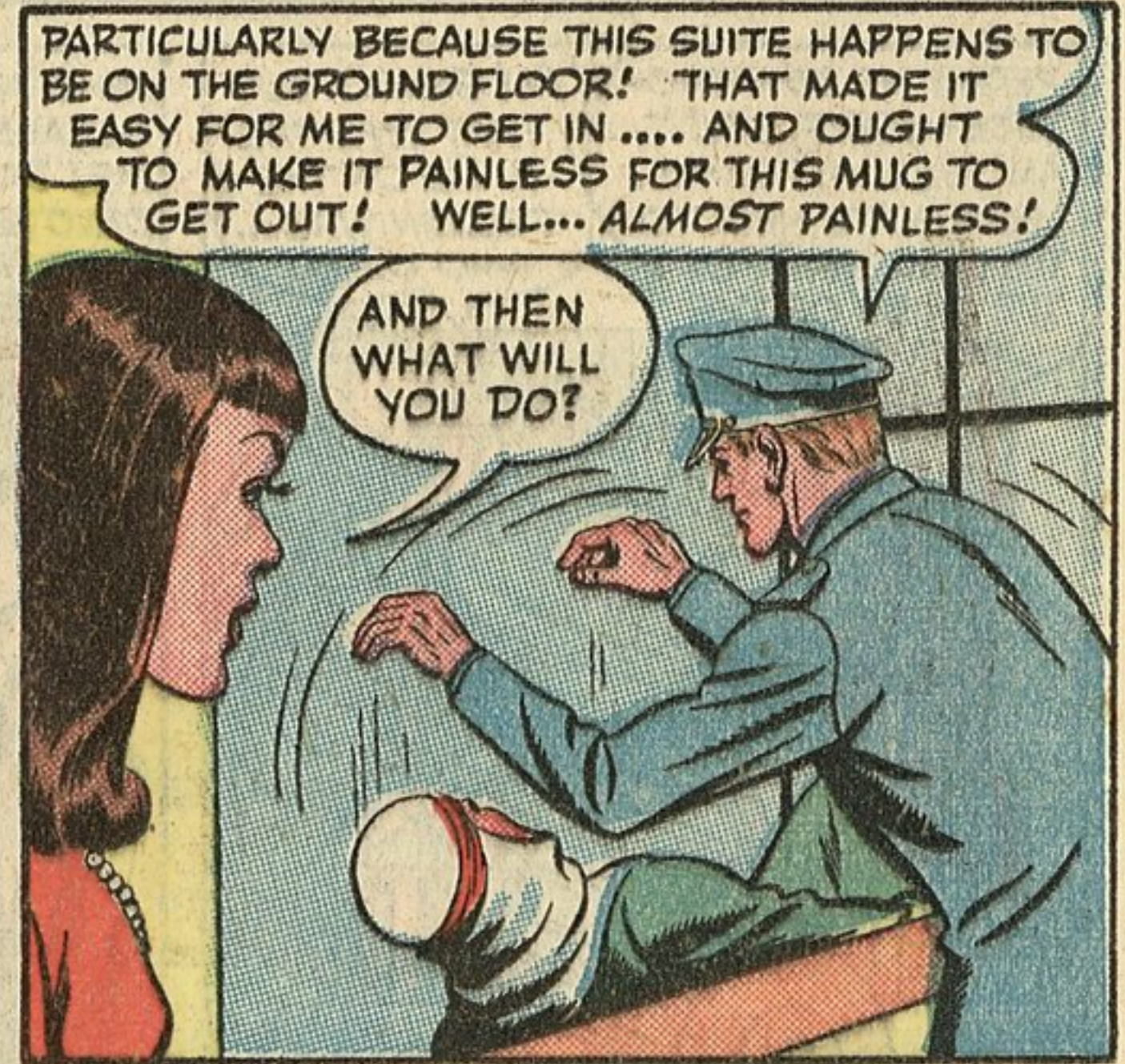
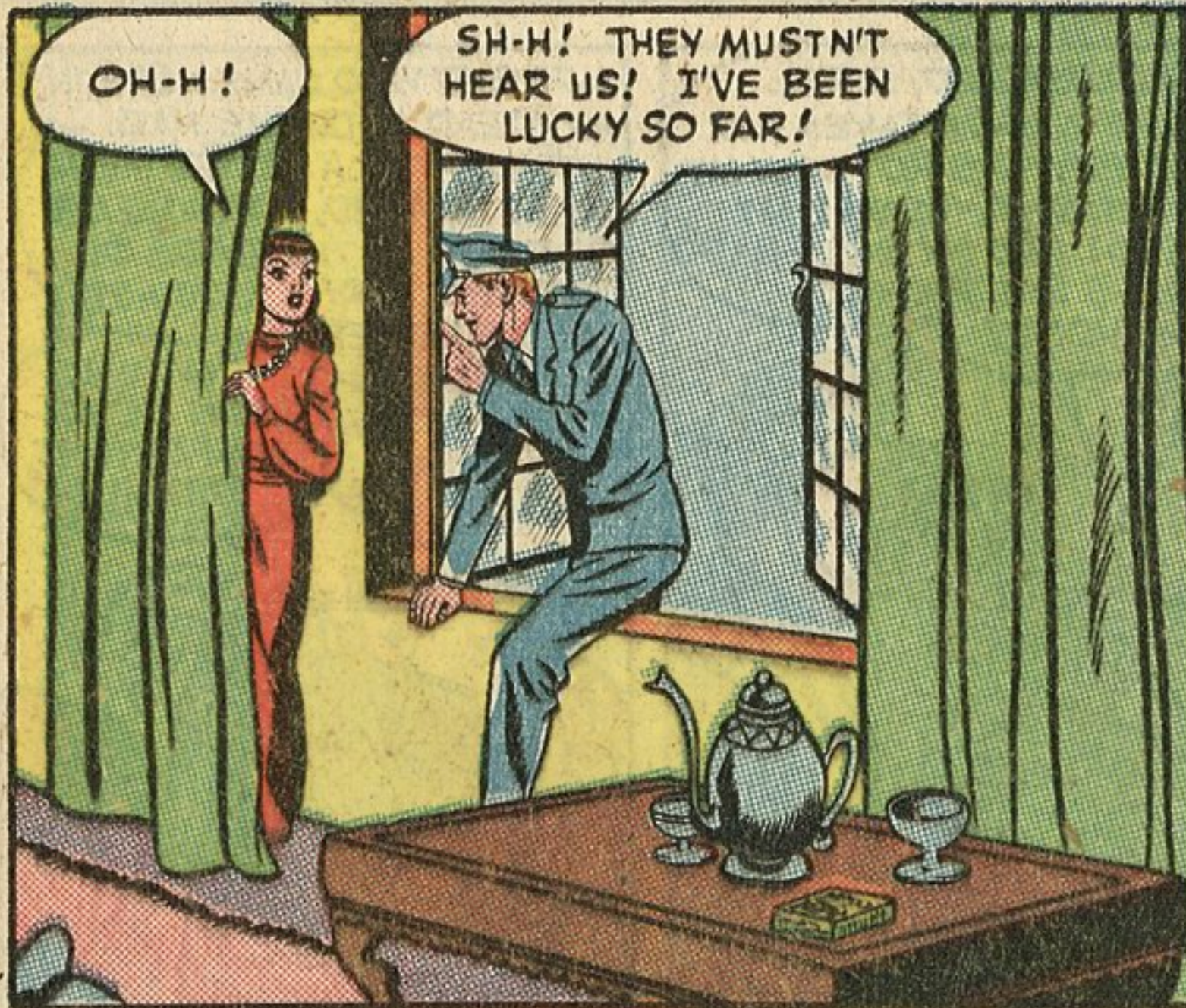


SMASH COMICS











SOMEDAY YOU MUST COME TO MY COUNTRY AND LET US DEMONSTRATE SOME OF **OUR** POLICE METHODS!



THEY CONSIST CHIEFLY OF TORTURE AND MURDER, I'M SURE, HONORED UNCLE!

HOW DARE YOU WALK IN HERE ... AND ADDRESS ME AS ...! NO... NO... IT CAN'T BE!

WHO'S HE?

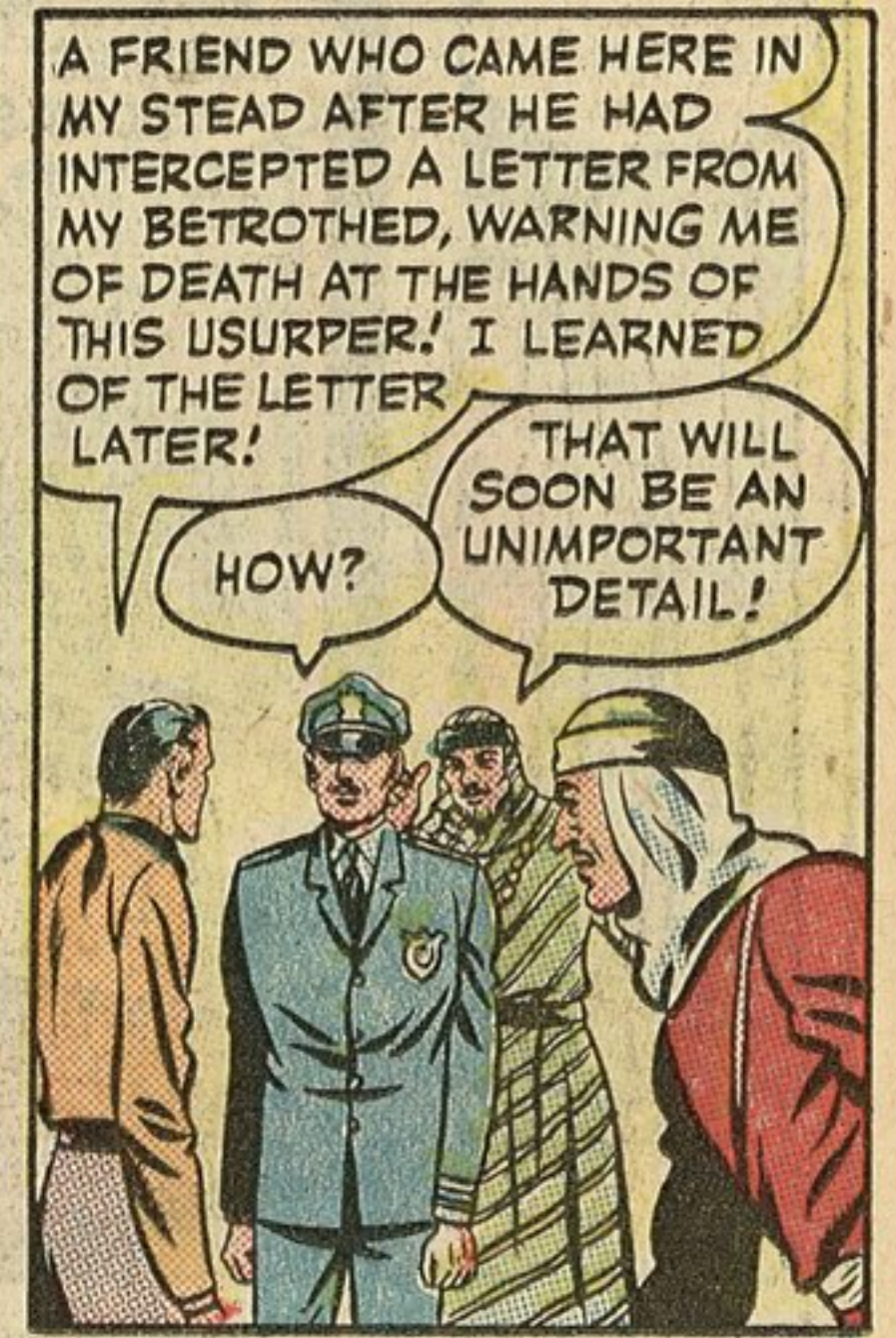


PERMIT ME TO INTRODUCE MYSELF, SIR! I AM SHEIK ALI GAMIL, LEGITIMATE HEIR TO THE LEADERSHIP OF THE TRIBE OF THE HATA-WAZIM!

ALI GAMIL? BUT THAT WAS THE NAME OF THE FELLOW WHO... WHO DIED!



...WHO WAS MURDERED, SIR!... BECAUSE HE WAS MISTAKEN FOR ME! DAFIZ BEY WAS NOT ONLY MY DEVOTED SERVANT, - HE WAS MY BEST FRIEND! AND MY UNCLE HAD NOT SEEN US SINCE CHILDHOOD!



A FRIEND WHO CAME HERE IN MY STEAD AFTER HE HAD INTERCEPTED A LETTER FROM MY BETROTHED, WARNING ME OF DEATH AT THE HANDS OF THIS USURPER! I LEARNED OF THE LETTER LATER!

HOW?

THAT WILL SOON BE AN UNIMPORTANT DETAIL!



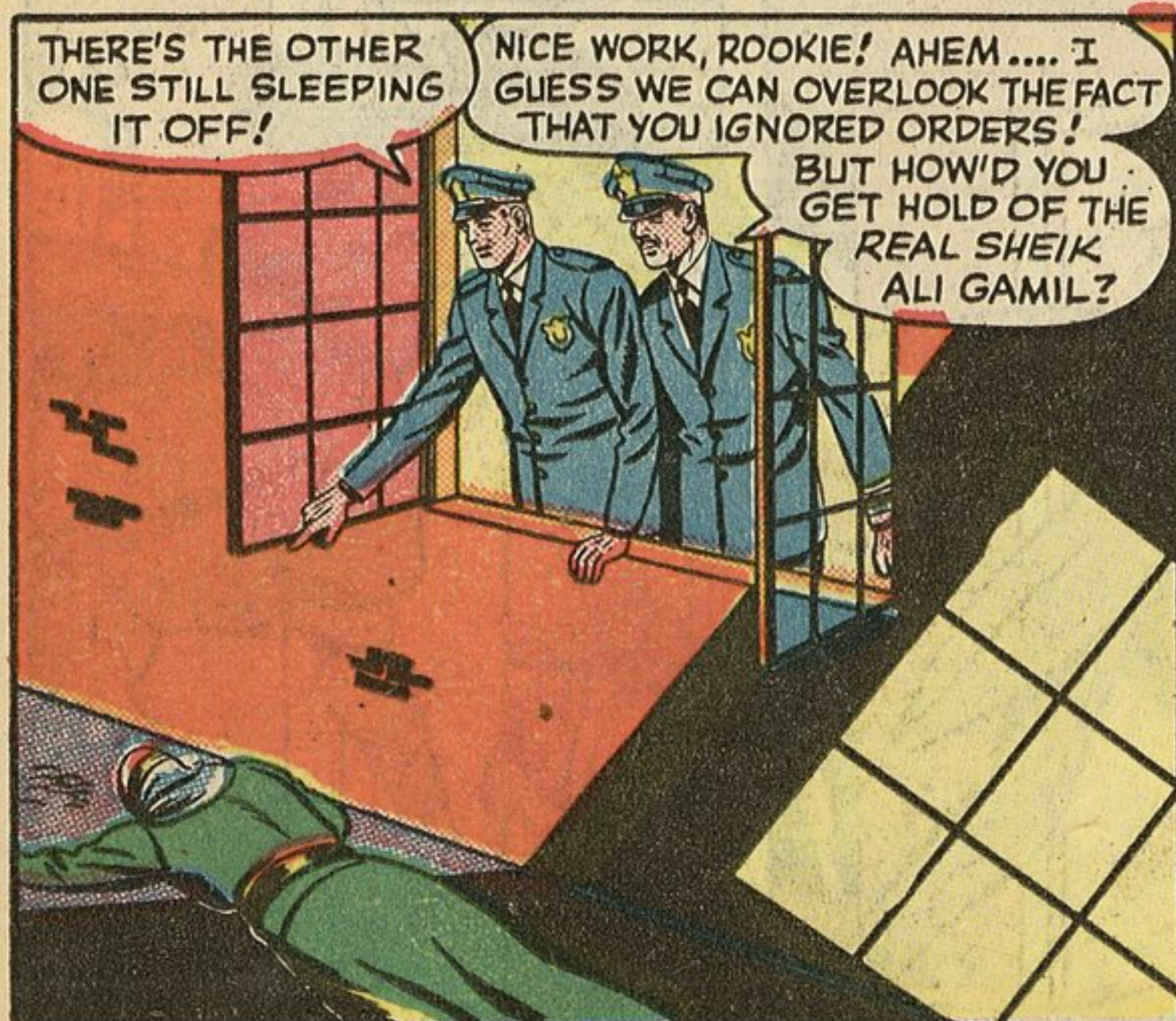
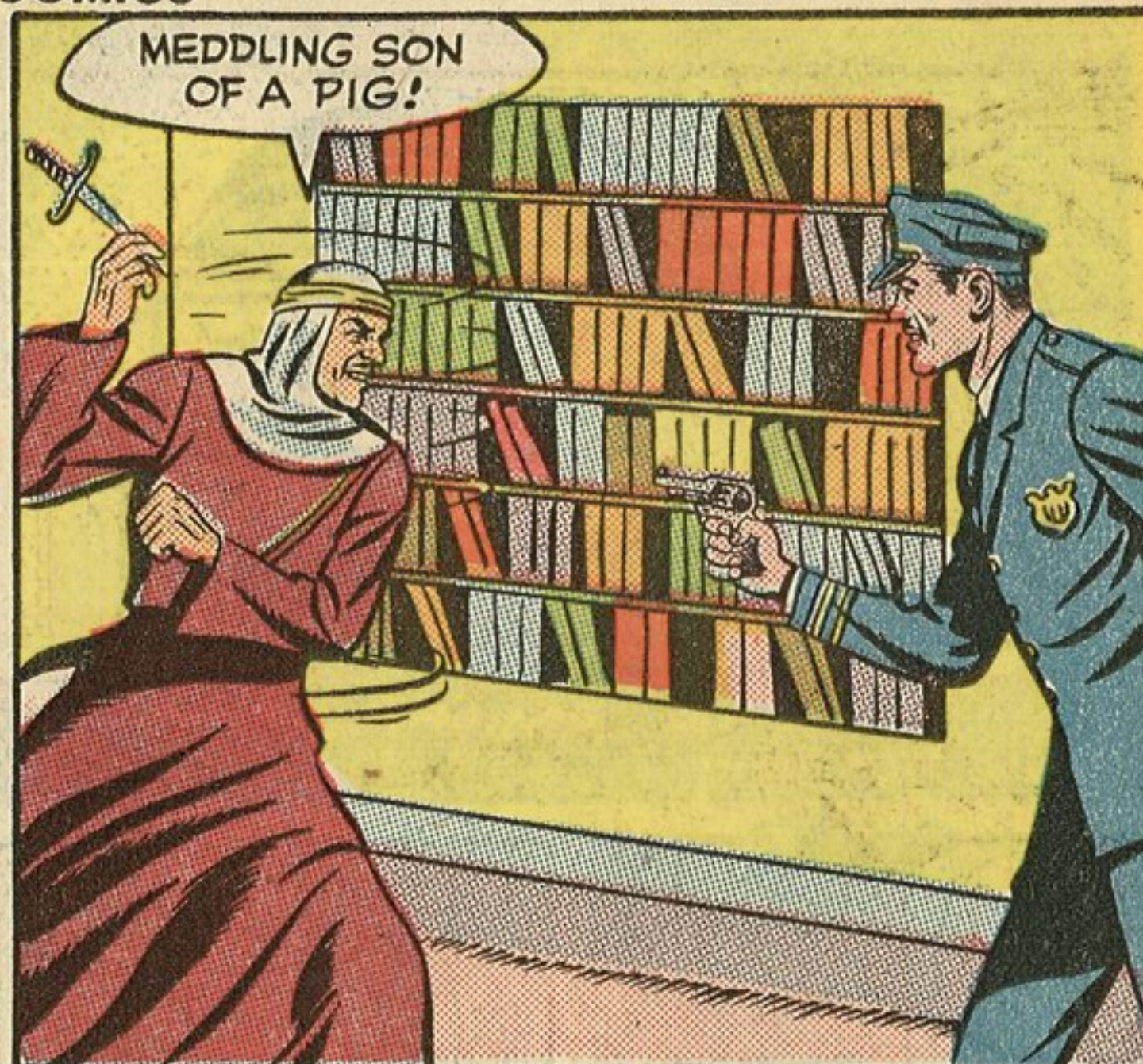
IT WAS OBLIGING OF YOU TO COME HERE, NEPHEW! WE CAN NOW CORRECT OUR MISTAKE! AND YOU, MY DEAR CHIEF, WILL NOT LIVE TO TELL THIS TALE!

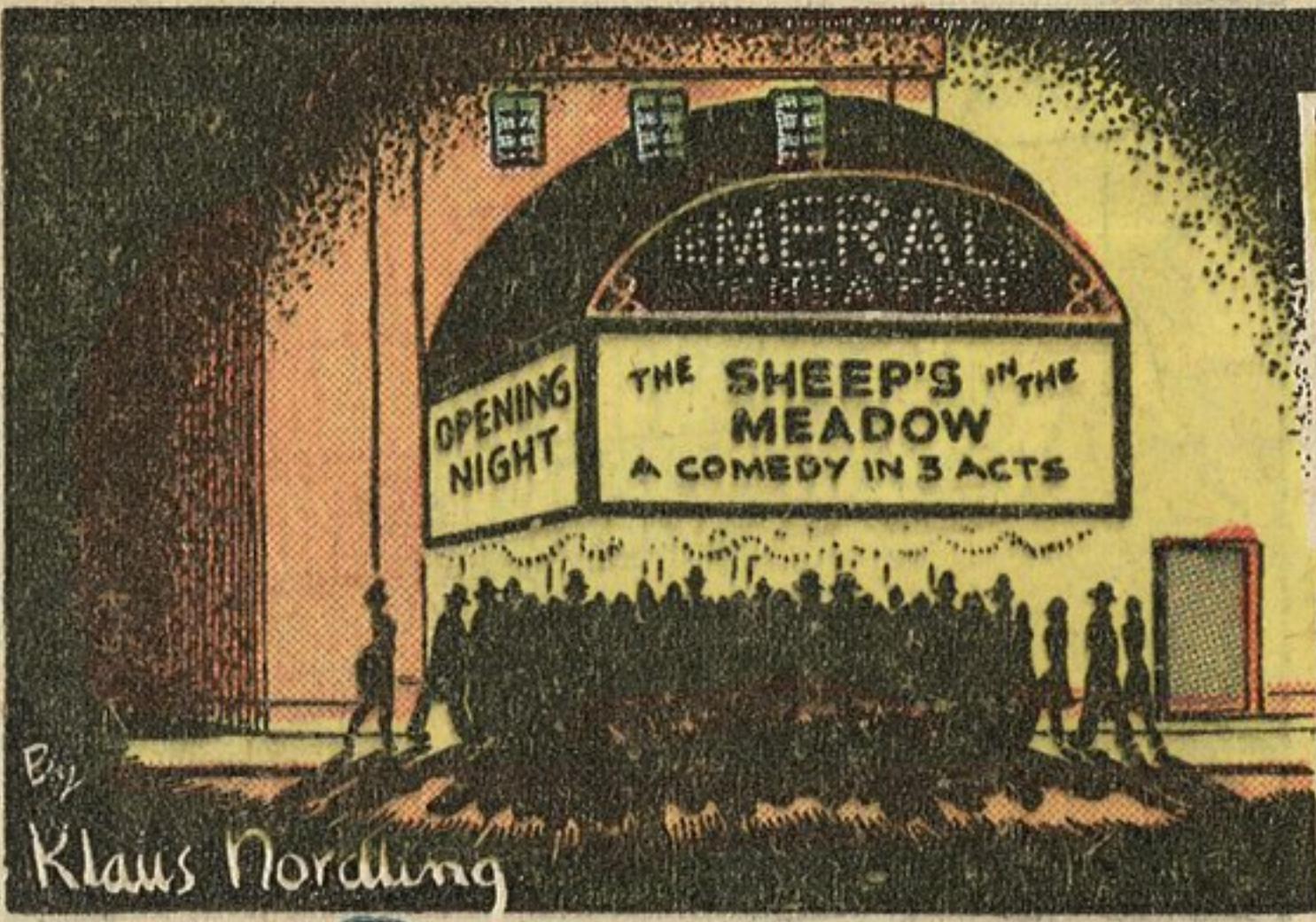
YOU WILL KILL NO MORE, UNCLE! NOR WILL YOU PLACE JEWELS IN THE POCKETS OF MY SERVANTS SO THEY WILL BE MISTAKEN FOR THIEVES!



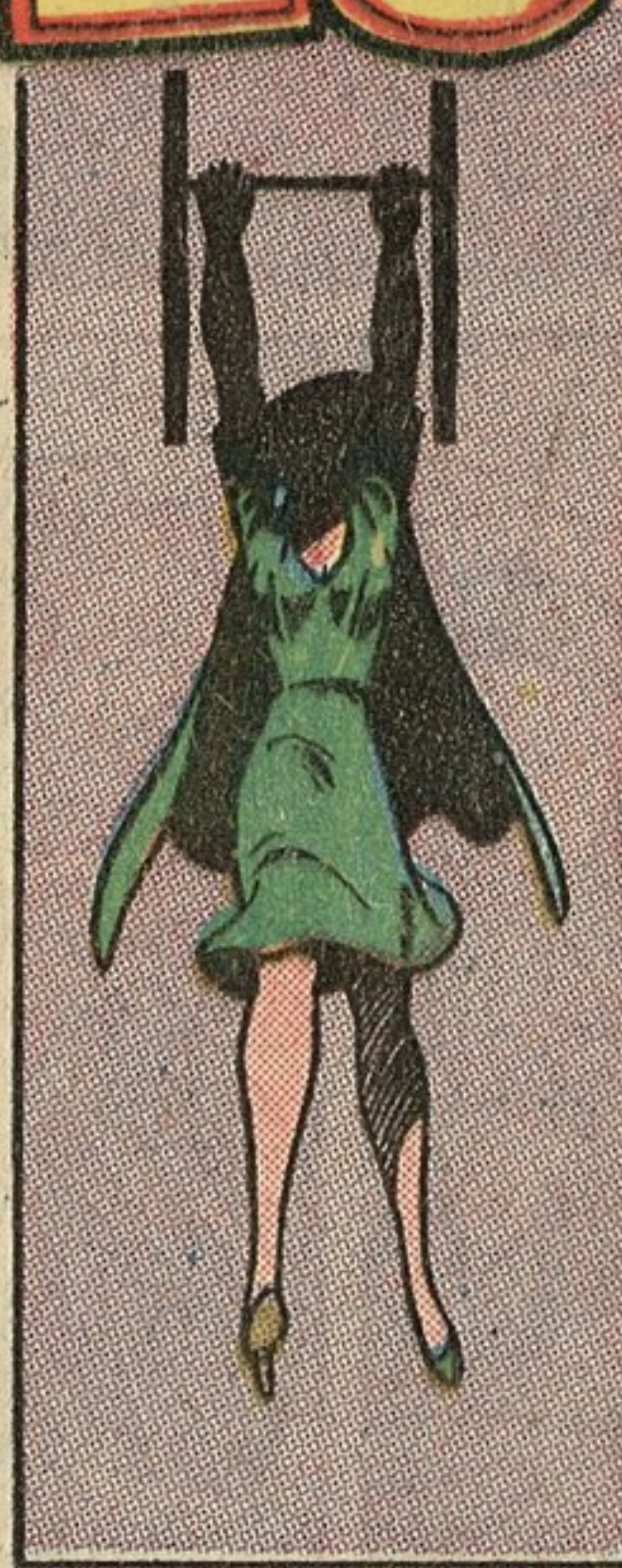
EEEE-E-A-AH! MY ARM IS BEING BROKEN! KILL HIM, GAPING FOOL!

IT MUST INDEED BE THE SON OF YOUR BROTHER WHO, TOO, HAD THE MIGHTIEST ARM IN THE TRIBE!



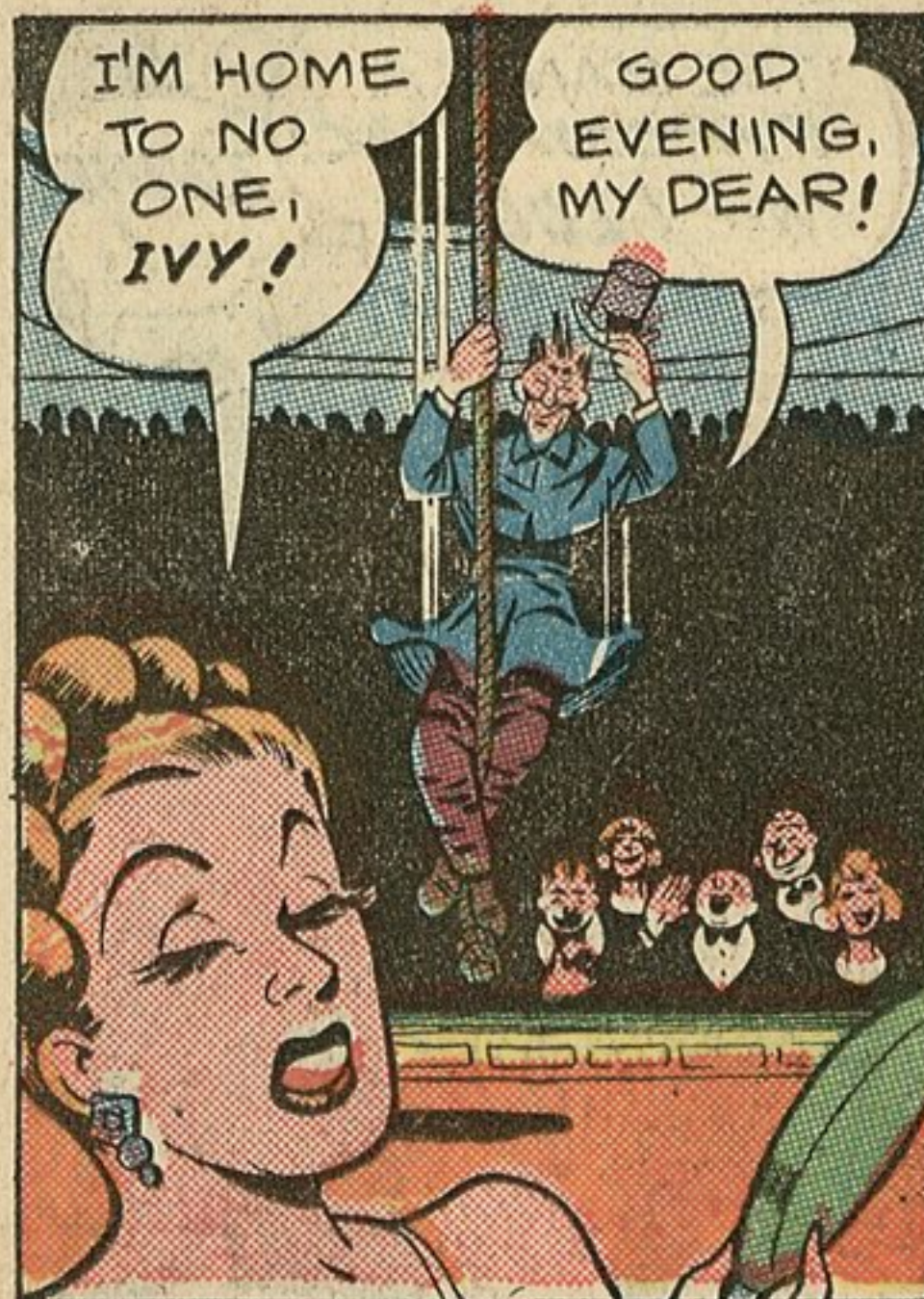
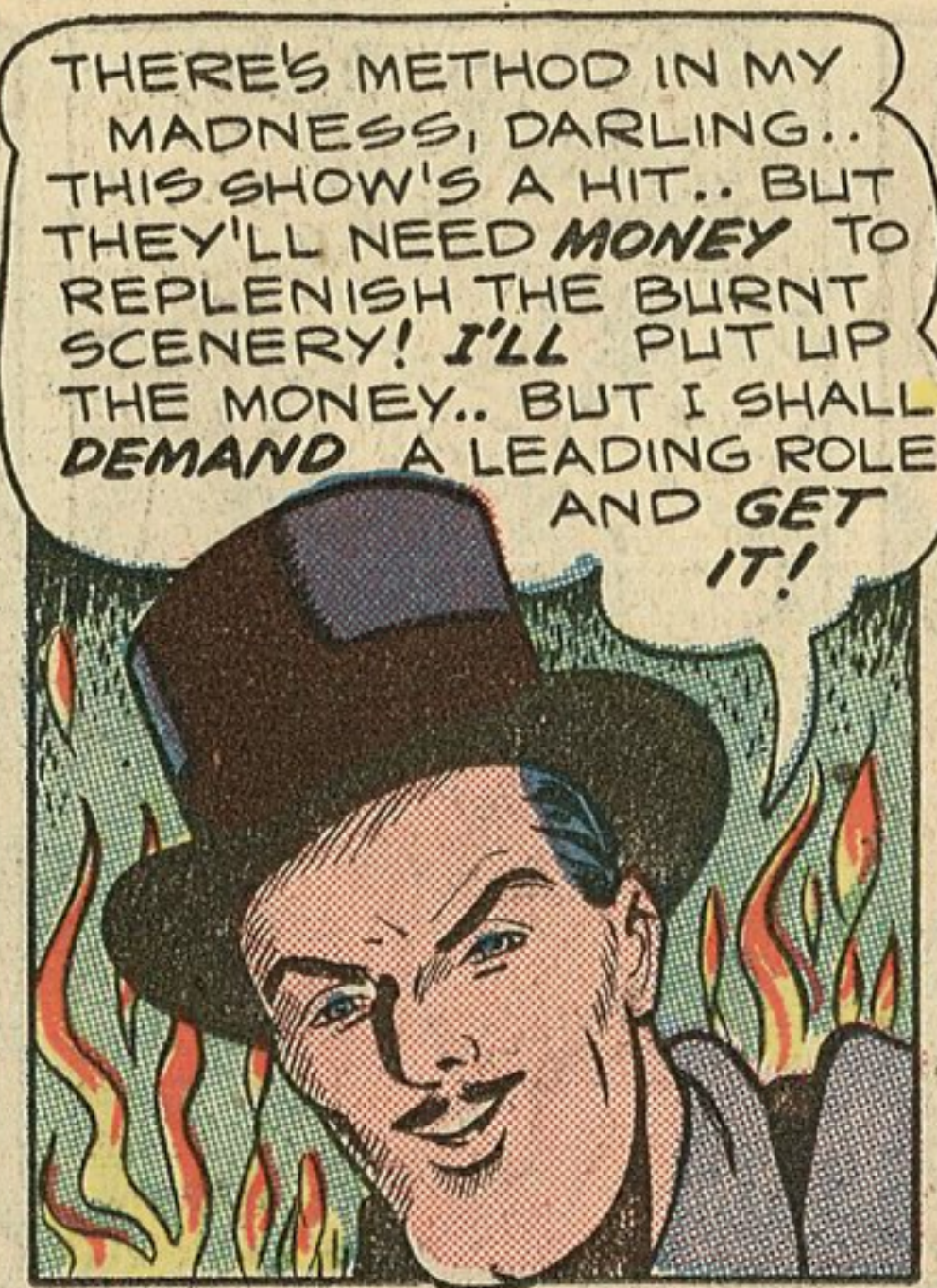


LADY LUCK

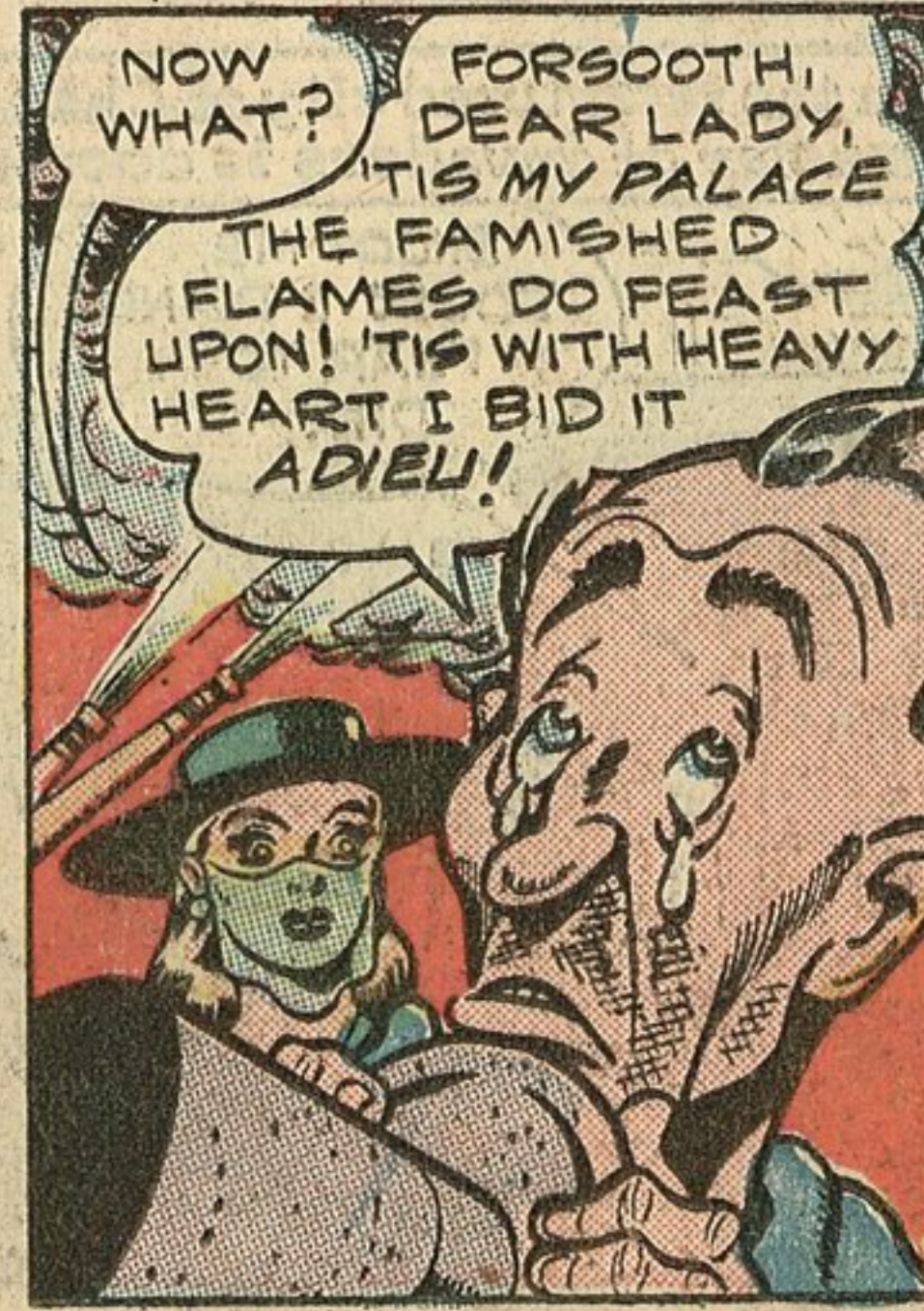




SMASH COMICS



SMASH COMICS



SMASH COMICS

Espionage

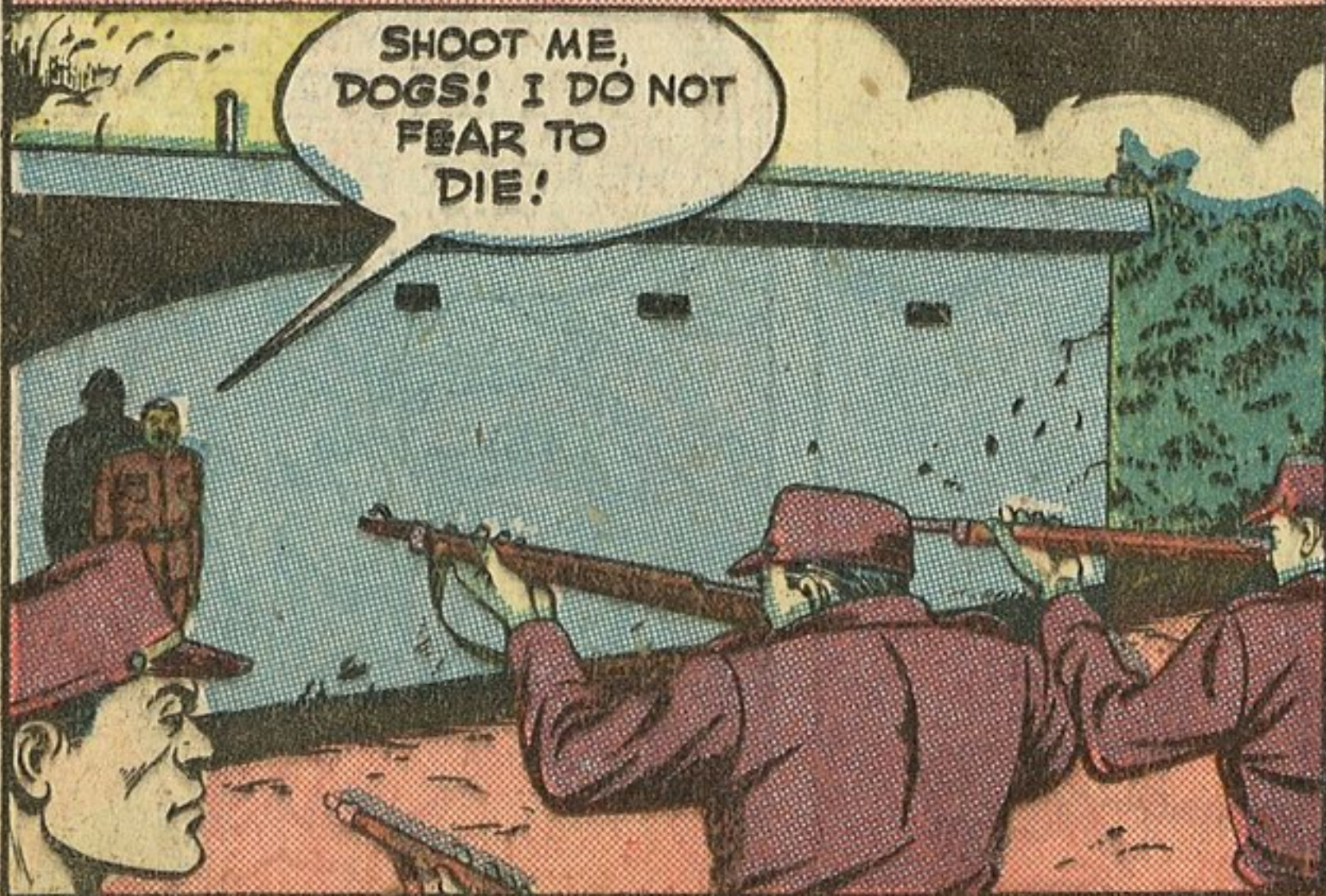
The
moment of
victory
is at hand...
Be sure
it is not
FALSE
Victory!

...FROM THE
NOTEBOOK OF
**Black
X**



In the recaptured city of Chengow, the tyrannical master of invaders is doomed....

SHOOT ME,
DOGS! I DO NOT
FEAR TO
DIE!



Among the official witnesses are the master spy of the Allies and his faithful lieutenant....

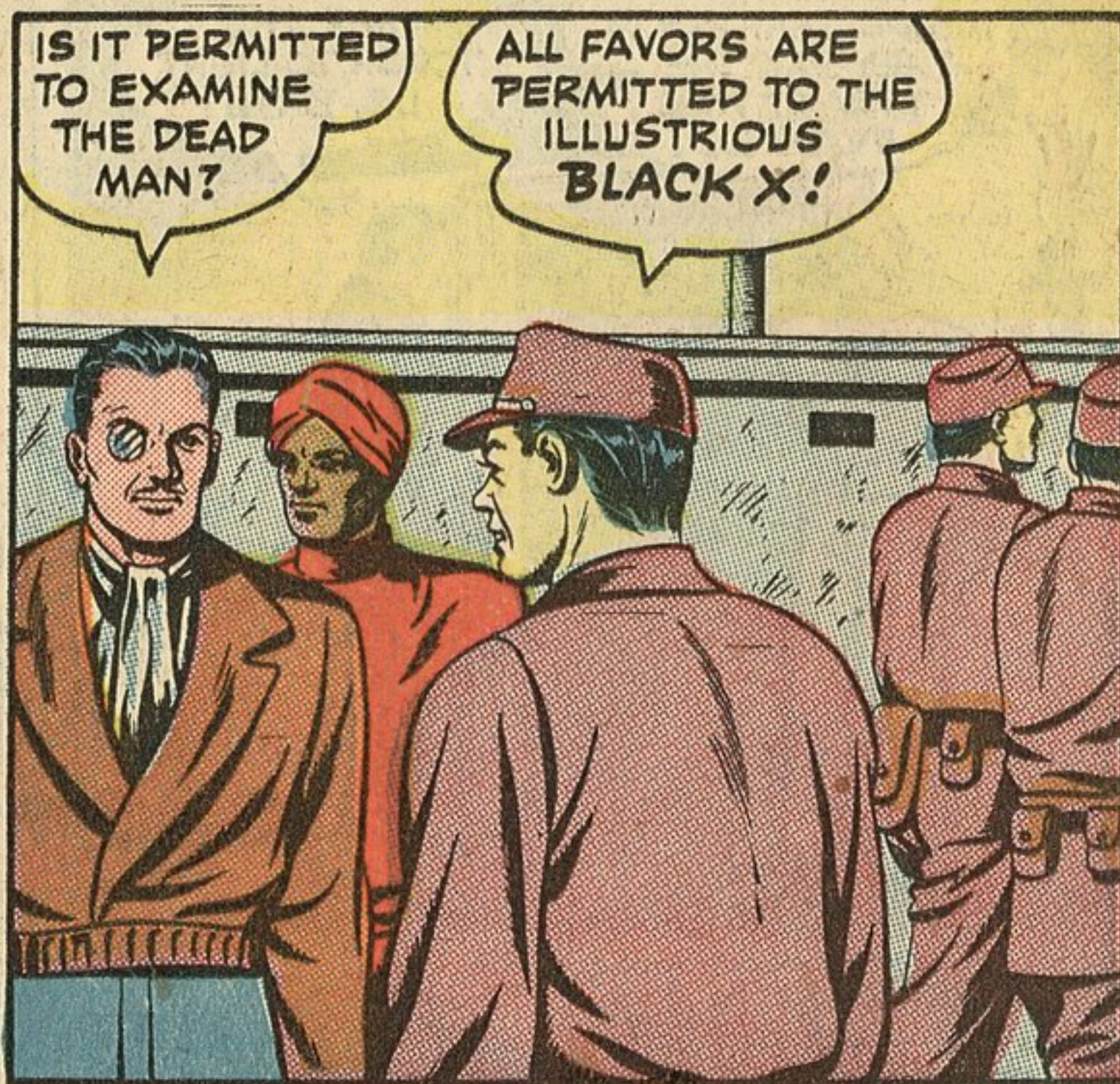
HE DIES WITHOUT
PAIN, MASTER! --
THOUGH HE KILLED
MANY INNOCENT
MEN AND WOMEN
BY TORTURE!

BATU! LOOK ---I
SEE SOMETHING!
OR RATHER, I
DON'T SEE
SOMETHING!





HE IS DEAD,
AS WAR
CRIMINALS
SHOULD ALL
DIE!



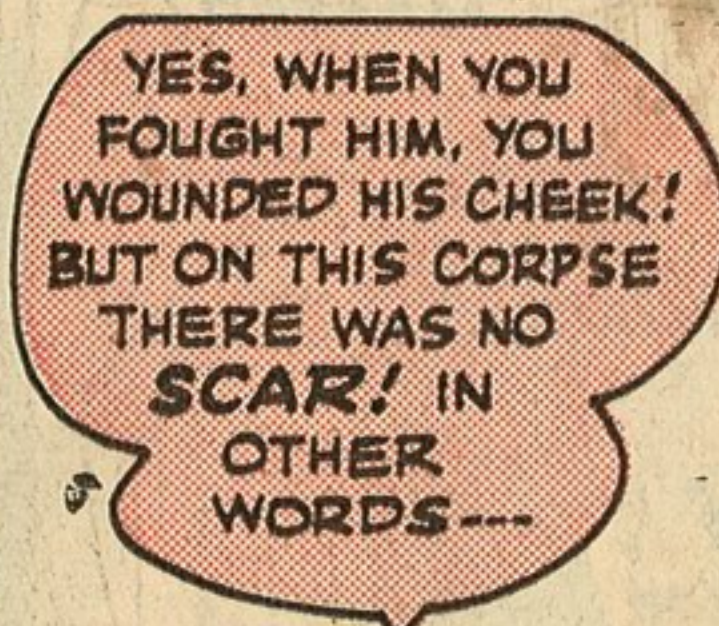
IS IT PERMITTED
TO EXAMINE
THE DEAD
MAN?

ALL FAVORS ARE
PERMITTED TO THE
ILLUSTRIOUS
BLACK X!



MASTER, I SEE
WHAT YOU MEAN!
THERE IS NO---

SILENCE, BATU!
SPEAK IN
PRIVATE!



YES, WHEN YOU
FOUGHT HIM, YOU
WOUNDED HIS CHEEK!
BUT ON THIS CORPSE
THERE WAS NO
SCAR! IN
OTHER WORDS---



THE TYRANT
ESCAPED---
LEAVING A
FAITHFUL
DOUBLE
TO DIE IN
HIS PLACE!



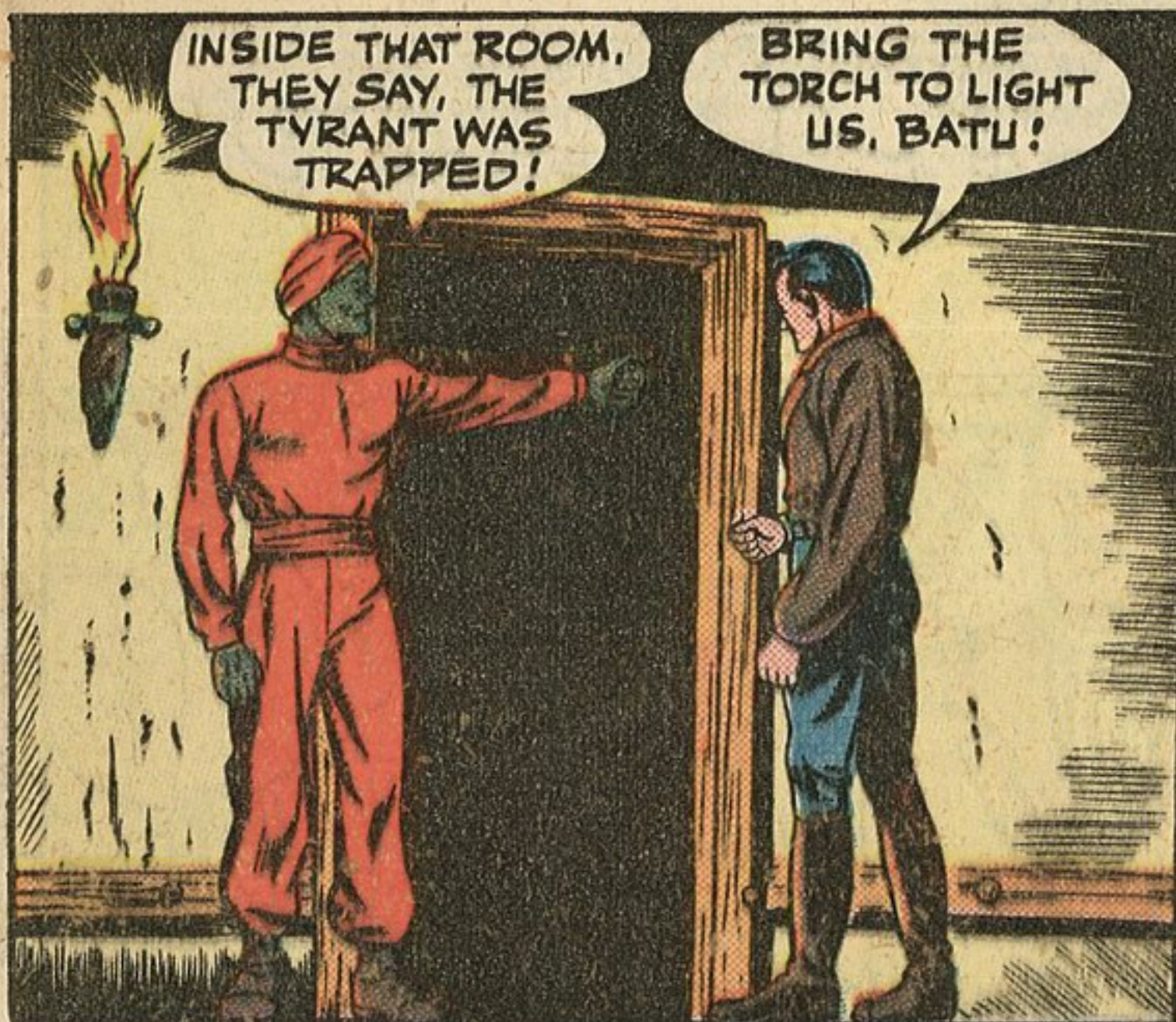
WE MUST
WARN THE
AUTHORITIES!

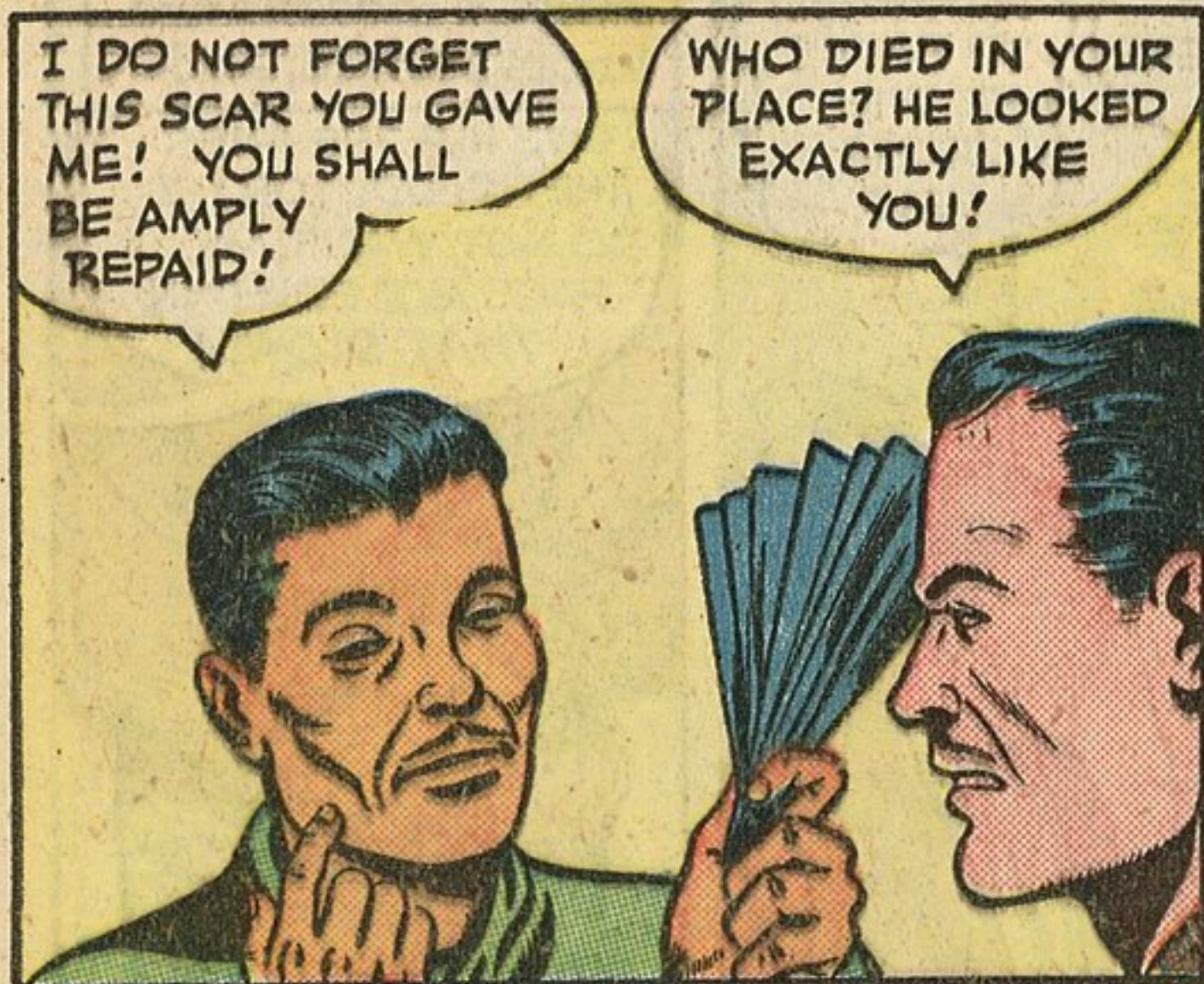
NO! THAT WOULD PUT
THE ENEMY ON GUARD!
WE'LL FIND THE **REAL**
TYRANT--JUST
THE TWO OF US!
COME!



YES, IT WAS HERE THE
TYRANT WAS CAPTURED!
OF COURSE **BLACK X**
IS PERMITTED TO
ENTER!

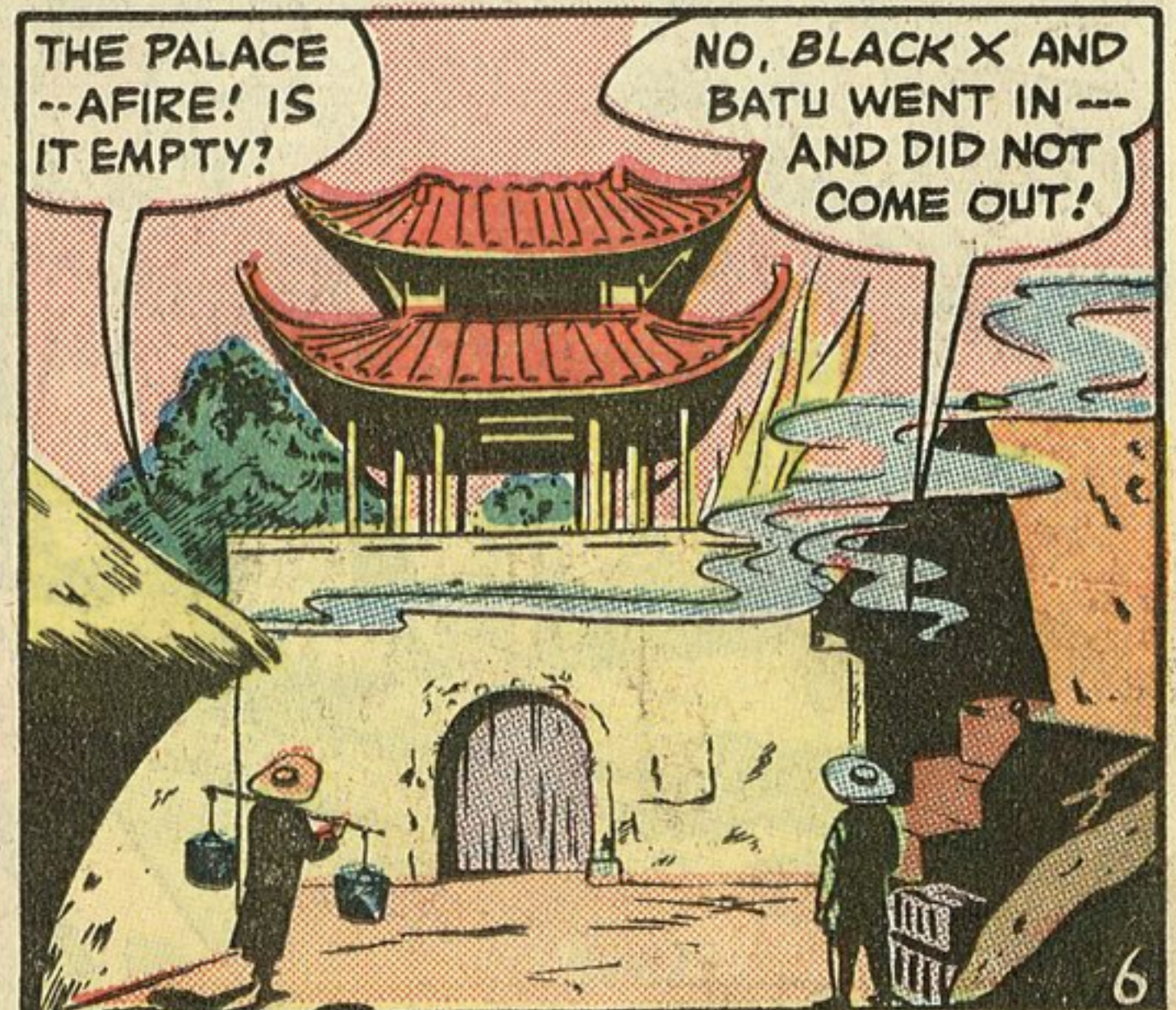
THANK YOU, SENTRY!
TELL NOBODY
OF THIS VISIT!

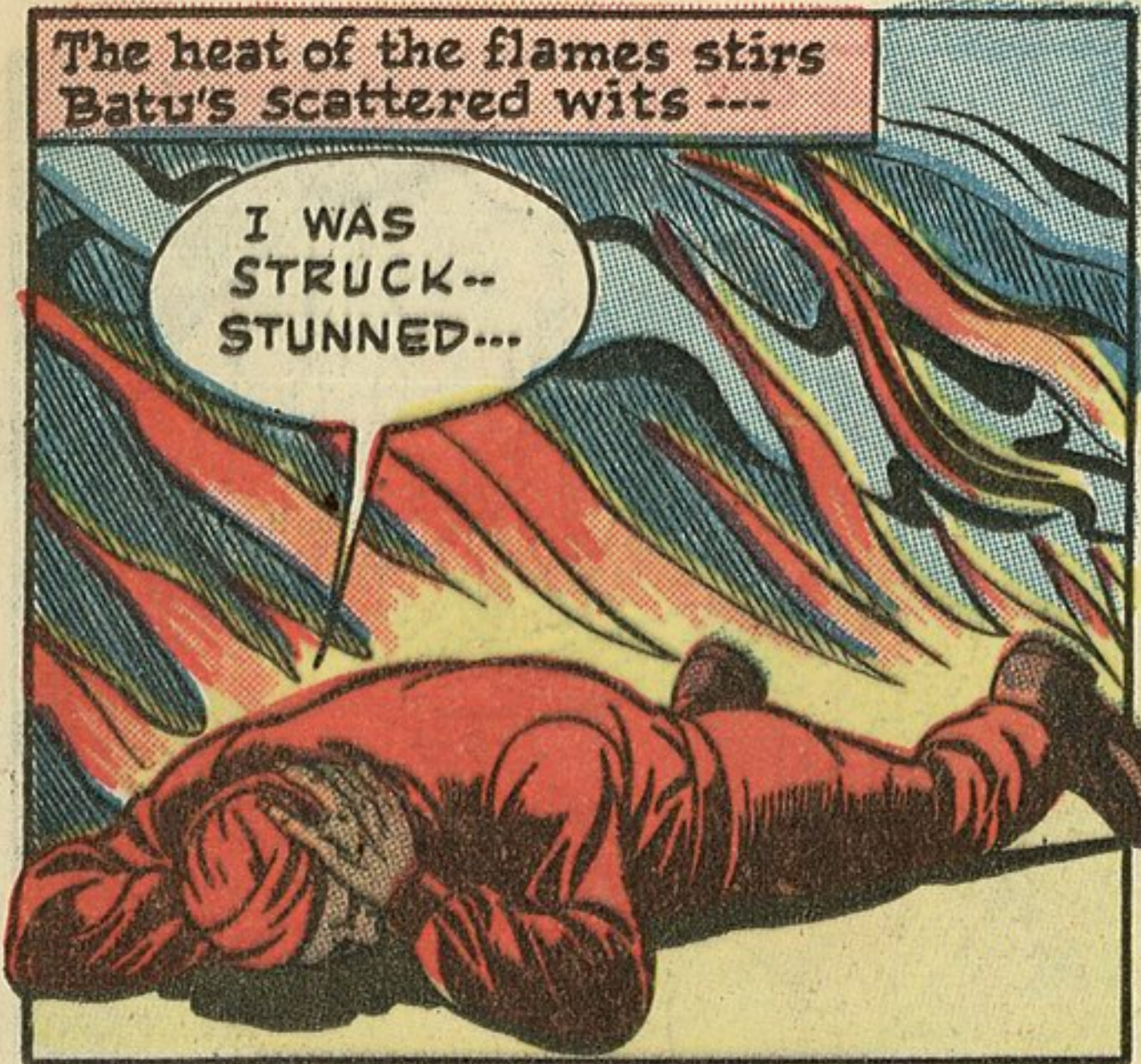




SMASH COMICS









FIRE BALL

THERE could be no cooking fires because the roving Arabs would see them. They'd have to eat a cold supper. But so what? Hadn't they eaten cold meals for almost two weeks—except, of course, during the day?

Mahmoud brought the cold goat and set it before Jimmy Christian. There was cold coffee too, and an outlandish gruel made of some unguessable substance, attesting Mahmoud's culinary art.

Jimmy dipped into the flour paste, but could not carry out the act. He munched a bit of goat, washing it down with thick cold coffee. It didn't set well. But perhaps it wasn't the fault of the food. There was still the matter of the stolen god. There'd be plenty of trouble unless that gold image was returned to its sacred niche. It was up to Jimmy to find it. That meant tackling a horde of thieving Riff tribesmen who had stolen it.

Col. Morrissy had said to Jimmy just before he left Cairo: "We're depending upon you, Christian, how much you don't know. You've got to find that image and return it or there'll be blood spilled all over the Sahara . . . you'll have to be careful! You're bucking up against the craftiest Riff in the desert—Abou Kmat."

Jimmy had had some dealings with Riffs before. They were bad. And he had heard about Abou Kmat's reputation: worse than bad. But he'd given his word. He would not go back

on it.

"I'd like to give you some soldiers, Jimmy," the colonel had said. "But of course I see your point, that much more can be gained by trickery than by a show of force. But you're sticking your head in a dangerous noose."

The robbery of the sacred item had come off a few days before, just before the annual pilgrimage to Mecca was to begin. Some of the Sahara tribesmen, being too far remote from Mecca, the Sacred City, traveled to a small shrine of their own in the middle of the desert. Kabat, it was called. An image of Allah, made of solid gold, reposed in a tiny niche in a small shelter situated in a fig oasis.

The Riffs had ridden up in the night, killed the single guard who always stood there, and dashed off with the golden Allah. It would be worth a lot of money in some city. Maybe a collector was behind the whole scheme; Jimmy thought so.

When the discovery was made, fury broke loose. It was the worst affront to religion imaginable.

Well, here they were far into the bleak desert, and no sign of the thieves. They would be wary, of course.

For two days the little caravan rode farther into the silent immensity of the Sahara. They were still eating cold meals, fearing to build a fire. Then early on the third morning they spotted a low dust cloud on the southern horizon. It grew

as they watched it. Horsemen.

"Can't be the Riff chaps," said Jimmy. "Too large a body."

They were stuck now anyway; nothing else to do but wait till the party rode up. Which they did in a few minutes. A big rawboned Arab lifted a hand in salute. He asked in French who Jimmy was, his business in the desert. Jimmy told him: he was searching for the golden Allah, to restore it to its rightful place.

The old Arab's anger was great. He cursed the thieves and called down Allah's everlasting evil on them.

"May his blessings be upon you and your children," said the Arab. "An infidel, indeed, you are, but you go on a worthy cause." He wheeled his horse and the party galloped off rapidly.

"Hm," said Jimmy. "You'd think he might stick with us to help hunt the image."

Mahmoud said, "He is a great sheik. He even now goes to call the other tribesmen together to make war on the Riffs."

Jimmy nodded. "Just what we're all afraid of. They'd rather make war than find the image, I'll wager. Oh, well, what is written is written." He smiled at his own repetition of the Mohammedan adage.

They had gone far now to the west, to where low hills began, a region almost totally unexplored by white men. It looked like a nice hideout, just the sort of place the wily old Riff would pick. They rode up on a fairly high escarpment and

SMASH COMICS

scanned the distance. There was little to be seen except barren dunes and rumpled hills without vegetation of any sort.

"We'll camp here tonight," Jimmy said. "Good a place as any. Have a hunch we might strike something in these hills."

Jimmy's hunch was correct. Toward dawn they heard a goatskin drum being beaten. It throbbed and mumbled through the darkness—a signal drum, the desert telegraph, a message being sent to someone, somewhere.

Mahmoud could not make out what the drum beats said. Naturally, Jimmy couldn't either. Was it the Riff sending out some calls? Was it Berber, Taureg, Arab?

Jimmy ordered his men to saddle up and mount. They would follow the drumbeats, find out what was cooking there in the hills.

They had ridden only a few miles westward when Mahmoud pointed a dark finger. "Fire," he said. "Many fires." It was true. A couple of miles distant there was a big camp, and already the breakfast fires were going.

Jimmy said, "You, Mahmoud, go on ahead and spy on the camp. Come back quickly."

Mahmoud was gone less than an hour. When he returned he was breathless with the news. "It is the Riff camp. They have the image set up in the middle of their cooking fires. I could well mark its sparkle."

"Good," said Jimmy. "Now what to do? Tackle the mob? There are about twenty of us and probably a hundred of them. Pretty stiff odds."

Mahmoud had an idea. "It were better that the great

Christian employed some of his witchcraft, aye."

Mahmoud did not use the word 'Christian' in any religious sense, since he firmly believed Jimmy and all his kind to be infidels. But Mahmoud had seen some of the tricks Jimmy was wont to spring at times. Though simple for the most part, this type of thing smacked of pure witchcraft to the not-too-intelligent Mahmoud.

Jimmy nodded. "Aye, friend, mayhap it were better. But what sort of witchcraft will scare the old Riff chieftain?"

That, Mahmoud could not answer.

They had another cold breakfast. It lacked an hour of dawn, which is the darkest part of the entire night. What to do?

Jimmy pondered for a while. Trickery was surely their only way out, if they were to grab the treasured image of Allah. Allah! An idea filtered into his head.

"Yes, why not? It might just work. They're a superstitious crew." He called Mahmoud.

"Get me all the hair ropes we have in the crowd," he told the native. They were camped on the side of a fairly steep hill. Its face was sheer, level, large enough for the trick he proposed.

It took Jimmy and Mahmoud fifteen minutes to do the work they had in mind. Then Jimmy touched a match to the ropes in various places. The wind was from the west, which was just right. Soon the ropes were burning merrily, there against the steep face of the hills. They spelled out the word ALLAH—in flames!

Sudden cries broke from the Riff gang a couple of miles

away. The flames were clearly to be seen from their camp. The word Allah in leaping fire. It must have been a start for the minds of the thieves.

But Jimmy's trick was not complete. He still had another horsehair rope. This he lighted too, after he had coiled it into a lasso. Then he mounted his horse and dashed toward their camp, swinging the flaming lasso in fine Western fashion.

With wild screams, the Riffs leaped onto their horses and broke into a scrambled gallop. They didn't bother to take any of their gear with them. All they cared about was putting as much distance between these awful fire omens as they could.

Jimmy rode right into the camp, grabbed up the sacred image and galloped back to his own men.

They didn't tarry long. The Riffs might get suspicious. They immediately broke into a fast gallop themselves and whirled away to the northeast.

Col. Morrissy chuckled as Jimmy related his exciting tale of the rescue of the image.

"Cleverest stunt I ever heard of," he said. "Regular Western American trick. And it sure worked. You know, Jimmy, the Arabs were preparing for war in a big way, and if you hadn't got that image back to its place in time, there would have been plenty of trouble in the desert."

Jimmy said, "Actually, it was Mahmoud's idea. He thinks I have a bit of witchcraft up my sleeve and he suggested I use some of it. Otherwise I'd never have thought of the stunt."

That night Jimmy and his men were royally dined by several famous Arab chiefs, who promptly labeled him "fire ball." It still sticks.

WUN CLOO



The Defective Detective



WUN CLOO, I'D LIKE TO ASK A QUESTION!

FIRE AWAY, SIR!



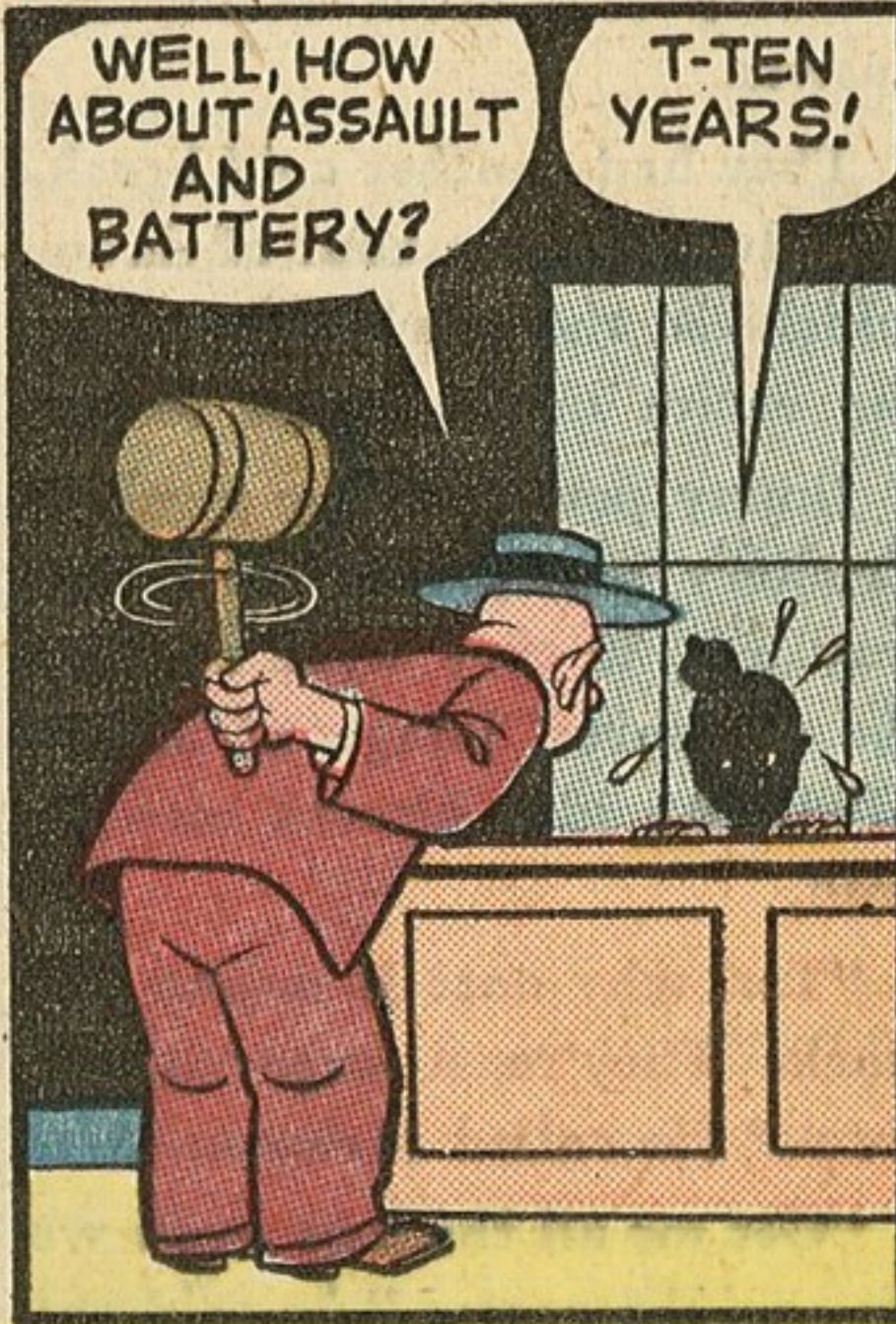
THANKS, BUT BEFORE I DO, WHAT'S THE PENALTY FOR MURDER?

L-L-LIFE IMPRISONMENT OR THE CH-CHAIR! GULP



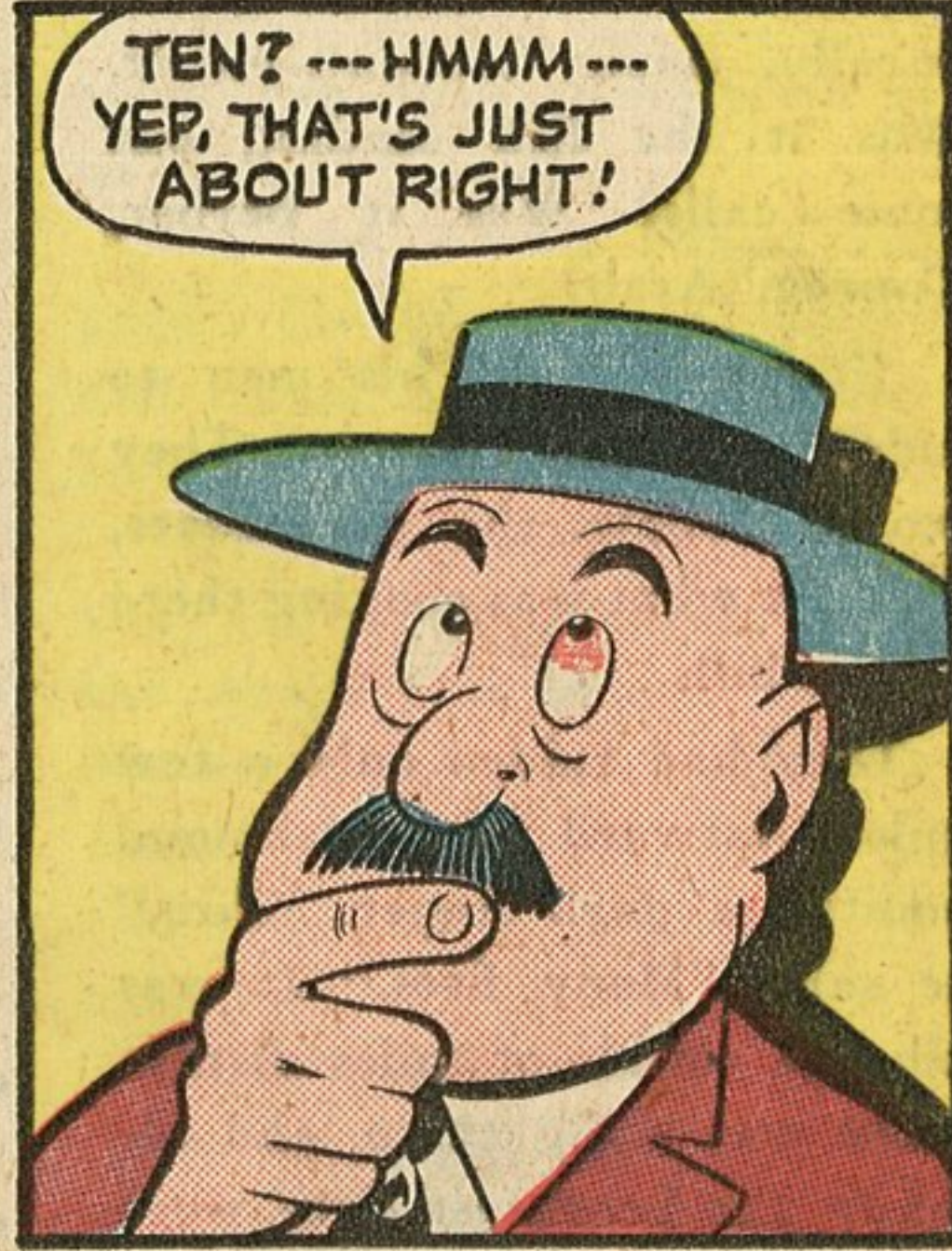
HMM--WHAT'S THE PENALTY FOR ARSON?

T-TWENTY YEARS!



WELL, HOW ABOUT ASSAULT AND BATTERY?

T-TEN YEARS!



TEN? ---HMMM--- YEP, THAT'S JUST ABOUT RIGHT!



OKAY, WUN, I'LL BUY!



Later...

WHY DID YOU DO IT?

SO I COULD REST ON THE STATE'S MONEY!

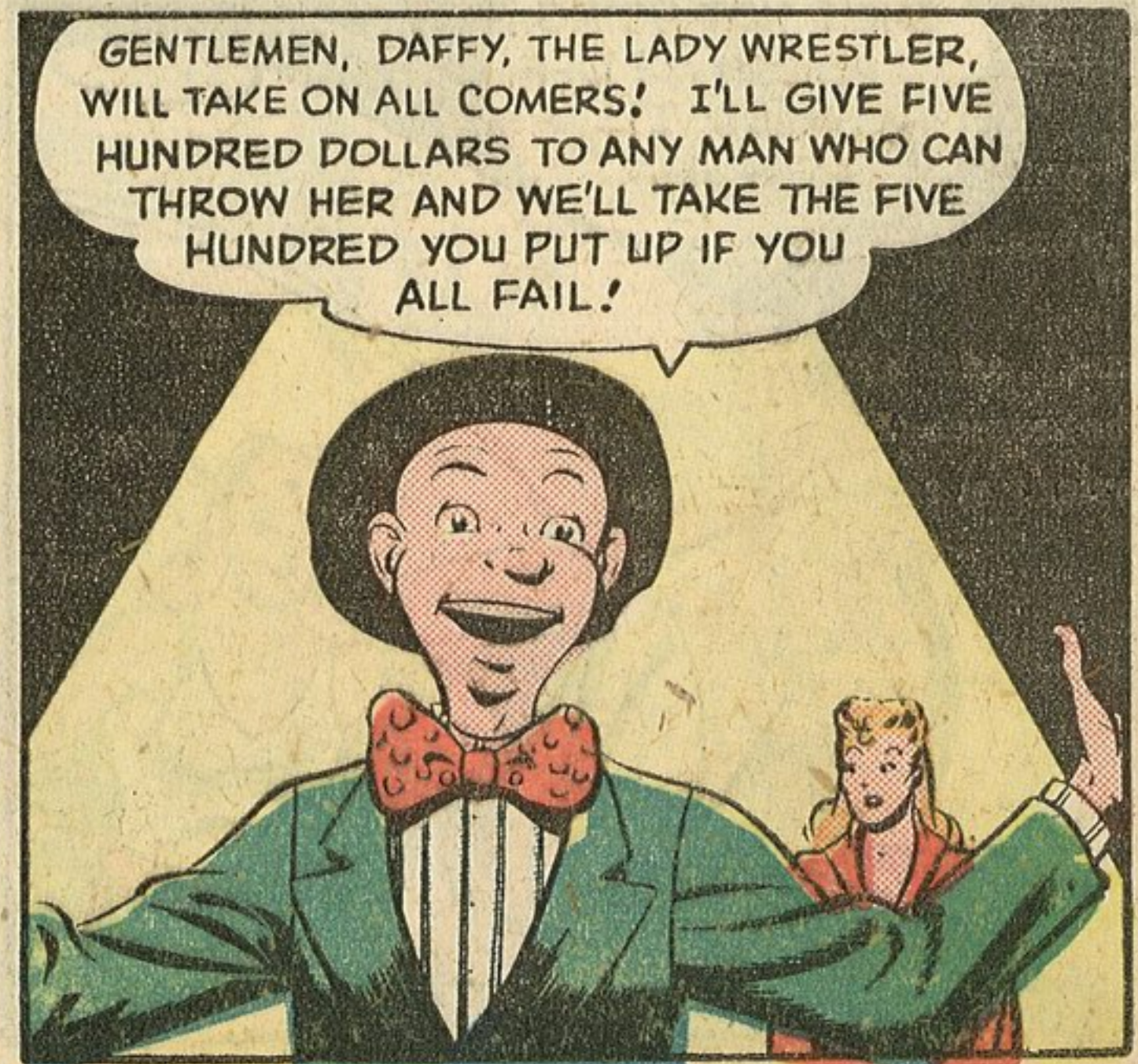
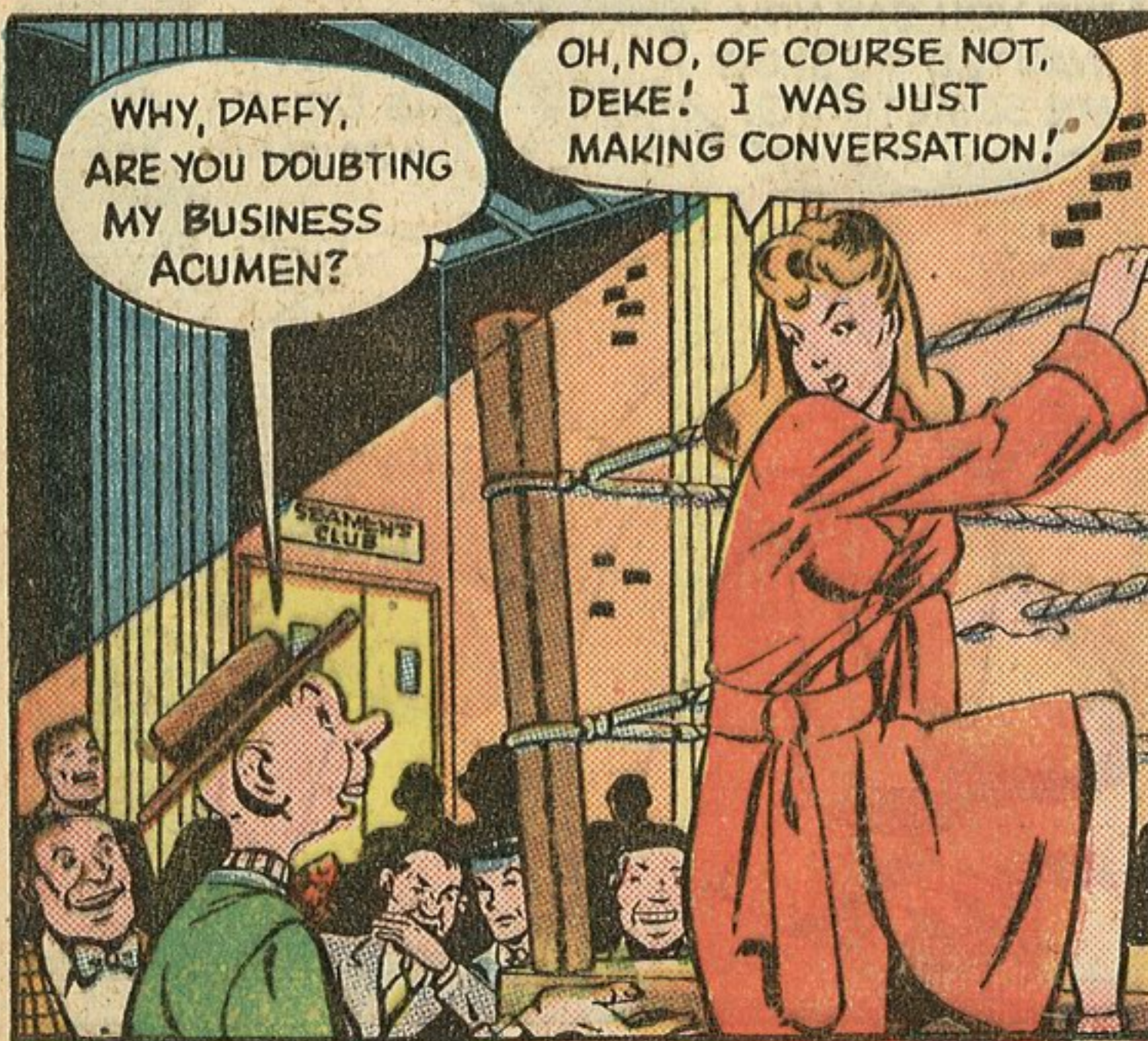
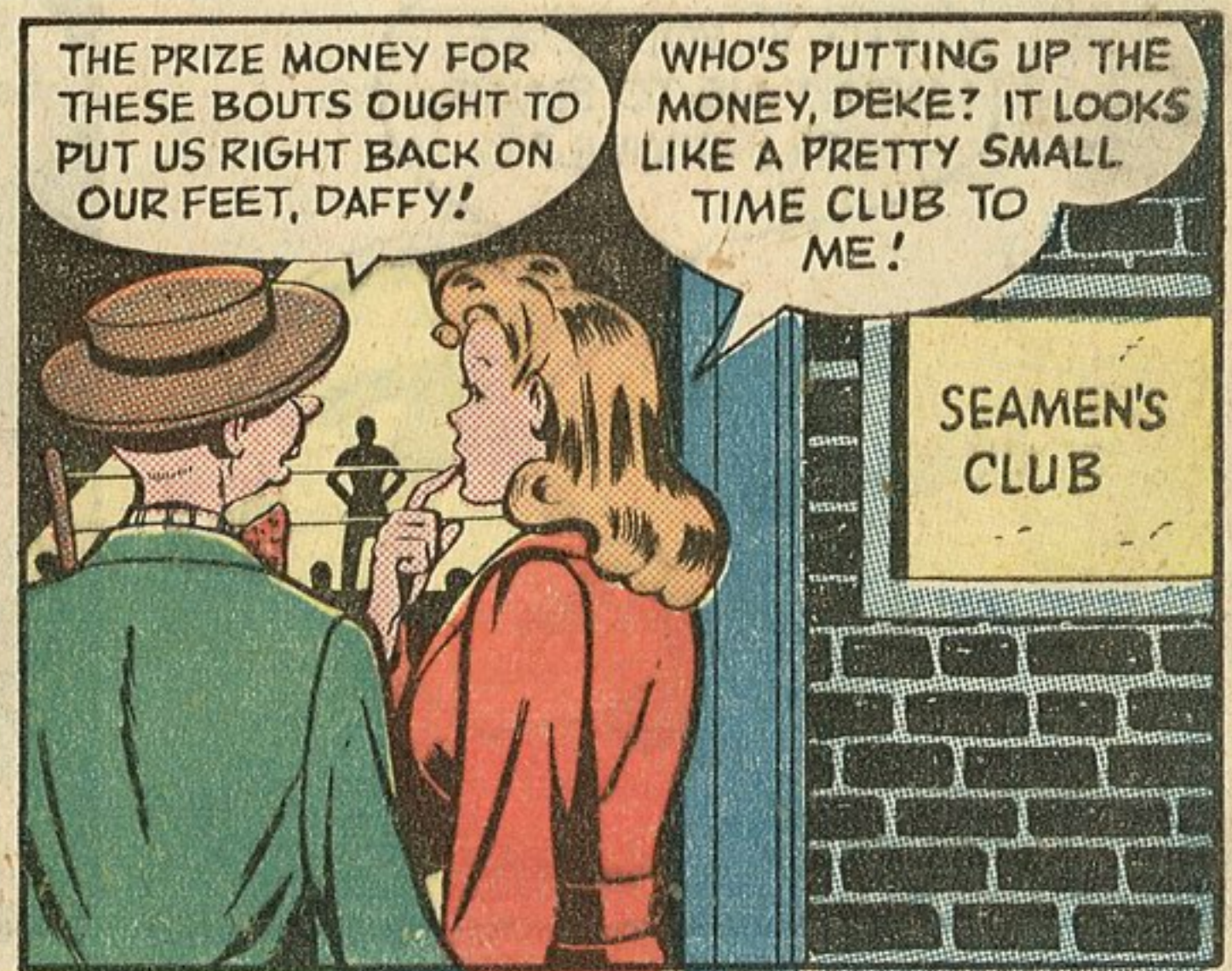
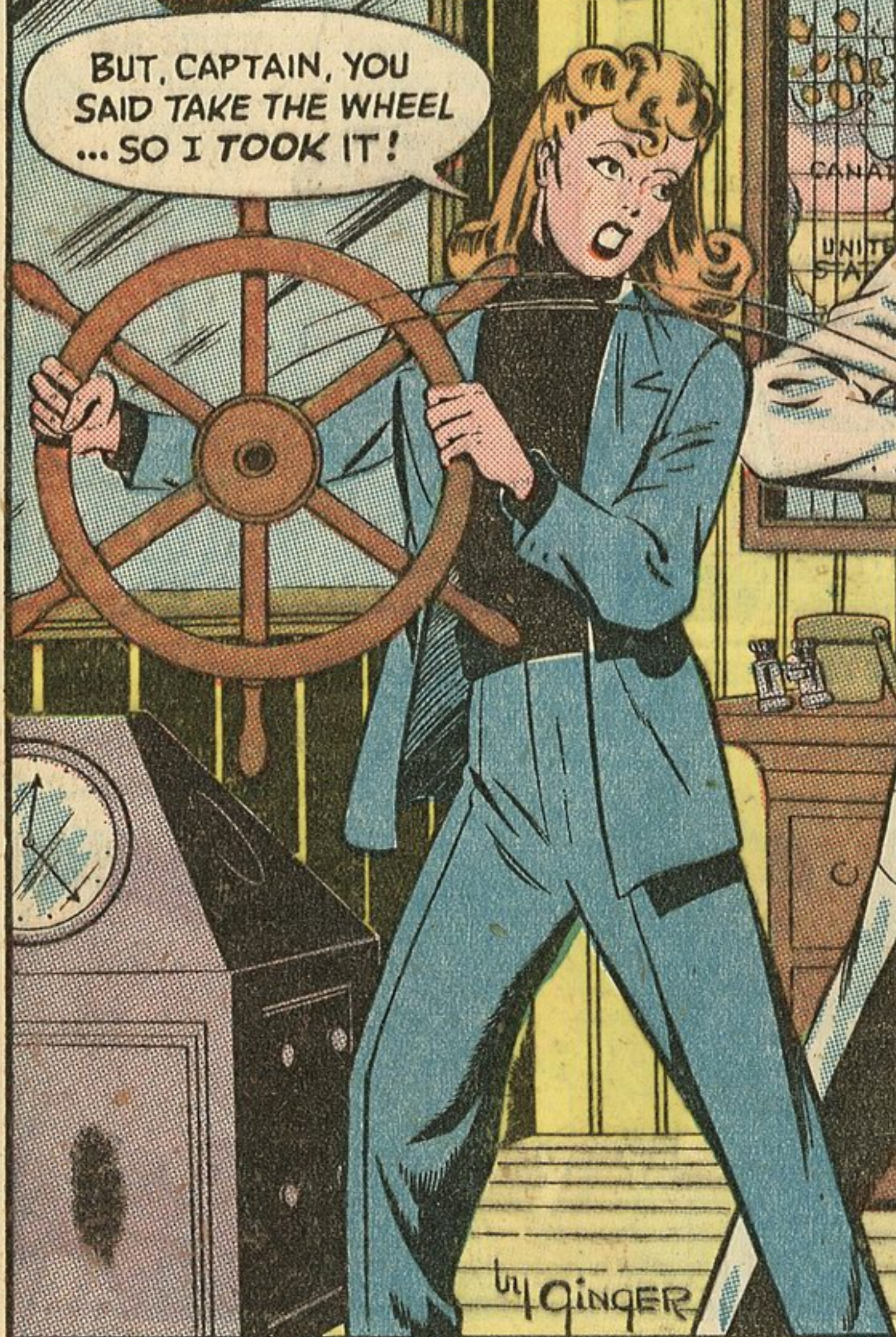


BUT WHY DID YOU PICK A TEN YEAR TERM?

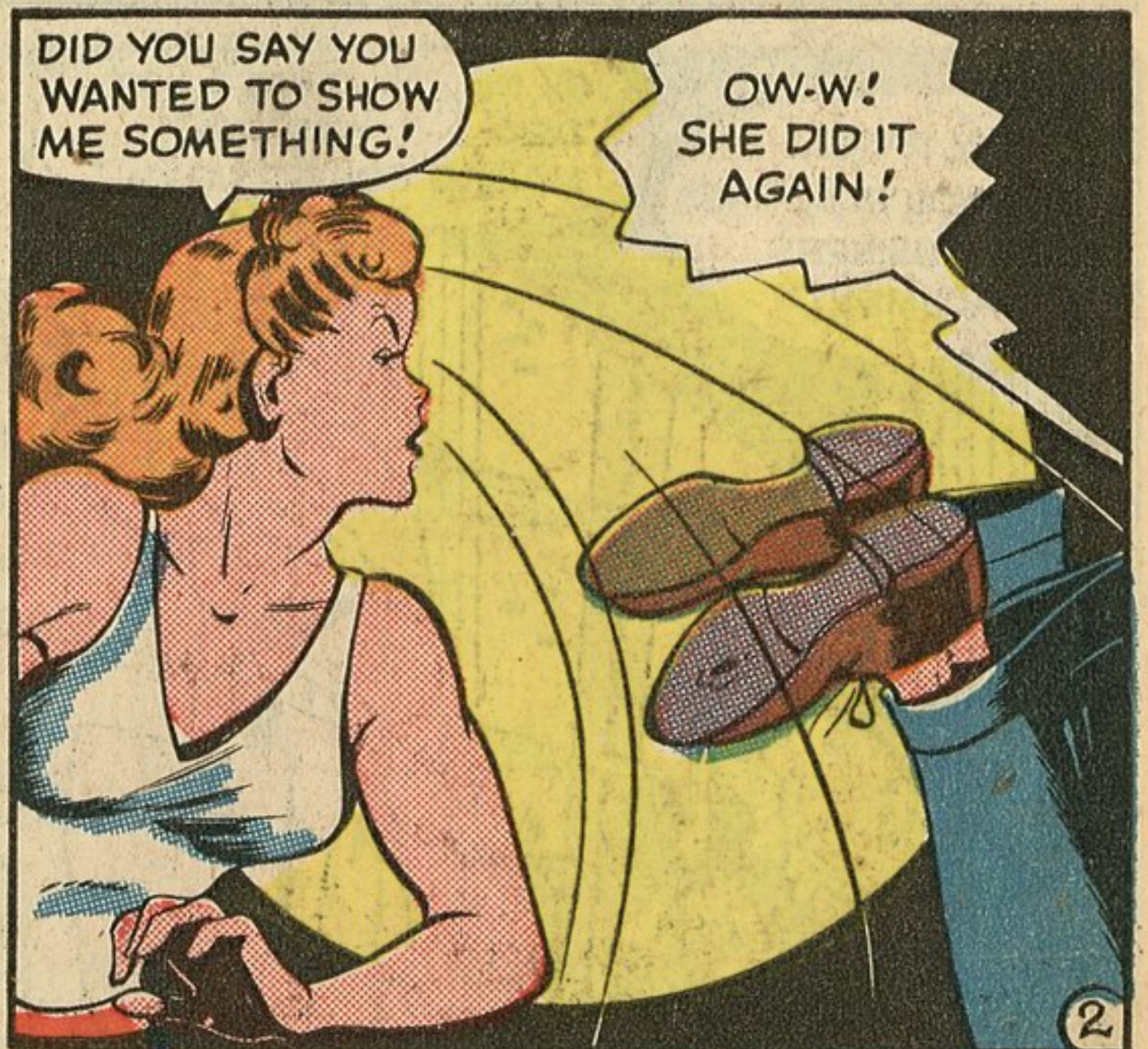
OH, THAT'S WHEN MY **SOCIAL SECURITY** COMES DUE AND I CAN **RETIRE!**

NOW RUN ALONG AND LET ME SLEEP!

DAFFY



SMASH COMICS



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Daffy knocks over all contenders as though they were ninepins!

I GUESS THAT'S ABOUT ALL WHO'LL VOLUNTEER!

THANK YOU, GENTLEMEN! AND NOW IF THE CHAIRMAN OF YOUR COMMITTEE WILL BRING UP THAT FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS, WE'LL CALL IT A NIGHT!



I'M THE CHAIRMAN, MISTER.... BUT I'M AFRAID WE HAVEN'T GOT FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS! YOU SEE WE TOOK A CHANCE BECAUSE WE WERE PRETTY SURE WE'D WIN!

THAT'S FUNNY! I DIDN'T HAVE FIVE HUNDRED EITHER... I MEAN, THIS IS AN OUTRAGE... A HOAX... WE'VE BEEN DUPED!



I THOUGHT YOU SAID THEY'D PUT UP THE MONEY, DEKE! I THOUGHT YOU KNEW HONEST MEN WHEN YOU SAW THEM!

≡GULP≡
≡SPLUTTER≡
WELL, I DO, **USUALLY!**
CAN I HELP IT IF THEY TURN OUT TO BE CROOKS?



I'LL HAVE THE LAW ON YOU! YOU WON'T GET AWAY WITH THIS!

I GUESS YOU CAN CALL THE COPS ALL RIGHT, MISTER, BUT YOU'RE WRONG ABOUT US BEING CROOKS! YOU SEE, WE'VE ALL JUST RETURNED FROM A VOYAGE ON CAPTAIN BARNLEY'S SHIP, "THE BROWN BETTY," AND HE DIDN'T PAY US OUR WAGES!



THAT BREAKS MY HEART, BUT YOU'RE STILL CROOKS!

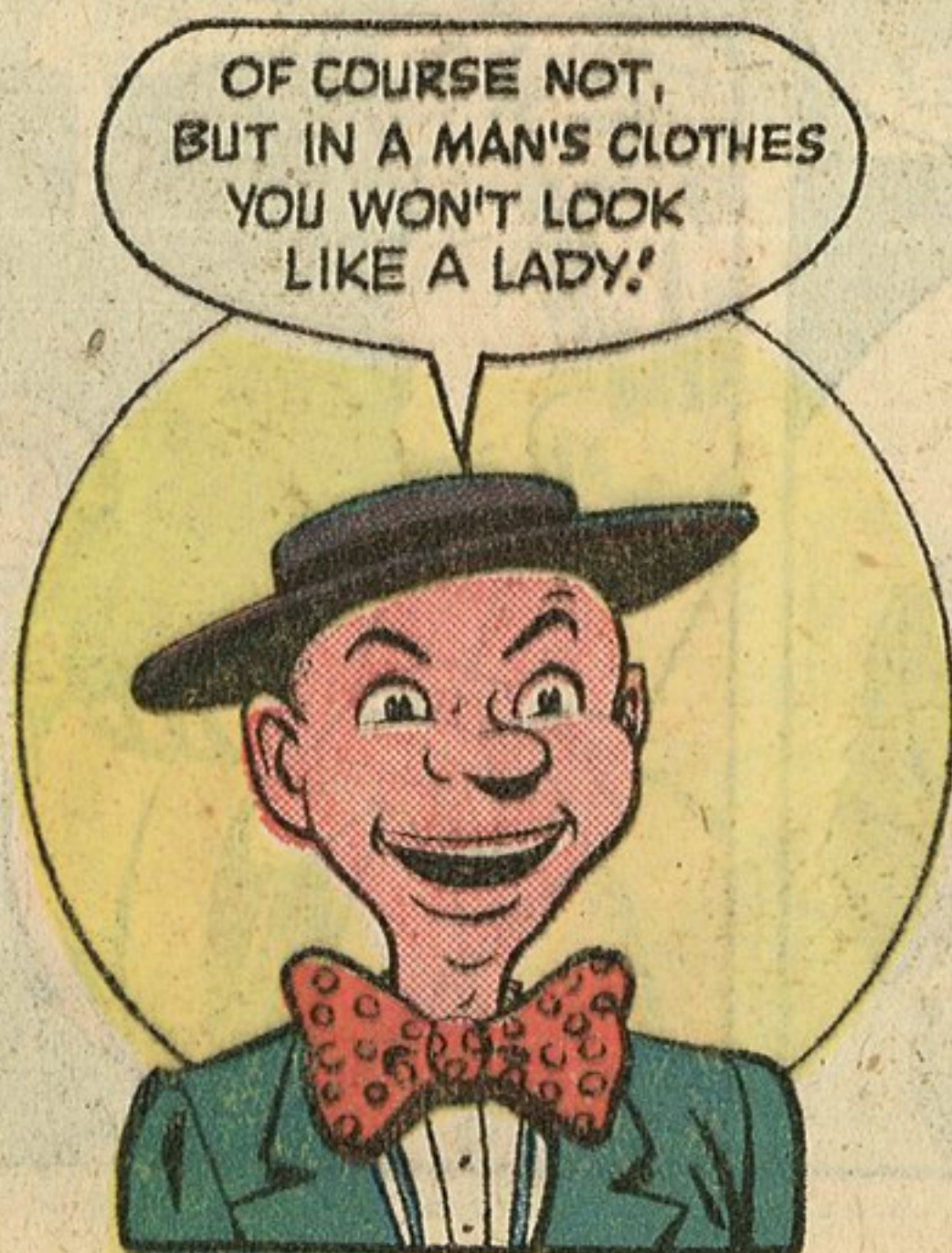
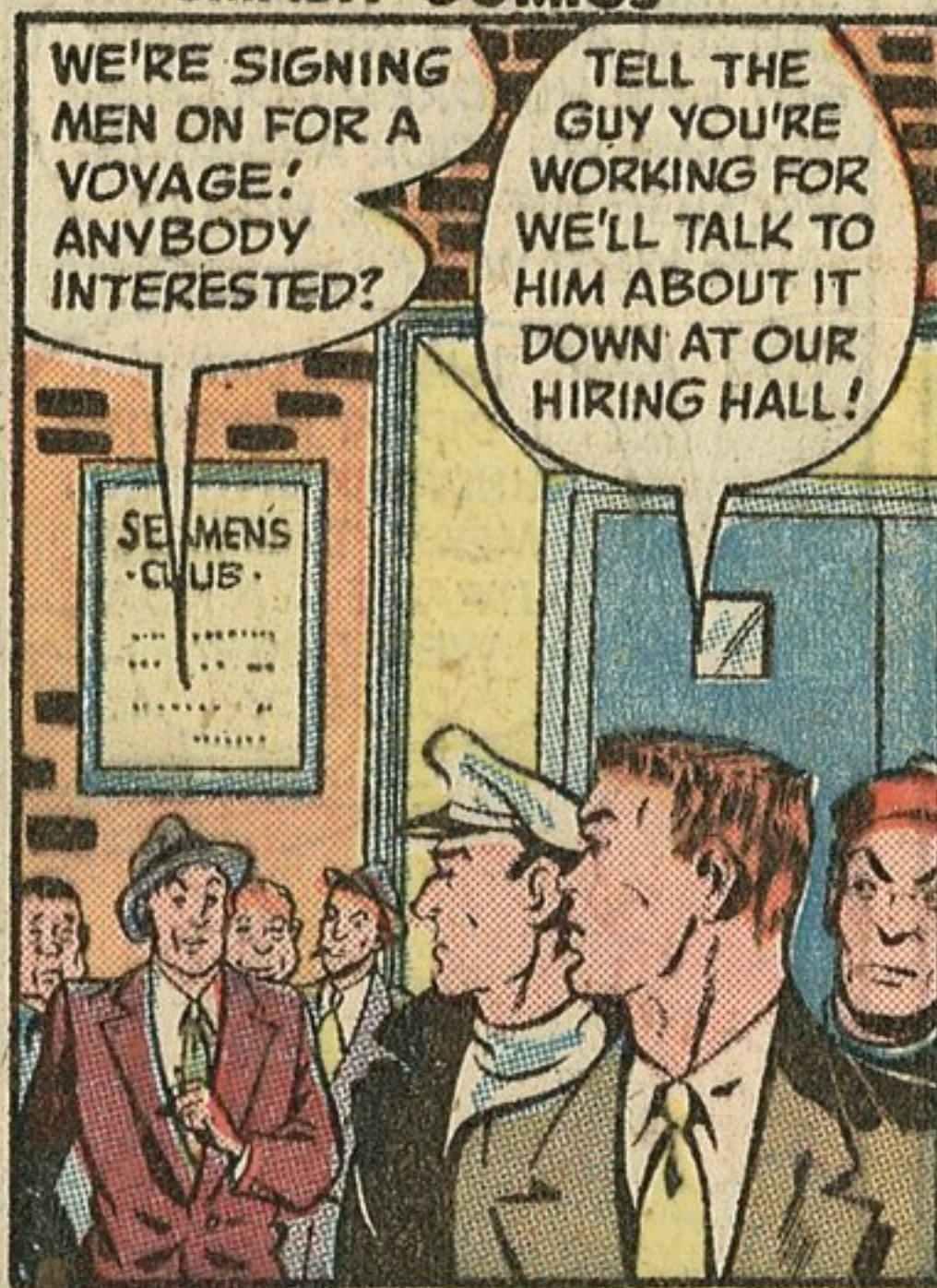
THE BOYS THOUGHT WE COULD WIN THAT FIVE HUNDRED BUCKS FOR FOOD MONEY UNTIL WE SHIP OUT AGAIN! WE SHOULD'VE KNOWN BETTER THAN TO SAIL UNDER BARNLEY! HE'S WORSE THAN A PIRATE!



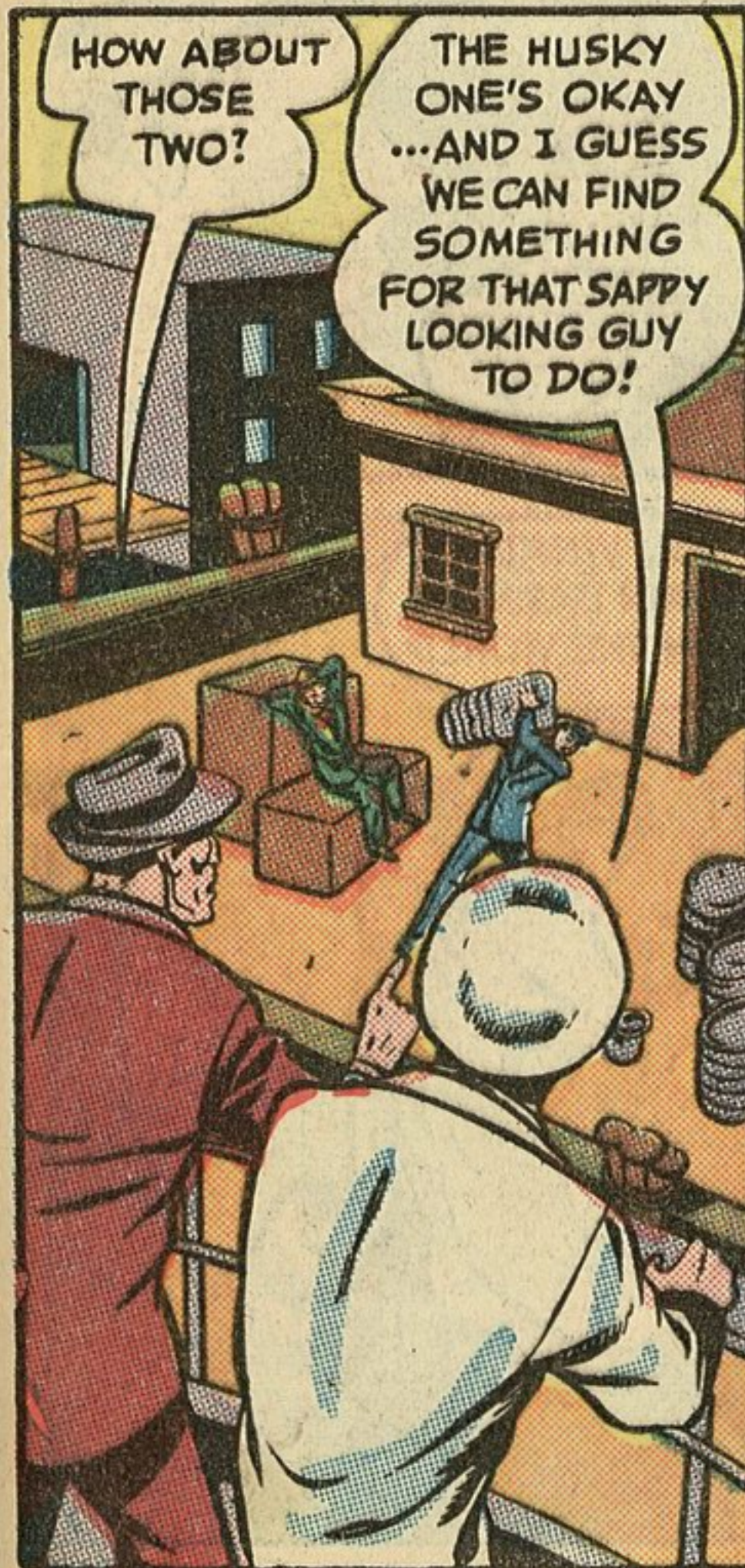
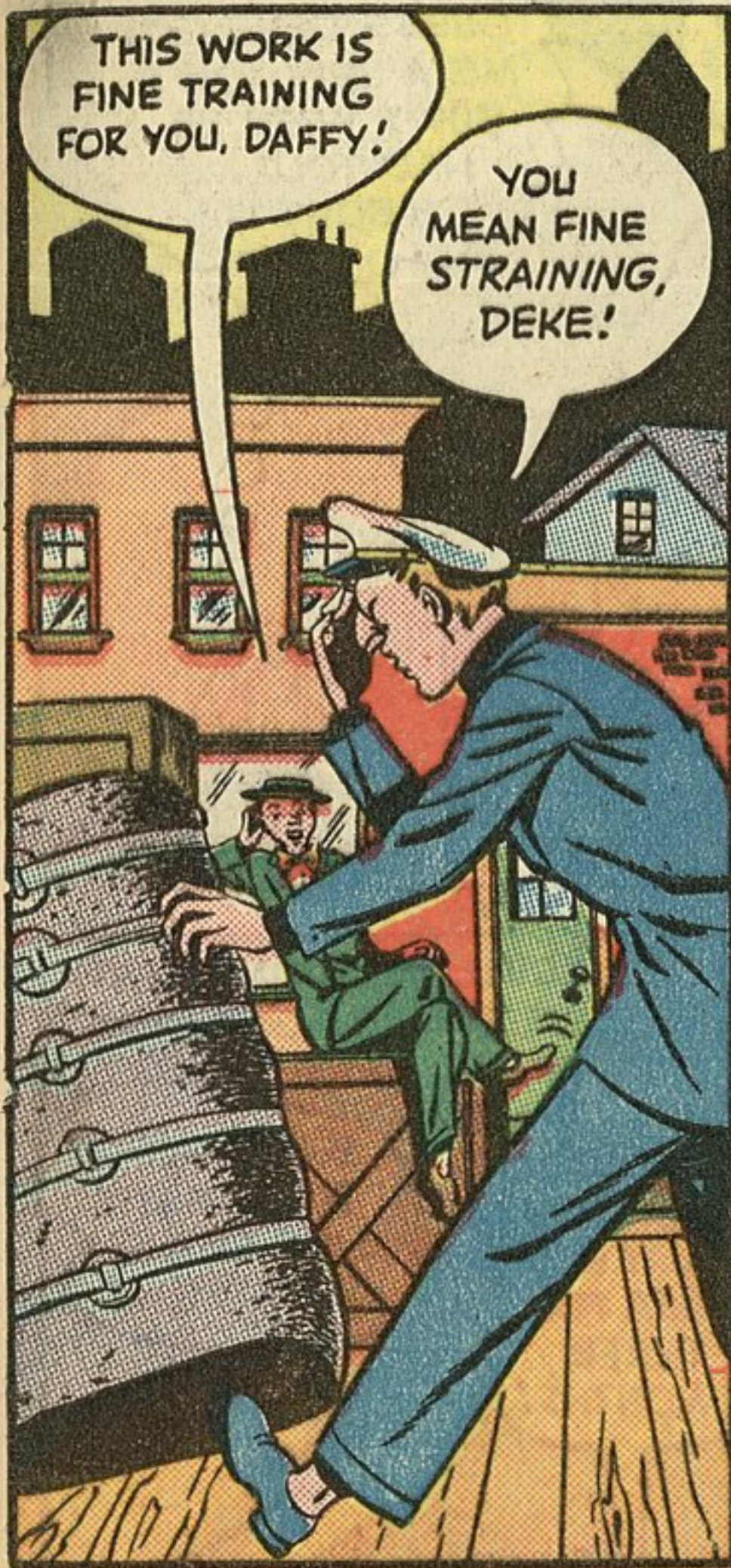
I GUESS WE CAN FORGET ABOUT IT, EH, DEKE? THEY JUST GOT A BAD BREAK! AND BESIDES, IF ONE OF THEM **HAD** WON, WE'D BE IN THE SAME FIX NOW!

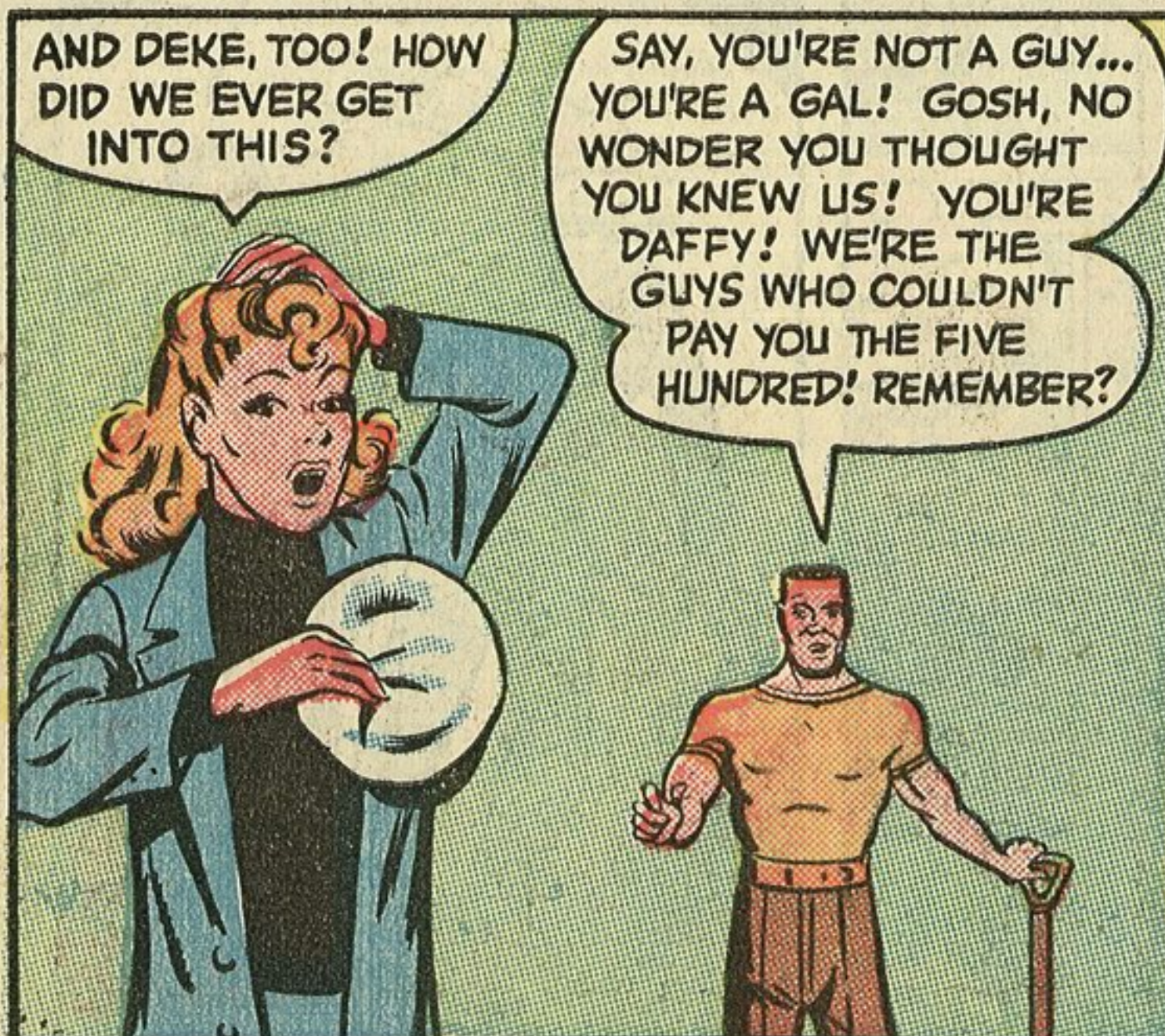
THAT WOULD BE DIFFERENT, DAFFY! THIS IS A MATTER OF PRINCIPLE!

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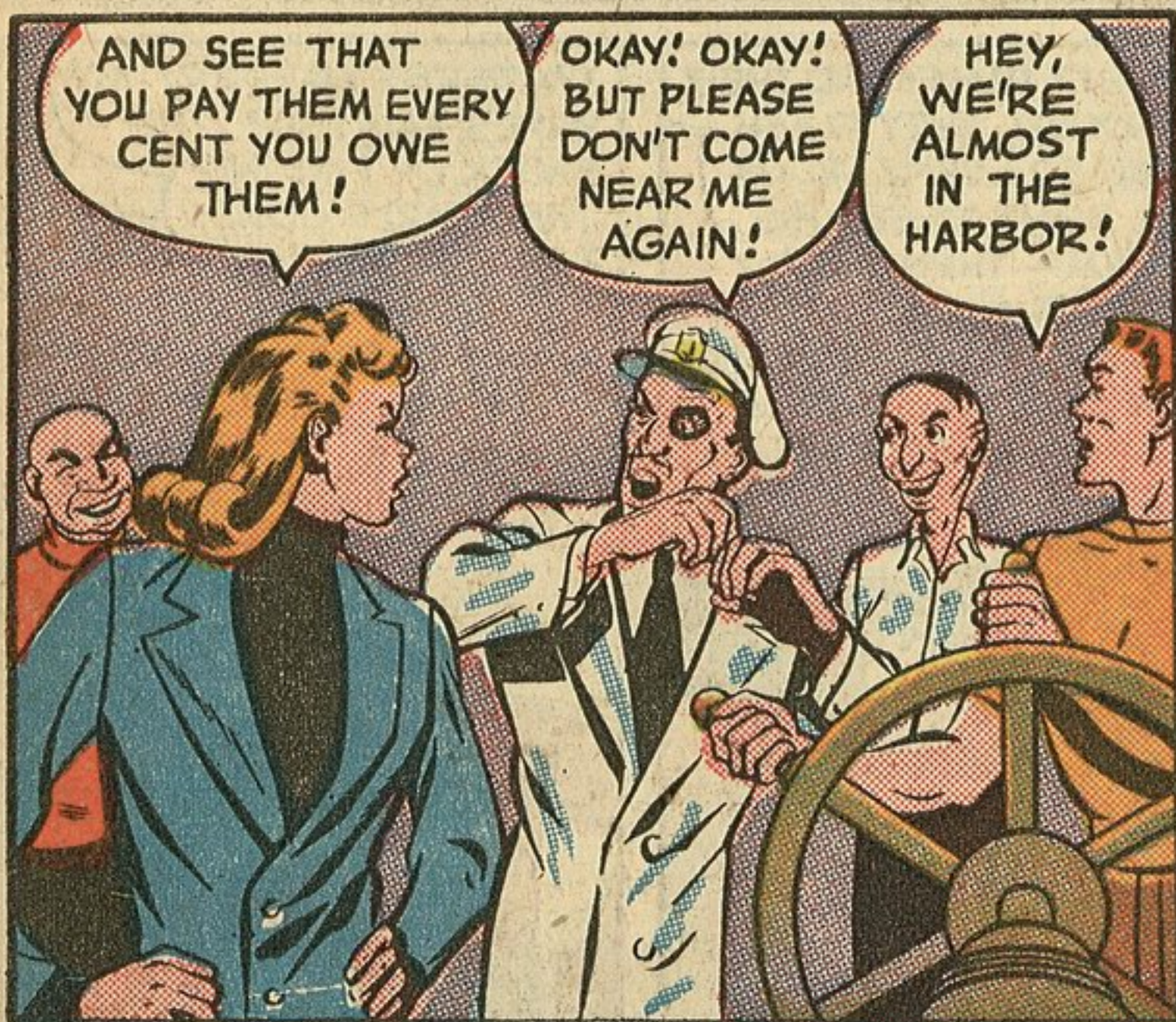
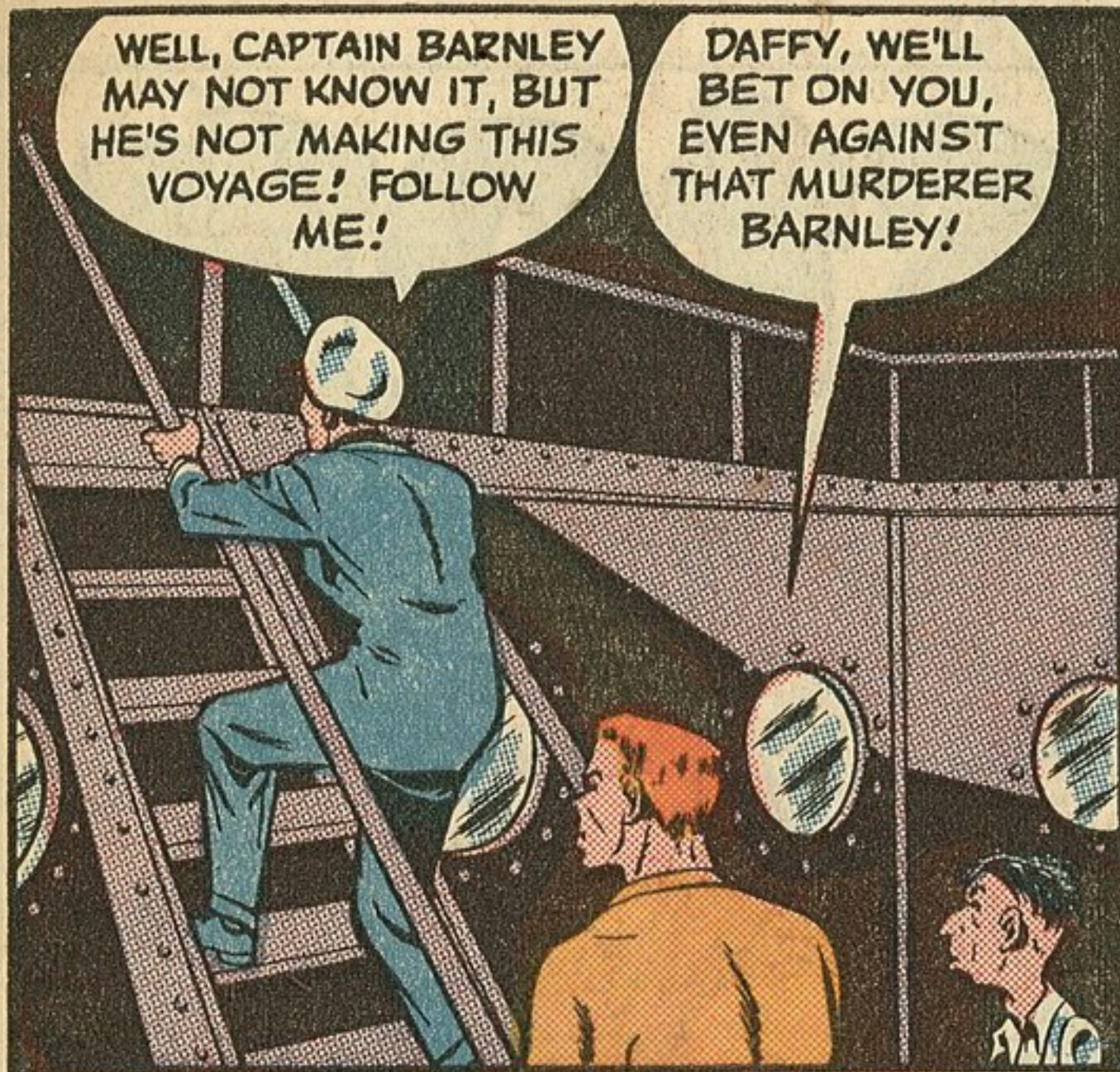


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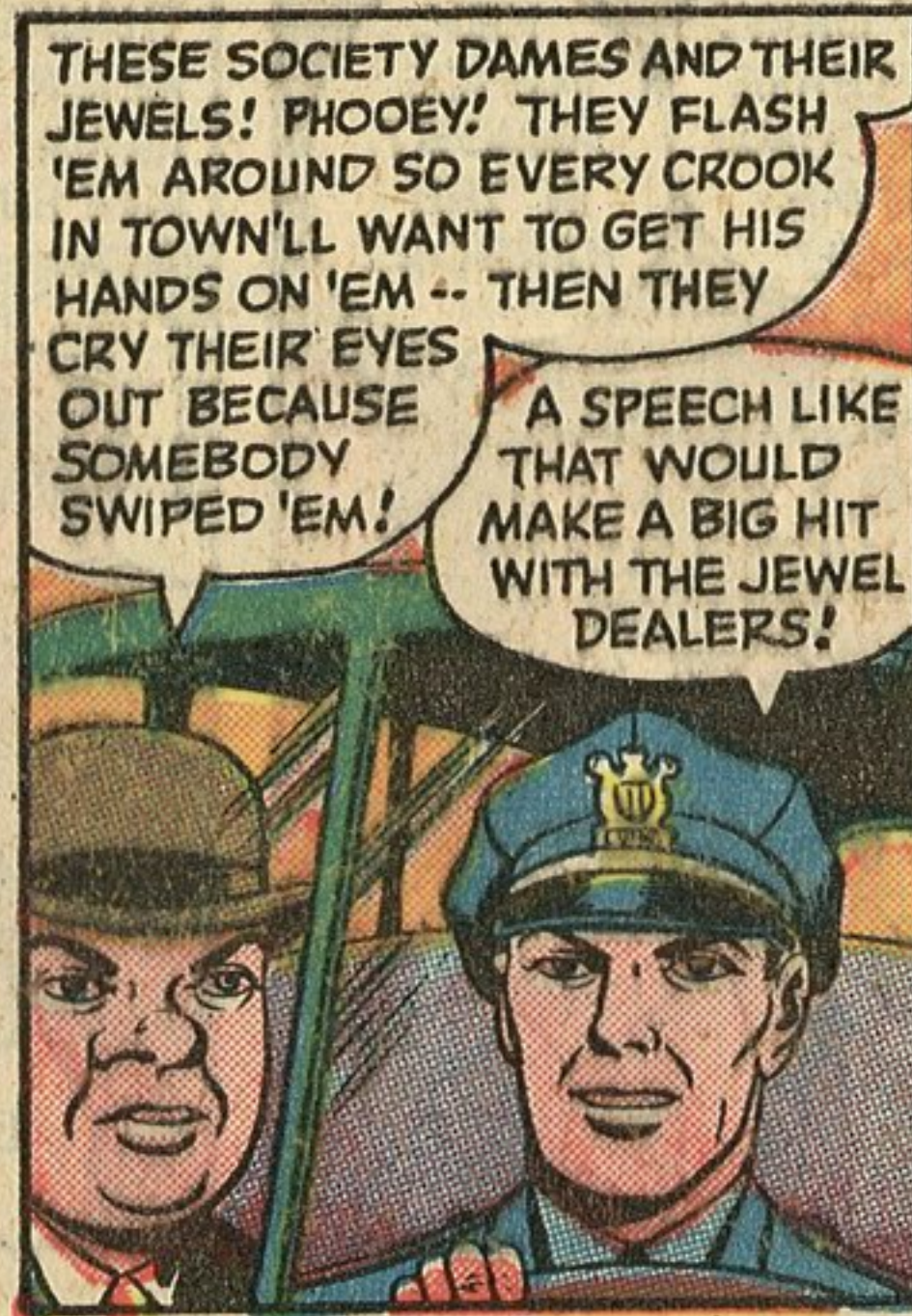
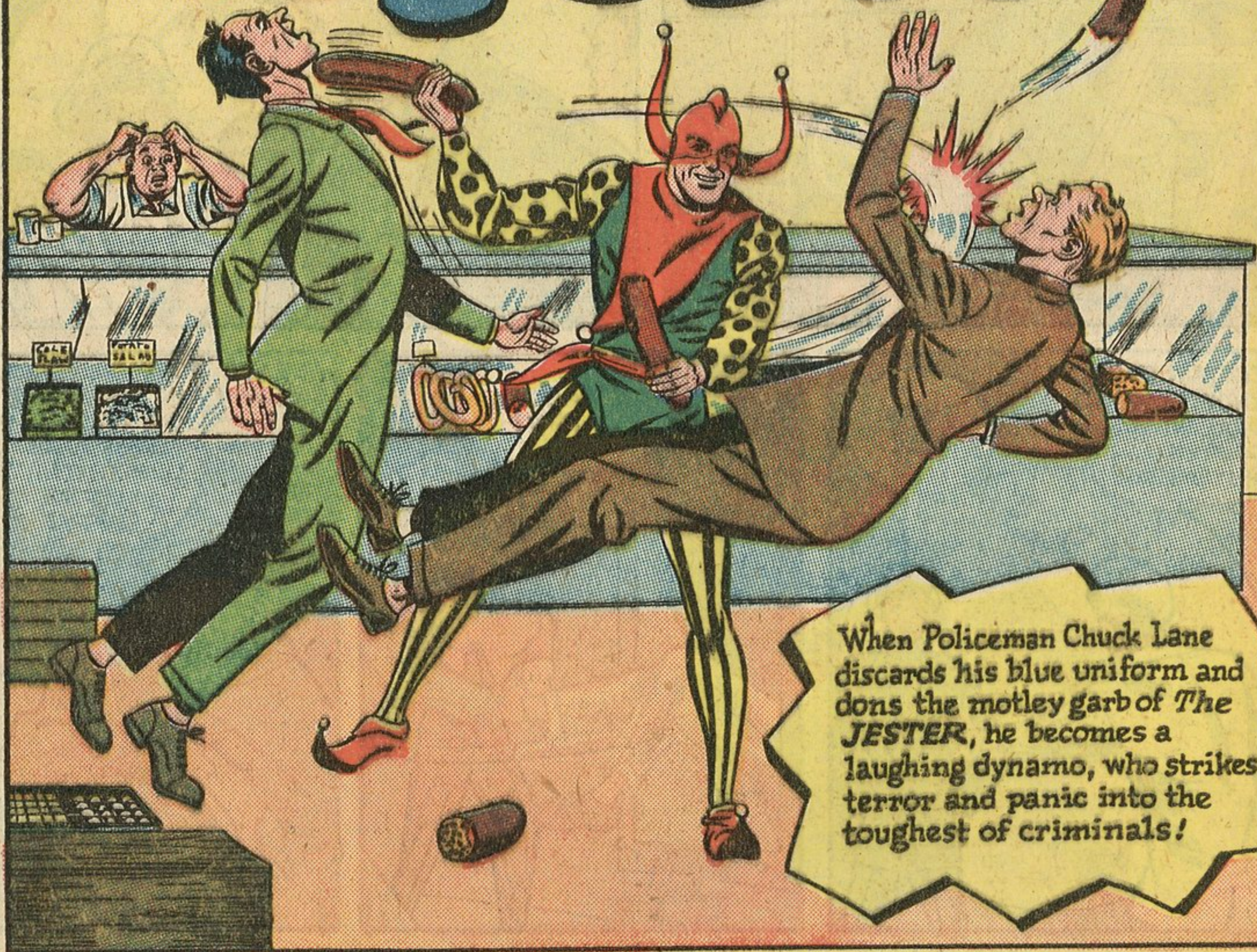


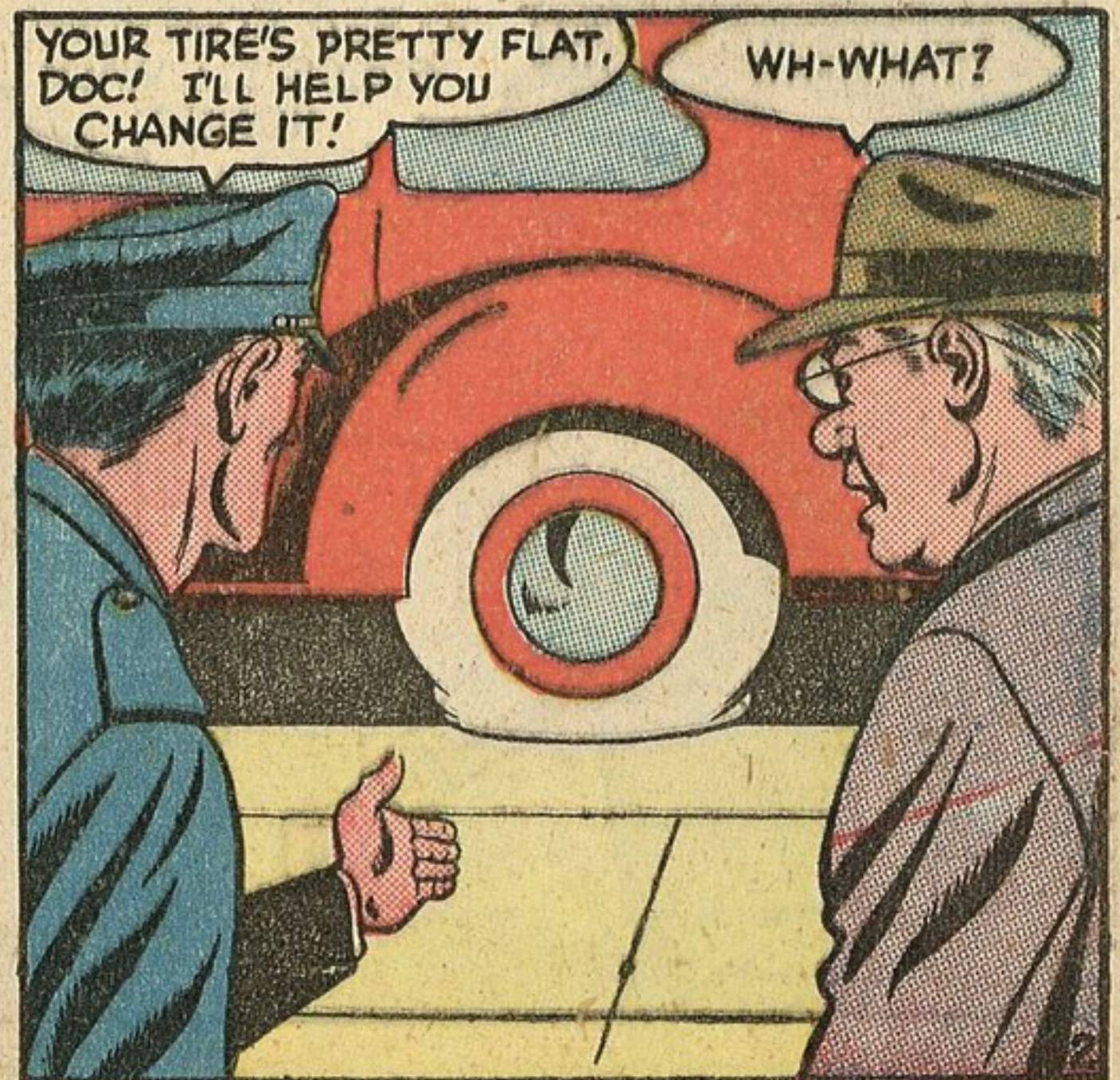
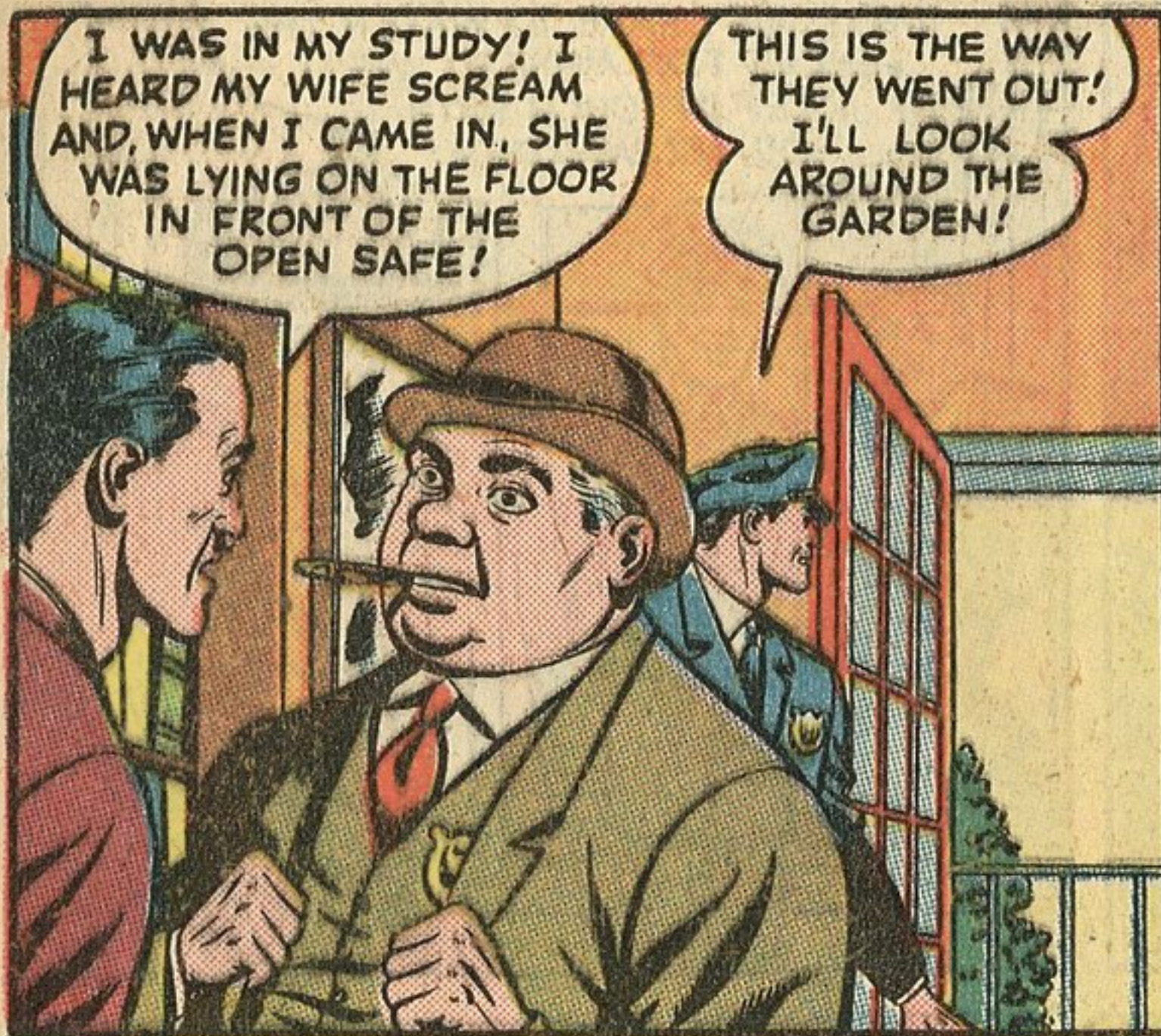


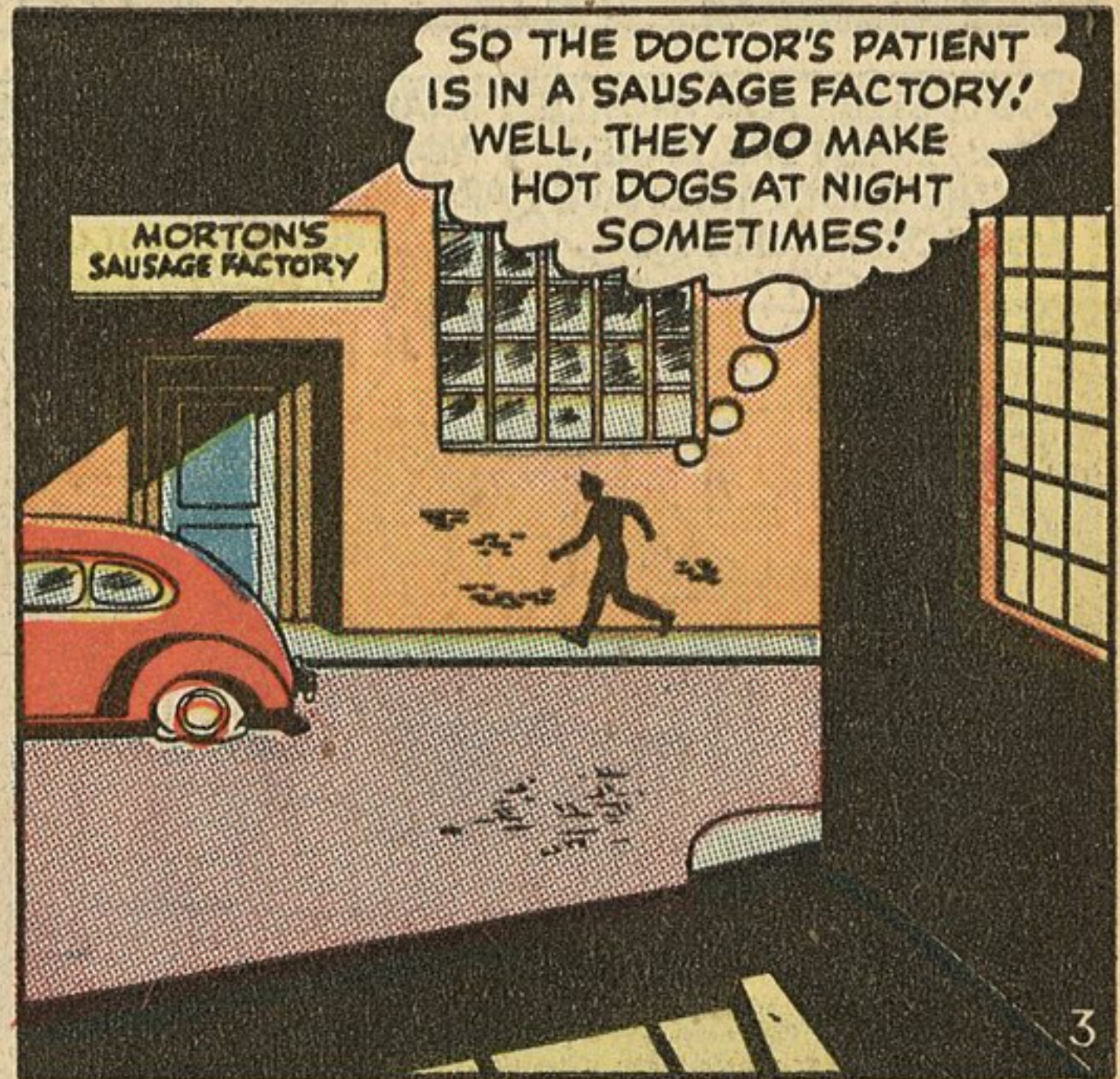
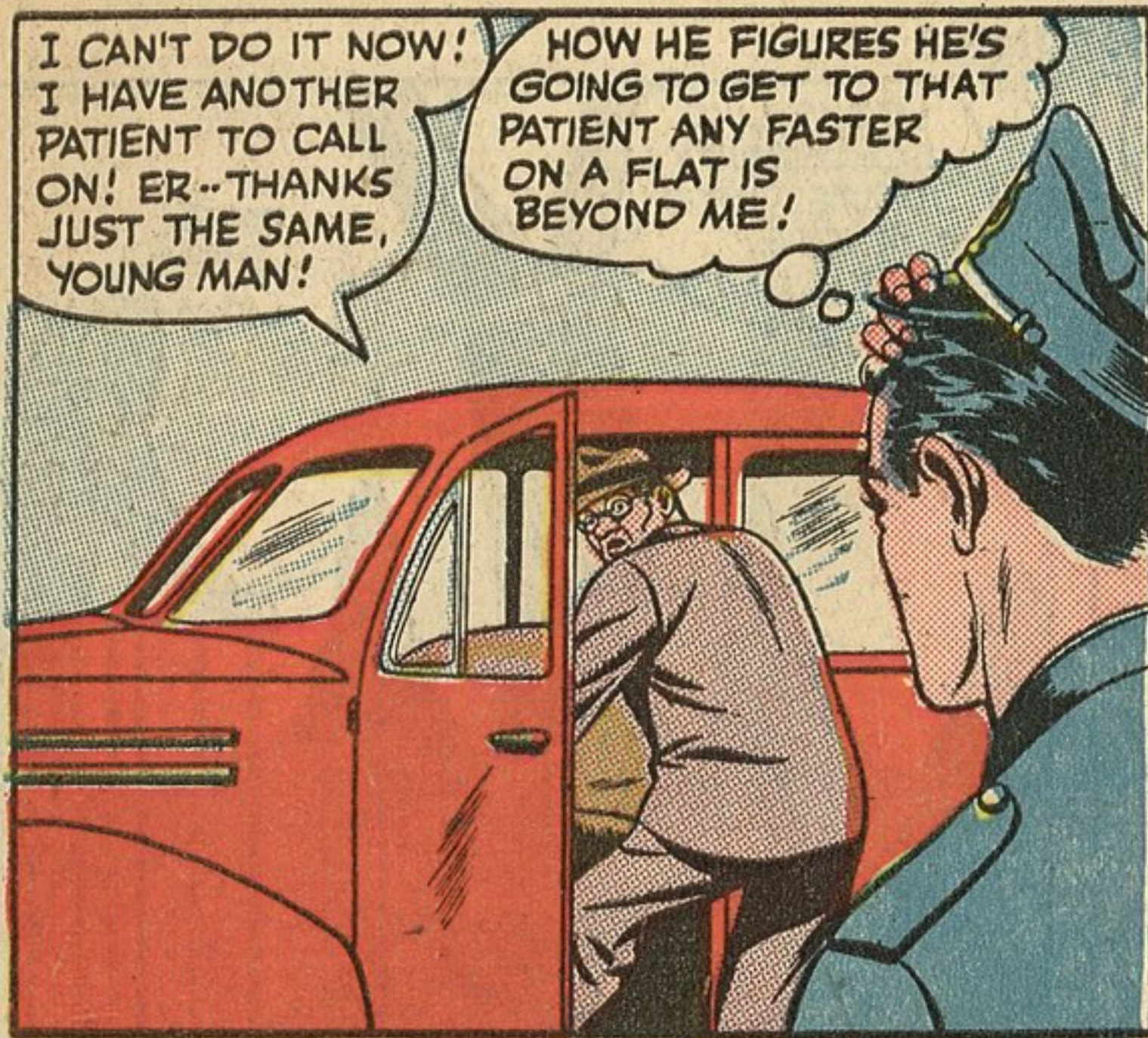
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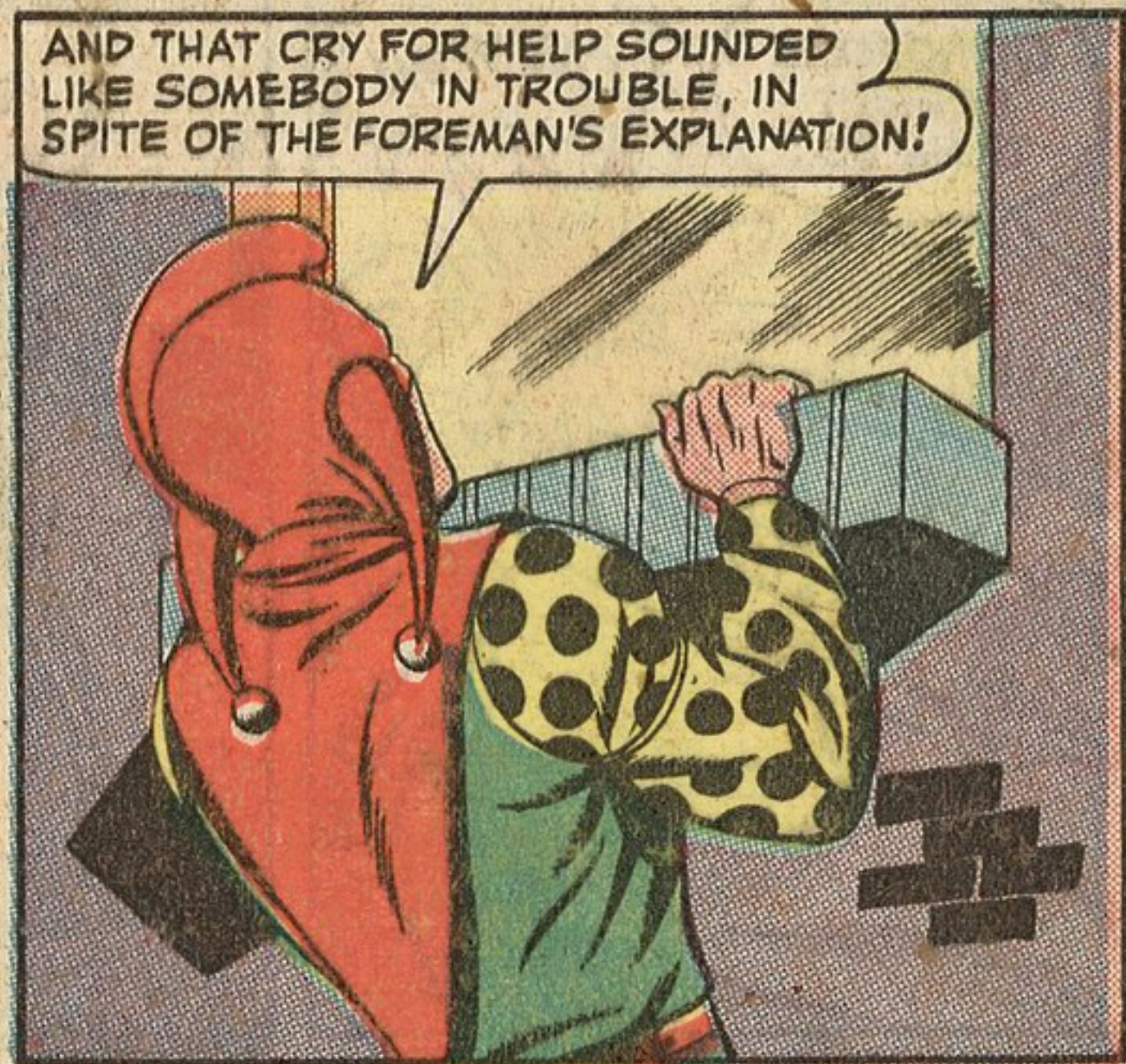


The Jester

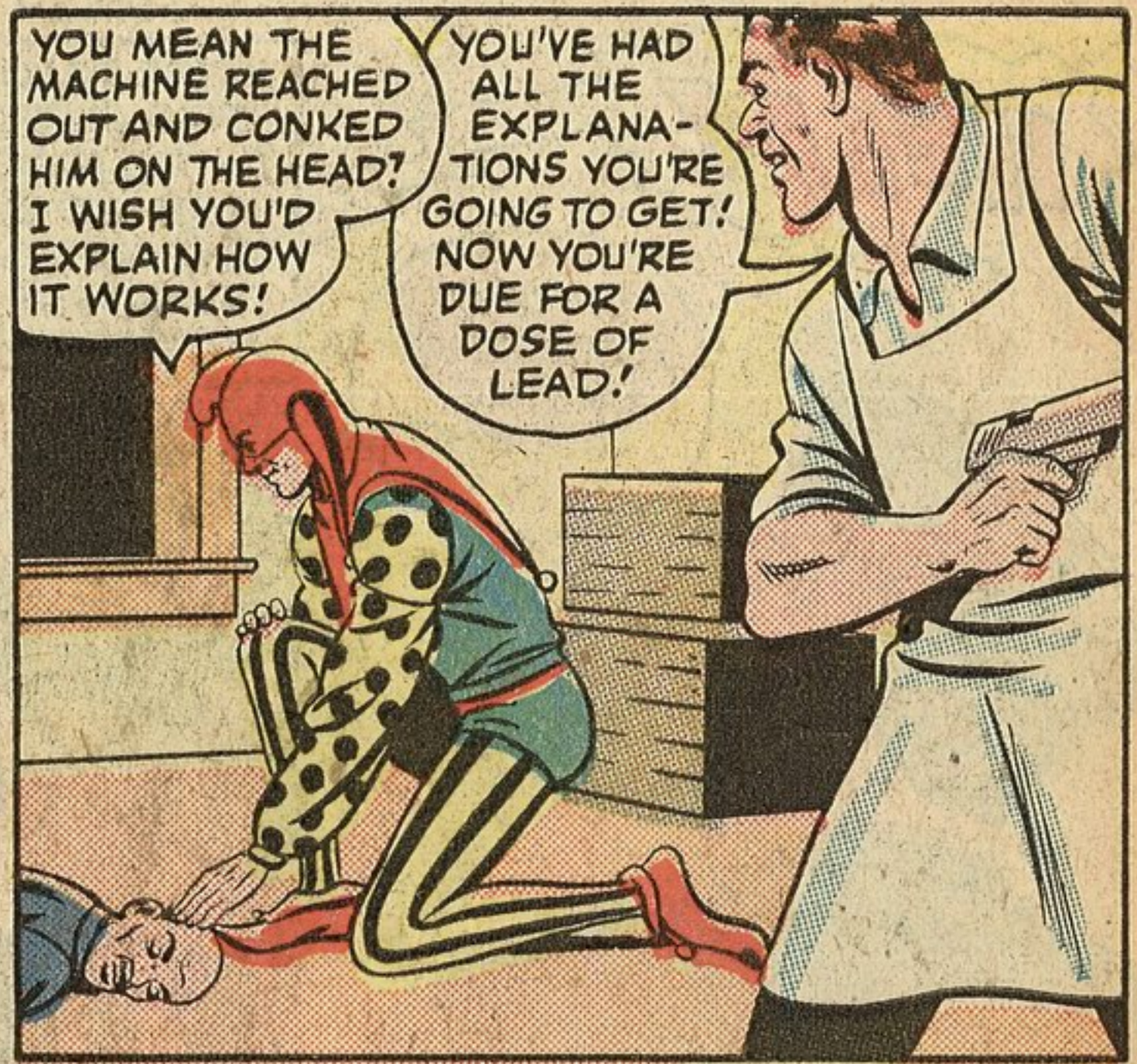
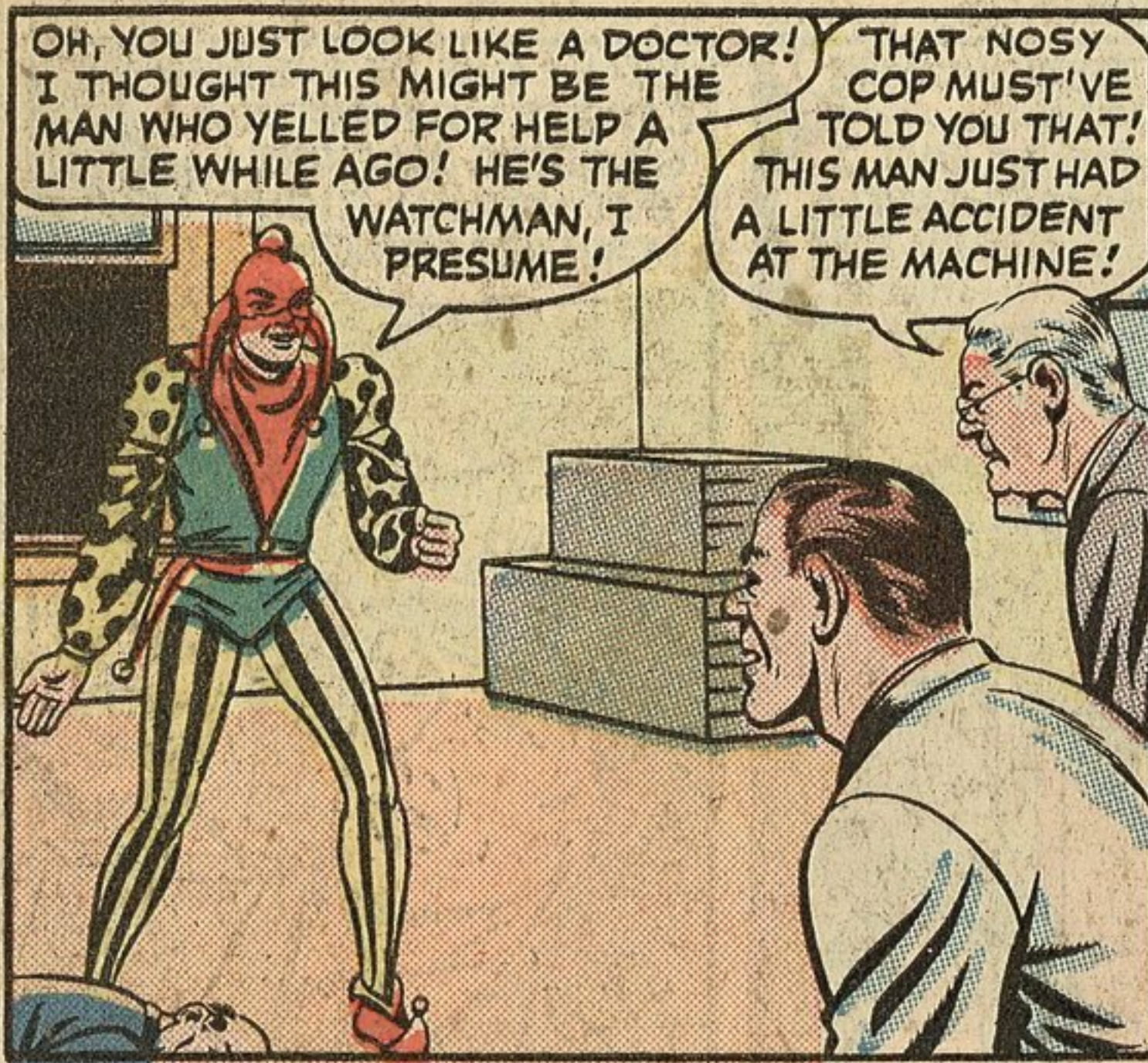




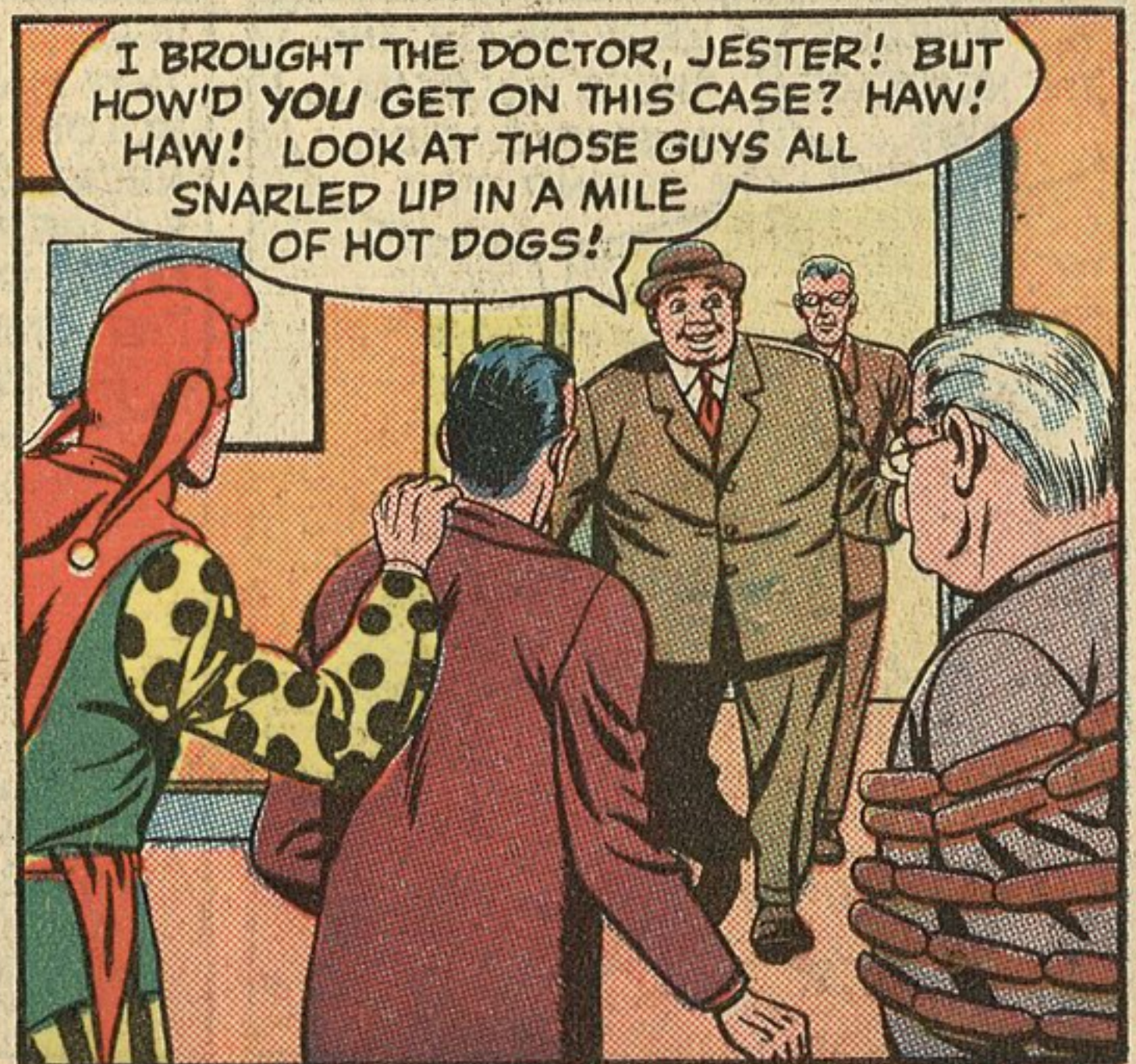
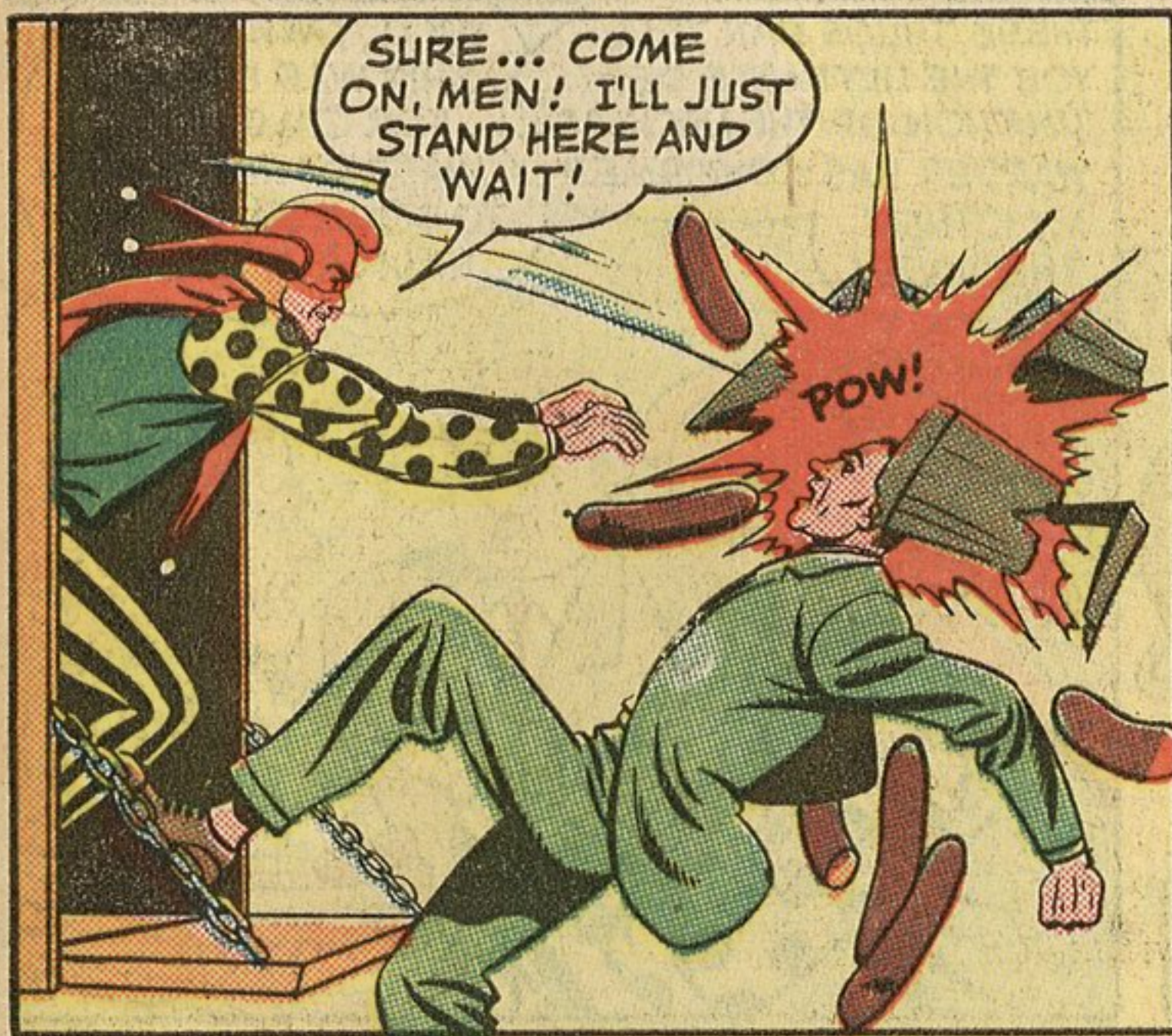


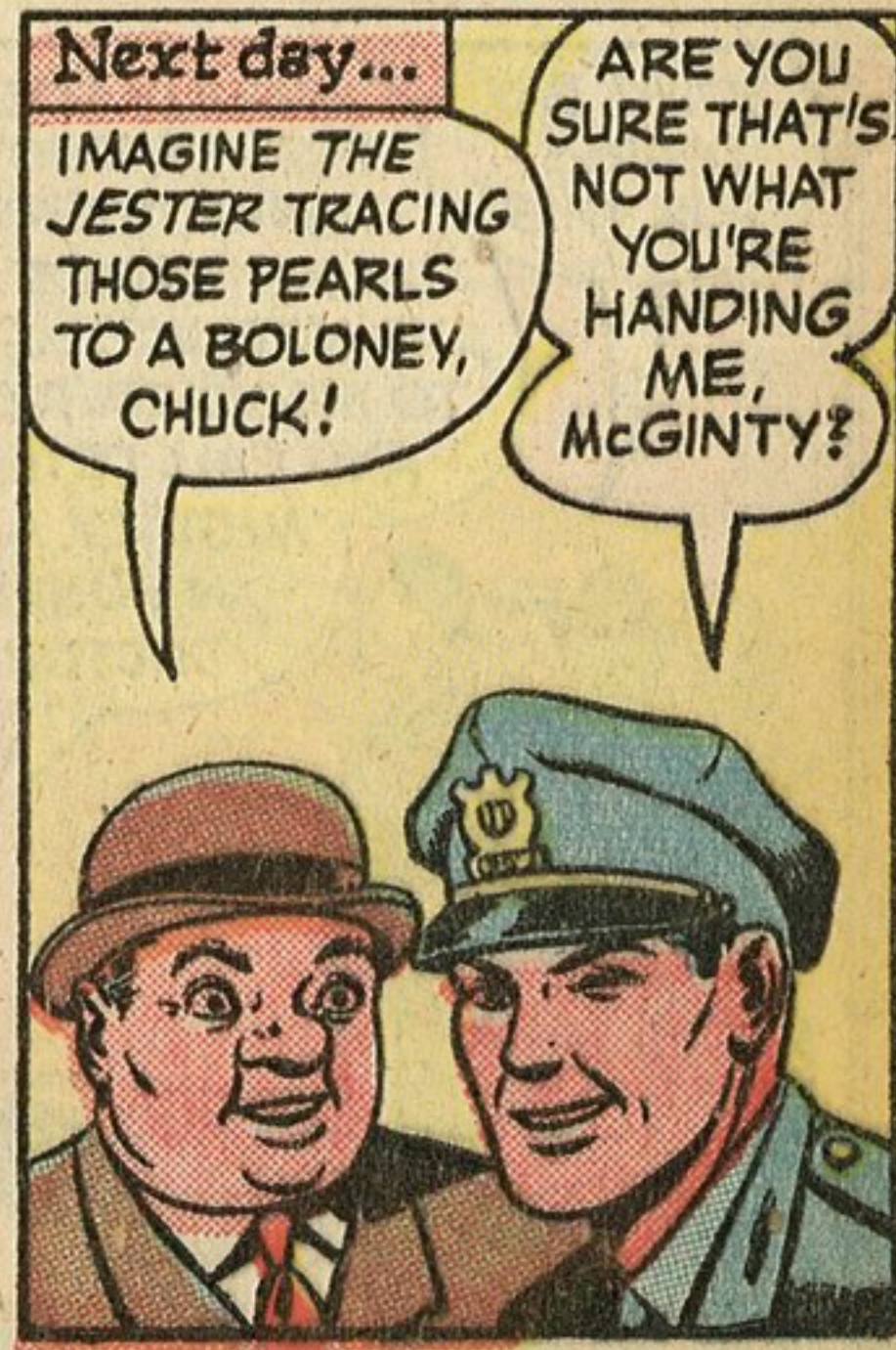
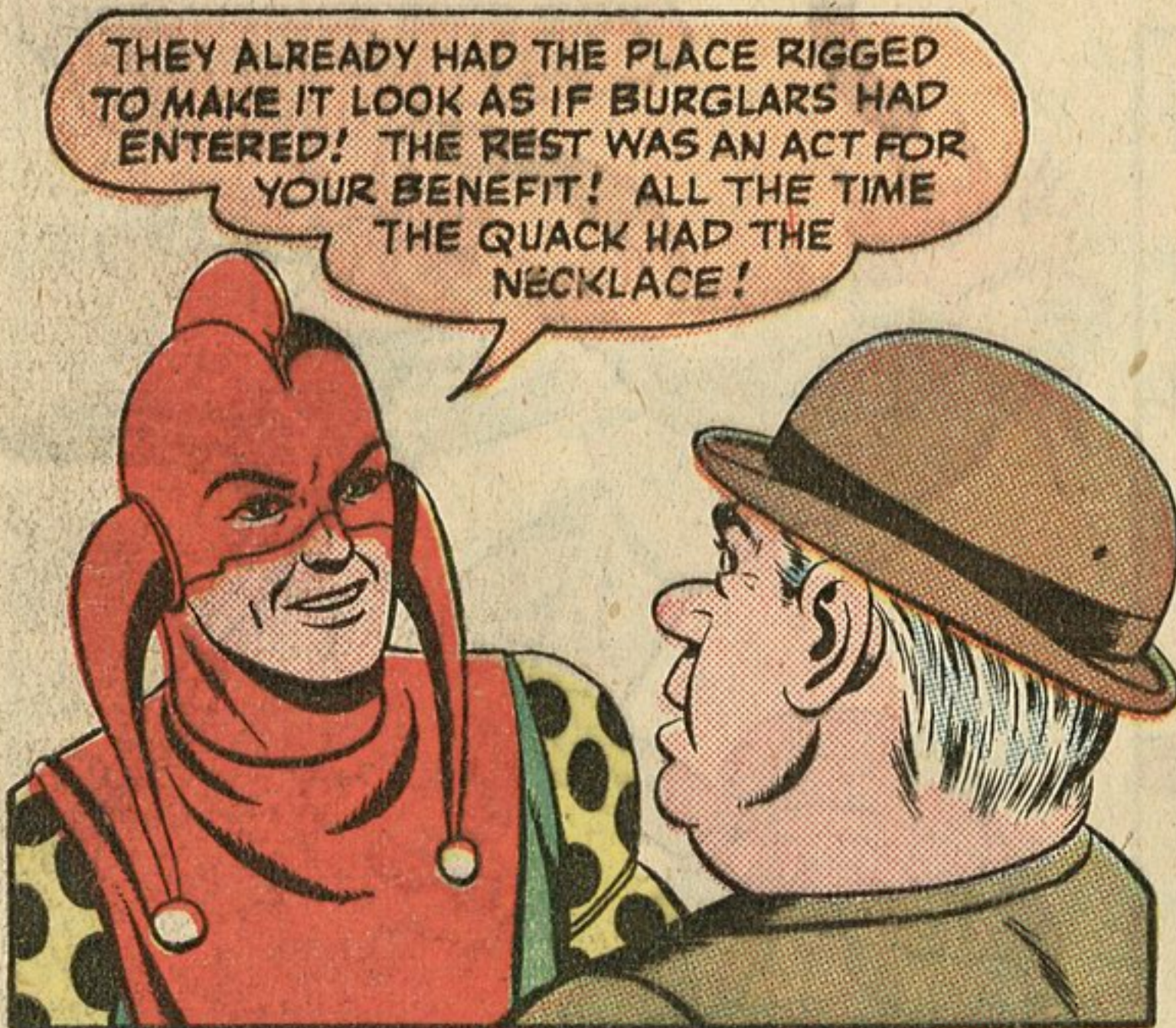


SMASH COMICS



SMASH COMICS

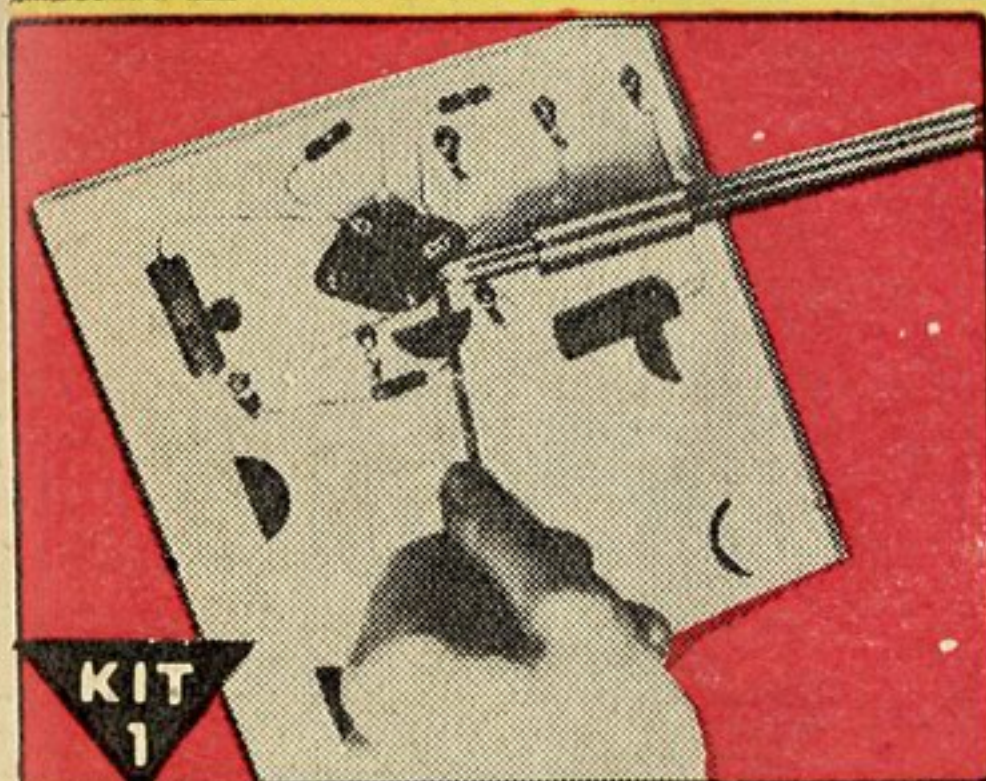






I Will Show You How to Learn RADIO by Practicing in Spare Time

**I Send You
6 Big Kits
of Radio Parts**



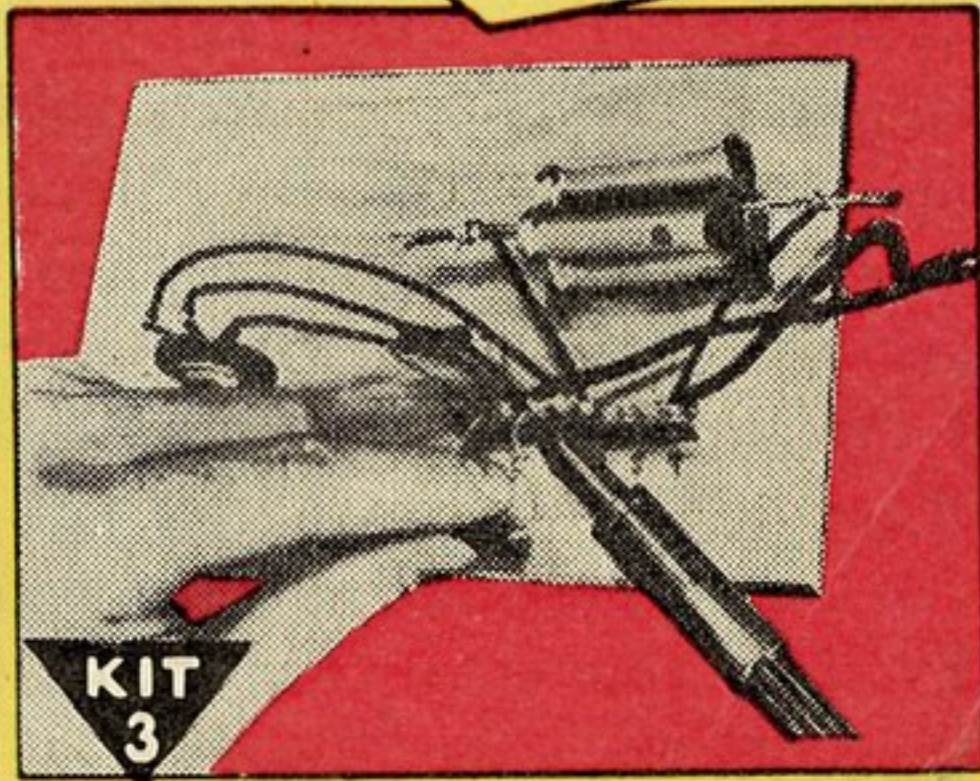
**KIT
1**

I send you Soldering Equipment and Radio Parts; show you how to do Radio soldering; how to mount and connect Radio parts; give you practical experience.



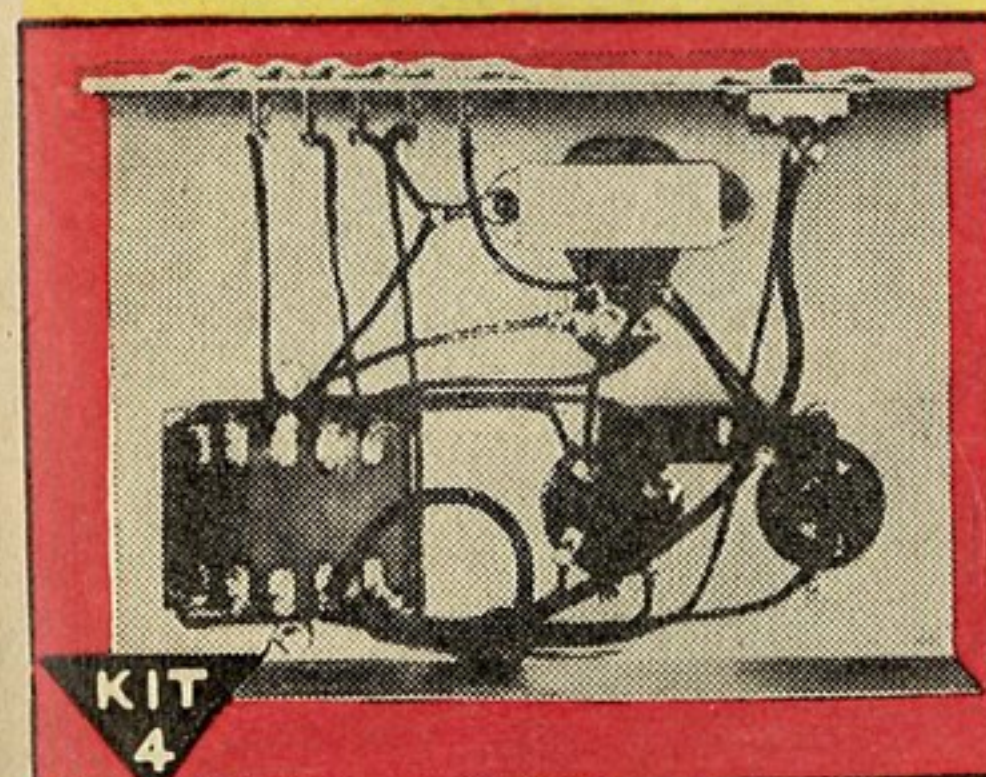
**KIT
2**

Early in my Course I show you how to build this N.R.I. Tester with parts I send. It soon helps you fix neighborhood Radios and earn EXTRA money in spare time.



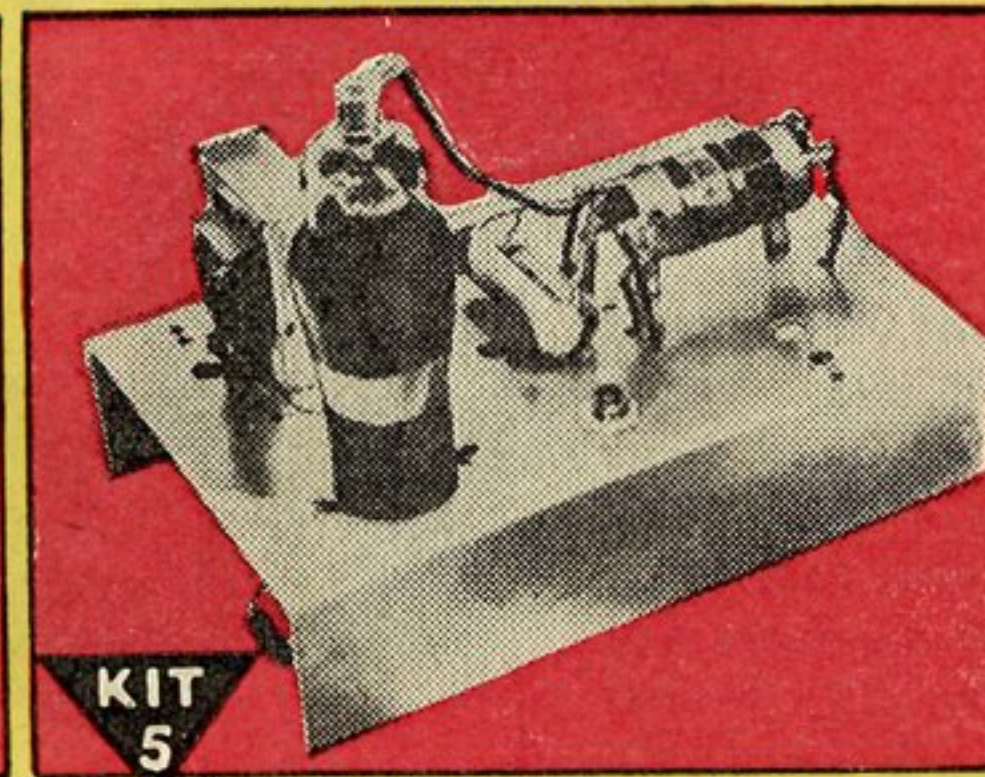
**KIT
3**

You get parts to build Radio Circuits; then test them; see how they work; learn how to design special circuits; how to locate and repair circuit defects.



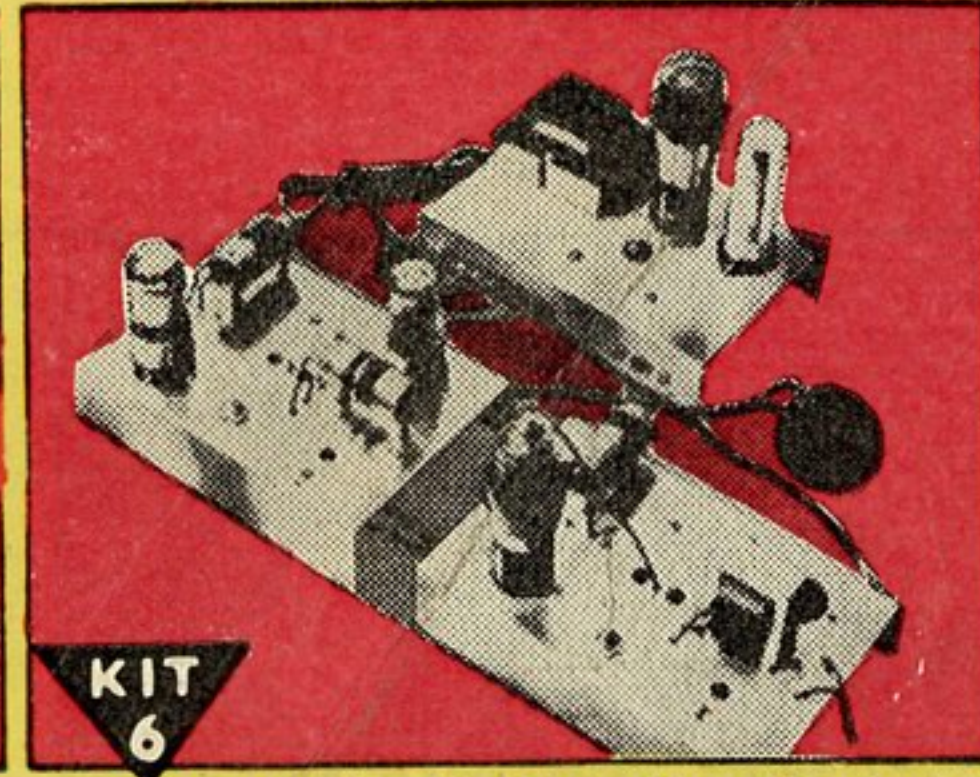
**KIT
4**

You get parts to build this Vacuum Tube Power Pack; make changes which give you experience with packs of many kinds; learn to correct power pack troubles.



**KIT
5**

Building this A. M. Signal Generator gives you more valuable experience. It provides amplitude-modulated signals for many tests and experiments.



**KIT
6**

You build this Superheterodyne Receiver which brings in local and distant stations—and gives you more experience to help you win success in Radio.

KNOW RADIO - Win Success

I Will Train You at Home - SAMPLE LESSON FREE

Send coupon for FREE Sample Lesson, "Getting Acquainted with Receiver Servicing," and FREE 64-page book, "Win Rich Rewards in Radio." See how N.R.I. trains you at home. Read how you practice building, testing, repairing Radios with SIX BIG KITS of Radio parts I send you.

Future for Trained Men is Bright in Radio, Television, Electronics

The Radio Repair business is booming NOW. Fixing Radios pays good money as a spare time or full time business. Trained Radio Technicians also find wide-open opportunities in Police, Aviation, Marine Radio, in

Broadcasting, Radio Manufacturing, Public Address work, etc. Think of the boom coming now that new Radios can be made! Think of even greater opportunities when Television and Electronics are available to the public!

Many Beginners Soon Make \$5, \$10 a Week EXTRA in Spare Time

The day you enroll I start sending EXTRA MONEY JOB SHEETS to help you make Our 31st Year of Training Men for Success in Radio

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"VEST POCKET" POWER

Wartime battery research packs giant power into midget space

ELECTRONIC experts have lately outdone themselves in giving us "vest pocket" reception. They have made possible hearing aids easily concealed in the palm of the hand. They have designed radios the size of a cigarette case. And now they give us a postwar edition of the amazing Handie-Talkie—famed GI sending and receiving set.

A key to these accomplishments is "Eveready" batteries. One of these store-rooms of power, the "Eveready" "Mini-Max" battery, weighs only 1½ ounces. Yet, size for size, it is the most powerful "B" battery ever made.



HANDIE-TALKIE — five pounds of concentrated two-way radio. Powered with "Mini-Max" batteries, it will be ideal, when available, for fire fighting, outdoor jobs, exploring.

BREAST-POCKET HEARING AID — lets Dad hear his son play those first tunes. It measures 4¾ by 2½ inches and weighs a mere 6 ounces. Yet, its "Mini-Max" "B" Battery — available now — has phenomenally long life and amazing economy.

An "Eveready" "Mini-Max" Battery — 22½ volts of power — nestling, with an "Eveready" Flashlight Battery, in the palm of a hand. Unique construction of the "Mini-Max" battery packs more power into smaller space than ever before.

For longer flashlight life, insist on genuine "Eveready" batteries. They're dated to assure freshness. And fresh batteries last longer!



SIZED LIKE A CIGARETTE CASE, this radio is easily carried. Personal earphone permits listening without bothering others. Strong, day-long reception, thanks to the tiny, powerful "Mini-Max" battery, already available at dealers.



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